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1928

The Bookman's Most Exciting Year!

That is what 1928 will be — a year abounding in richness, charm, provocativeness, instruction — in all the qualities that discriminating readers look for in a magazine. To prove it we have only to point to the first four numbers of the new BOOKMAN, and to the remarkable reception accorded them.

¶ In three short months the new BOOKMAN has done all that we had dared hope it might do in a year — doubled in circulation, and become known to intelligent readers throughout the country as a magazine that *has* to be followed by all who wish to keep abreast of the complex life of the time, and get the most out of it. Six months, we thought, would be needed before we got into our stride, set our "tone", and began to awaken a response in the ordinarily hesitant and sceptical reading public. But no! The public we wanted to reach caught on instantly and has demonstrated its appreciation by action.

¶ The reason is clear — that public had been *waiting* for a magazine that would look on the passing scene with liveliness and without doctrine or fixed bias, whose tone was neither of contempt nor contentment but of a critical, laughing tolerance; a magazine that would serve up the best in stories and poetry, and would neglect no vital interest in its critical discussions and essays; that would seek out those rarities, satire and humor of quality; that would carry no chip on its shoulder but nevertheless hit out powerfully when it met with injustice and pretension; that would provide a stimulating, authoritative guide to the cataract of published books, and make human the personalities behind them; that would, above all, by its informality and freedom from limiting notions, by its intuitive discrimination, bring flocking to it the unknown talents and geniuses with whom lies the future. . . . THE BOOKMAN knows and loves the past, but it loves best that most thrilling of all regions, the future as it slips into the present. THE BOOKMAN heads into the wind.

1928 THE BOOKMAN'S most exciting year! Yes, it is certain: the magazine has found its audience, our worries are over, we can devote ourselves uninterruptedly to the joyous work of filling our covers with the kind of writing that pleases us — and that best of audiences,

THE BOOKMAN'S readers.

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In the BOOKMAN OFFICE

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

JOHN J. A. MURPHY was not only the first American but the first woodcut artist of any nationality to be given space for an exhibition of woodcuts in the Leicester Galleries of London. Writing of Mr. Murphy's work in *The Print Collector's Quarterly*, John Gould Fletcher said "The merit of Murphy's woodcuts is that they exploit, more completely than any others, the methods and aims of the entire modern school of woodcutters. It is true that in France, in Hermann Paul, Paul Vera, Galanis, Daragnes and one or two others, there are woodcutters as accomplished and at times more facile and dazzling; but Murphy's work is more complete from all sides. He knows how to combine the effects to be gained from the free employment of unfilled black and white spaces, with the use of the graver, or the multiple graver, cutting out single lines, to a degree that no other woodcutter that I am aware of, has done. In other words he is a master of his craft."

ELEANOR BALDWIN, the author of the first and the last of our group of Christmas poems, squeezes poetry into an already doubly crowded life, in which days are occupied with secretarial work and evenings with teaching English to foreign doctors come to this country to study our public health service. Her poems have appeared in a number of magazines during the last few years. The idea for "Three Mothers of Bethlehem", she tells us, came from a favorite book, "The Man Christ Jesus" by William J. Dawson. Bible themes and the dramatic aspects of the Bible have always gripped her: she has learned ten full chapters from it by heart! Miss Baldwin was born in a New Hampshire village and now lives in Boston.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD'S poem "B. C." is the title poem in a forthcoming volume of her verse. Miss Taggard's work, both poems and stories, is well known to BOOKMAN readers.

Since our remark last month that DOROTHY PARKER had been appointed "literary editor" of *The New Yorker*, she has been deluged with verse and prose from people who took the statement to mean that she is engaged in passing on editorial material for that lively weekly. But we meant "literary editor" in its customary sense, as concerns magazines, of literary critic.

Of SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE we need hardly point out that he is recognized as the leading protagonist among English-speaking peoples of the Spiritualist ideas which form the background of his present article on writings supposedly received from the dead. And merely to mention Sherlock Holmes is sufficient reminder that Sir Arthur is an amazing example of world pre-eminence gained in two utterly distinct fields; though in this article literature, mystery-solving, and Spiritualism might all be said to meet.

JOHN MACY, critic, literary historian, and essayist, is a frequent contributor to magazines. His most recently published books are "The Story of the World's Literature" and "The Romance of America as Told in Our Literature". For our next number Mr.

THE BOOKMAN

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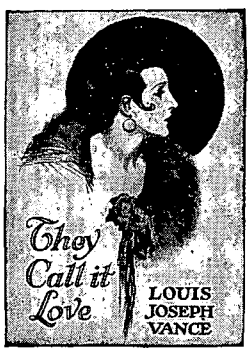

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Macy has written a study of Joseph Conrad apropos of the new Jean-Aubry biography, "The Life and Letters of Joseph Conrad".

ONORIO RUOTOLO is a distinguished sculptor, born in Italy, who has lived in America since 1908, when he came here to found and direct the Leonardo da Vinci Art School. Among his principal works are a bust of Dante at New York University, a bust of Lenin at the International Museum in Moscow, and a bust of Caruso at the Metropolitan Opera House. He did the illustrations for John Macy's "The Story of the World's Literature".

J. B. PRIESTLEY has steadily grown in fame during recent years as one of England's most talented essayists and critics. His following in America is also rapidly increasing.

AUDREY WURDEMANN is the extremely youthful poetess of Seattle, Washington, whose poem "The Changeling" in our September number attracted widespread interest and favorable comment. A recent letter from Bliss Carman adds him to the list of the many who found "The Changeling" a rare pleasure.

The pages of THE BOOKMAN have frequently been enlivened by the silhouettes and black and white drawings of HARVEY PEAKE. Mr. Peake's home is in New Albany, Indiana.

WALTER WINCHELL'S observation of New York's Broadway has gone on for many years and has been from two illuminating angles: that of a youthful "hoofer", and latterly that of a newspaper man with the city's amusement center as his beat. He has gained fame for himself through his daily column in the evening *Graphic* "Your Broadway and Mine".

E. R. EDDISON is the author of "Styrbion the Strong" and "The Worm Ouroboros". The latter, a fantastic novel that met with considerable success in England and America, in its American edition bore the imprimatur of both James Branch Cabell and James Stephens. Mr. Eddison is an accomplished scholar of Icelandic and of the Scandinavian literatures. His home is in London.

CHARLES R. WALKER, a young writer and editor who has worked in the steel mills as a furnace tender and in the editorial offices of *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The Independent*, published a novel last year, "Bread and Fire", which was highly praised by the reviewers. His home is in Concord, New Hampshire.

ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY was formerly editor of THE BOOKMAN, and has contributed many essays and articles to it. We violate no confidence when we say that "Our Little Brother Writes a Play" is drawn from life: so closely is it drawn that any who know the original will spot him in an instant. Nevertheless the piece does not need an explanatory note to be appreciated; we have tried it on several entirely unsuspecting readers who thought their amusement was owing to nothing but the author's imagination.

ROBERT BENCHLEY is in a pitiable state these days. He has a hunted look, and a look of great weariness. For this is the terrible season for dramatic critics, when opening crowds on opening and every week has its quota of new plays that must be seen — when sometimes a single evening witnesses the birth of as many as six productions. And at the same time night club after night club is throwing open its doors — or not throwing open its doors, if it is that kind. And the movie magnates are releasing daily the stupendous spectacles they have been accumulating against the heavy-sugar season. And veritable seas of ammonia are being poured into ice-machines as one skating rink after another gets under way. Poor Mr. Benchley!

ELMIRA F. GROGAN is a Georgian who is now living in New York, doing free lance literary work.

NANCY BYRD TURNER is a frequent contributor of verse to magazines, and is also the author of children's books. Her poem in this issue, "a ballad of Blake at Peckham Rye", is one of the many tributes — books, articles, poems — that have been brought forth by the centennial of the death of the great English poet.

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WICKHAM STEED, who has just returned to England from a visit to this country, is one of the great British journalists. For a quarter of a century he gave his brilliant talents to that greatest of dailies, *The Times* of London. During the war he was foreign editor of *The Times*, and following that was its editor. At present he is editor and proprietor of the English *Review of Reviews*, and also lecturer on Central European History at King's College.

* * *

THEY SAY

Many southern newspapers were roused to editorial rebuttal of the article in our October number "Commercialism in the Southern Denominational College", protesting that the picture there presented of the scramble for dollars and numbers was overdrawn. But so far as these complaints reached our hands, not a single paper was able to prove exaggeration on any specific point.

* * *

Southern newspapers were interested, also, in Herschel Brickell's account of "The Literary Awakening in the South"; the number of comments and quotations that reached us in clippings were a strong confirmation of Mr. Brickell's contention that nowhere in America is literary activity showing more vitality than in the states of the South. And papers in several states offered still other names as worthy to figure in a survey of Southern letters.

In the *Enquirer-Sun* of Columbus, Georgia, Aaron Bernd made six nominations to add to the roster of Southern literary distinction: Corra Harris, Marie Conway Oemler, Walter White, Julien Green, Harry Stillwell Edwards, and John Donald Wade; all natives of Georgia.

Whether Julien Green can be claimed for Georgia is a nice question in literary geography, which we should be inclined to answer in the negative, inasmuch as he went to France when extremely young, and does all of his writing in French.

Mr. Bernd writes at length of John Donald Wade and calls his ommission from Mr. Brickell's list "inexcusable". He points out that Mr. Wade is Georgian by residence as well as by nativity, and says that his book "Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, A Study of the Development of Culture in the South" is in tone a part of the culture it deals with. Mr. Wade, he says, "retains the tricks of speech and the earthy practicality which gives a genuine Cracker twist to his words. . . . Of all the writers Georgia has recently produced, he is the only one who has the fragrance of the pines within his pages".

* * *

F. Stringfellow Barr, managing editor of *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, protests (in a kindly spirit) against Herschel Brickell's reference to the magazine in his article, "The Literary Awakening in the South", as *The University of Virginia Quarterly*. "It is no more *The University of Virginia Quarterly*," writes Mr. Barr, "than *The Yale Review* is *The Yale University Quarterly*, and far from enjoying a recent rejuvenation it is three years old, going strong, and growing rapidly. Far from being 'the scholarly magazine', it tends to be slightly giddy, gets 'razzed' for being Socialistic, atheistic, wet and every other conceivable crime, except (here speaks the tired professor) being 'academic'.

"In the name of justice, truth, and light, THE BOOKMAN ought some day not too distant to tell the simple truth, which a large press has already told, that is that *The Virginia Quarterly* is the best thing in literary journalism that the South has yet produced, unless one prefers Mr. Edgar Allan Poe's well-known periodical."

We are glad to make the correction, and at the same time we are glad to voice our admiration for *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, a sprightly and engaging literary magazine, every issue of which we find unfailingly interesting.

* * *

The following letter from Mr. Vivian Burnett, the son of Frances Hodgson Burnett, is in reply to an article that appeared in THE BOOKMAN before the magazine's present management took charge, but we print it because of its interest and to clear

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up any erroneous impressions that may have been given.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN,
Dear Sir:

The article in your April number, entitled, "The Fauntleroy Plague", begins with a mis-statement which I feel now is the opportune time to correct. The Park Commission of New York has not rejected but has approved the plans for the "Children's Garden" in Central Park, which is to be a memorial, erected by friends of her books and characters, to Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy". The Park board was kind enough to set apart for this shady refuge for children, birds and animals, what it considered an especially choice spot — a little knoll among trees just west of the pond near the 74th Street entrance where the children sail their boats. The well-known landscape architect, Charles Downing Lay, has shown his interest in the scheme by a plan for the plot, which includes walks, garden beds, a pool, and hemi-cycle seats. In the center of the pool will be placed a bird-bath fountain group, the figures embodying suggestions of some of Mrs. Burnett's beloved child characters. This Bessie Potter Vonnoh is making. The seats will provide opportunities for school children to gather and hear readings from their favorite books.

I am, of course, delighted with this plan, originated by a group of my mother's closest New York friends, and though not actually recorded as a member of the Committee, am only too glad to do anything that will forward its purpose. Hence my willingness to write this letter, which may keep some of your readers — among whom are, of course, many who would have a special interest in it — from thinking that the plan had been abandoned. Far from it. The campaign for publicity, and for the modest sum of money needed, has only been waiting this opportune time to get under way.

I might take this opportunity to correct a second erroneous suggestion in that first paragraph, though most of your readers, as followers of the literature of the day would be aware of the inaccuracy of the impression given. Of course it would be well known to them that Mrs. Burnett had kept up her successful writing to her very last hour, having had a "best seller" novel, "The Head of the House of Coombe" out within a few years of her death, and having started a big series in one of the leading monthlies with an article, written on her death bed, and published just after her death.

The most generous tributes that critics all over this country and in England have given to her life and her work in their reviews of my recently published biography of her, under the title of "The Romantick Lady", would make the use of the word "obscure" in connection with her last years seem ill-advised, or at least un-informed. Because suffering a great deal, though writing happiness until the very end, Mrs. Burnett did live quietly at her home in Plandome, but she saw there as many of the editors and literary lights of her day as her strength would permit.

I do not much marvel at the writer's ignorance of Mrs. Burnett's latter year literary activities, but I do marvel at the rare chance which brought him in contact with the unique person who ever enjoyed Mrs. Burnett's hospitality and went away to give an envious and catty description of her, such as he allows himself to report in his last paragraph. To any one of the millions who have read and loved Mrs. Burnett's books, or any of the many thousands who met her and were inspired by her, the quotation would have value only as a revelation regarding the person purported to have made it, and of whoever thought it worth writing down.

Concerning the careful compilation of newspaper clippings on the subject of "Fauntleroy", there is little need be said. Having spent a good part of my life as a newspaper man, I have learned that most "headline-maker" squibs are not seriously to be relied on — except, of course, if one is pressed to make "copy" — and even then are dangerous, demanding expert handling if one is not to get oneself into trouble. Generalities, plus inaccuracies, especially if joined with unfavorable comment, usually bring a swift return to the unwary journalist.

Very sincerely yours,

VIVIAN BURNETT.

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BOOKS FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

CHRISTMAS-TIME may be a time for the pungent aroma of fir-trees, the ruddiness of holly berries; it may be a time for the glee of children, for the merry-making of those who seek to recapture, if only for a day, the childhood joys of the not too long ago. But it is more than all else a time to gather in old friends, new friends, and — truest of all friends — the book friends. To those in the publishing world, the holiday season brings with it the opportunity for quiet reflection — almost a lost art these days. Up to the next-to-the-last moment the hustle and bustle of fall book-lists has occupied days and nights. Now has come the lull before the spring storms. Christmas time *is* a good time to gather in the book friends. And they have been many in the season that is drawing to a close.

In former years novels, novels, novels was the answer to the publishers' cry, "What does the public want?" This fall, biography, which has been running almost neck-and-neck with fiction in the race for public interest, has nosed its way ahead. Perhaps one of the most popular entries is that written by the man who won his race with the elements — Charles Lindbergh. His "*We*", published by Putnam ($2.50) might more properly belong with journeyings into the unknown, but it so reflects the personal magnetism of the nation's latest and youngest hero that it cannot be thought of apart from him. Another man who has captured the imagination of the adventurous at heart is the author of last spring's "Revolt in the Desert", whose biography is given us by his close friend Robert Graves in *The Story of Lawrence and the Arabian Adventure* (Doran, $2.50). Dubbed by the publishers "the Lawrence of the seas" the biography of *Count Luckner, The Sea Devil* (Doubleday, Page, $2.50) comes from the pen of Lowell Thomas. But seas ran just as high and sailors were just as intrepid in olden times as now. In *Navigator: The Story of Nathaniel Bowditch of Salem* (Morrow, $2.50) Alfred Stanford revives the heyday of the American clipper-ship.

Last year Walter Burns Noble quickened a dying interest in the old West with his "Saga of Billy the Kid". This year he carries on in a semi-fictional biography of other lights of the frontier with *Tombstone* (Doubleday, $2.50). Following in his trail are Courtney Ryler Cooper's story of *Annie Oakley: Woman at Arms* (Duffield, $2.50); Duncan Aikman's *Calamity Jane* (Holt, $3); Charles J. Finger's *Romantic Rascals* (McBride, $3) and the two volume life of *Frémont: Trail Blazer of the West*, by William Nevins (Harper, $10).

But America is older than the early days of its glorious adventure. One of the most amusing accounts of America's first and leading citizen is the second volume in An American Bookshelf, *A History of the Life and Death, Virtues and Exploits of General George Washington, by Parson Weems* (Macy-Masius, $2.50). More sidelights on Washington are given in *The Journal of William MacLay* (A. & C. Boni, $4) and Rupert Hughes continues his life of George Washington, this time characterizing him as *George Washington, The Rebel and The Patriot* (Morrow, $5). Coming down the ages we meet *The Women Lincoln Loved*, by William E. Barton (Bobbs, Merrill, $5) not so *déclassée* as the title might lead the gloating to expect. Marked by the same milestone is *Andrew Jackson*, by Gerald W. Johnson (Minton, Balch, $3.50); and further along on the same road comes Phillips Russell's *John Paul Jones: Man of Action* (Brentano, $5). So down to the present time with Ray Stannard Baker's two volume *Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters* (Doubleday, Page, $10).

But American national figures do not hold the entire interest of American readers. Two of England's kings are represented; the one closest to our common destiny by *The George III Papers, Vols. I and II*, Edited by Sir John Fortescue (Macmillan, $15); and a latter-day monarch in Sidney Lee's *King Edward VII*, also published in two volumes (Macmillan, $16). Eugene Bagger writes an illuminating life of *Francis Joseph* (Putnam, $5). Another outstanding European is *Bis-*

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marck: The Story of a Fighter, by Emil Ludwig (Harcourt, $3.50). The Old World is a large place, and of its many inhabitants more than a few have been popular (or unpopular). Picking the favorites at random reveals *Cavour*, by Maurice Paleologue (Harper, $5); *Rasputin*, by Felix Youssoupoff (Dial Press, $5); *Talleyrand*, from the pen of Anna Bowman Dodd (Putnam, $5); *Julius Caesar: And the Grandeur That Was Rome* (Brentano, $5); and *Henry the Eighth*, by Francis Hackett (Boni & Liveright, $3.50).

For those who like to "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's", Katherine Anne Porter gives *The Devil and Cotton Mather* (Boni & Liveright, $4). On the other side of the coin is *D. L. Moody: A Worker of Souls*, by Gamaliel Bradford (Doran, $5), while Paxton Hibben flips it sympathetically in *Henry Ward Beecher: An American Portrait* (Doran, $5).

Naturally enough, thoughts at Christmas take on a religious flavor and mental food has been prepared in *Jesus: A New Biography*, by Shirley Jackson Case (Chicago University Press, $3); *Christianity*, by Charles Guignebert (Macmillan, $3.75); *The Church in the World*, by Dean W. R. Inge (Longmans, $2) and *Christ the Word*, by Paul Elmer More (Princeton University, $4).

Nor would Christmas be the joyous season it idealistically means if it were not companioned by music. Carols are familiar to all, but for those who have tipped the wassail bowl "not wisely but too well" there is Frank Shay's collection of drinking songs, *My Pious Friends and Drunken Companions* (Macaulay, $2). Still, good drinks don't last forever, so to provide for the time when the cellar and spirits are low, Carl Sandburg has given his long-heralded *American Songbag* (Harcourt, $7.50). Songs of the early American stage find their place in Grenville Vernon's *Yankee Doodle-Doo* (Payson & Clarke, $5). And Sigmund Spaeth brings out another of his collections in *Weep Some More, My Lady* (Doubleday, Page, $4).

All songs, however, do not grow out of the heart of a nation. Most of them are brought into being by the makers of music, to whom the publishers have paid tribute. No Christmas entertainment is complete without a revival of "The Mikado", where the delighted audience hums the tunes and mumbles the words. For such audiences, present and future, Isaac Goldberg's *Compleat Gilbert and Sullivan* (Simon & Schuster, $4) is a shining light. In the same book house is found *Eroica: The Life of Beethoven*, by Samuel Chotzinoff ($3). The interest in that composer is hydra-headed, with J. W. N. Sullivan's book *Beethoven* (Knopf, $3.50) and W. J. Turner's *Beethoven: The Search for Reality* (Doran, $6); two other important members. Eugenie Schumann's tribute to her parents takes form in *The Schumanns and Johannes Brahms* (Dial Press, $4). From the symphonic melody-makers to the conductor's dais is but a step, which Charles Edward Russell covers in *The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas* (Doubleday, Page, $5). In the dimming light of the end of a perfect day stretch *The Roads of Melody: My Story*, by Carrie Jacobs-Bond (Appleton, $2).

Music is not the only representative of the arts. *The Lithographs of George Bellows* (Knopf, $15) is perhaps one of the most welcome of the numerous progeny. Following him is that delectable nose-thumbing infant Miguel Covarrubias with his *Negro Drawings* (Knopf, $7.50). The representative etchings of Arthur W. Heintzelman come in a volume bearing simply his name (Minton, Balch, $2.50). That firm was responsible for the sumptuous "Turn to the East" of last year, and they outdo their own efforts with *Old English Colour Prints* ($25); *Famous Prints* are displayed by Frank Weitenkampf (Scribner's, $30); and Harvard University Press presents its fifth volume of *Art Studies* ($7.50).

But paintings without the painter are bare. Introductions to the exhibitors of one-man shows are much sought after, and the lucky will have *Cézanne and His Circle*, presented to them by Julius Meier-Graefe (Scribner, $25); or *Albert Sterner, His Life and His Art*, by Ralph Flint (Payson & Clarke, $7.50). Vincent Van Gogh needs no master of ceremonies, coming as he does in a two-volume edition of his *Letters* (Houghton, Mifflin,

(*Continued on page LXX*)

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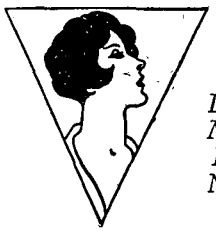

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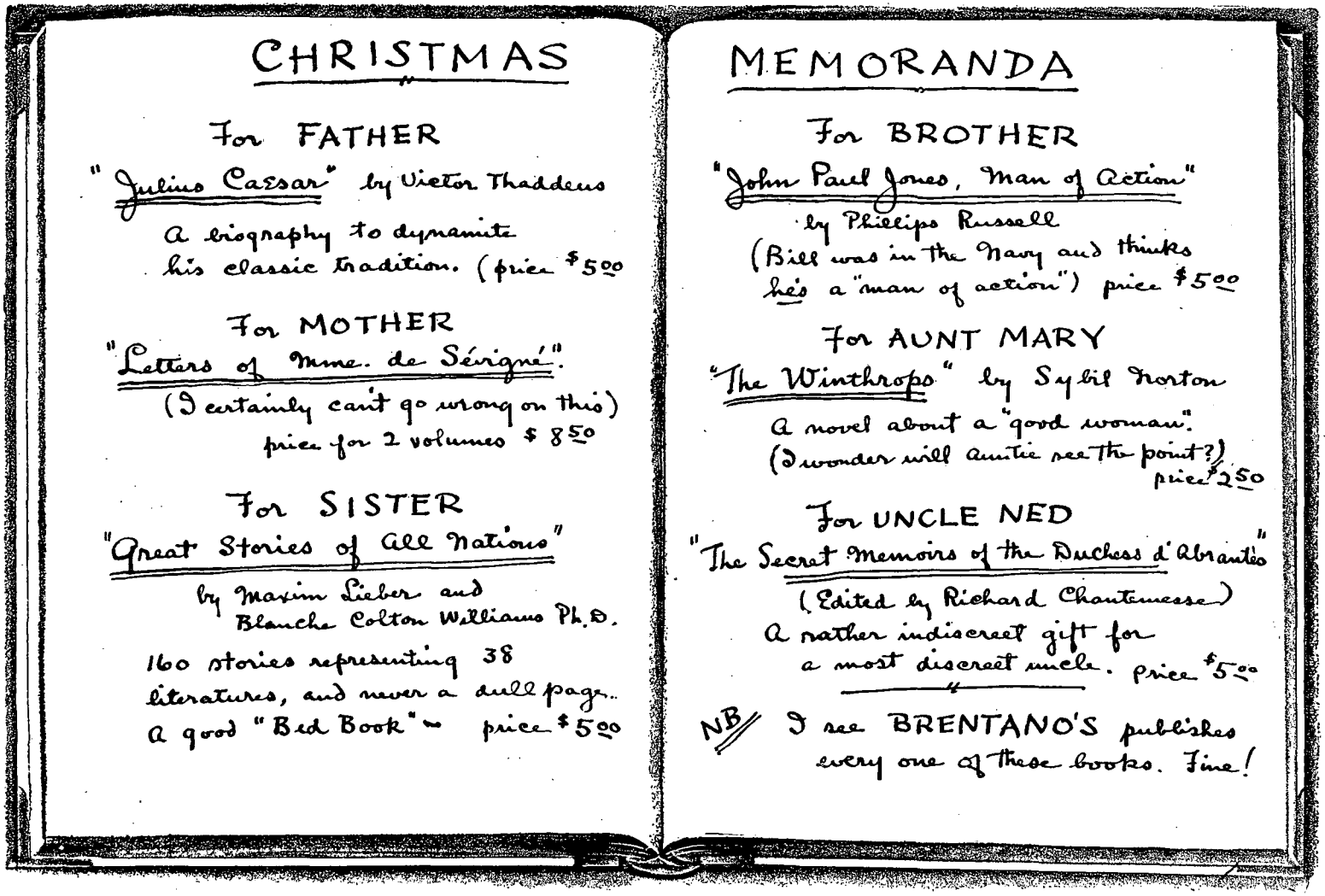

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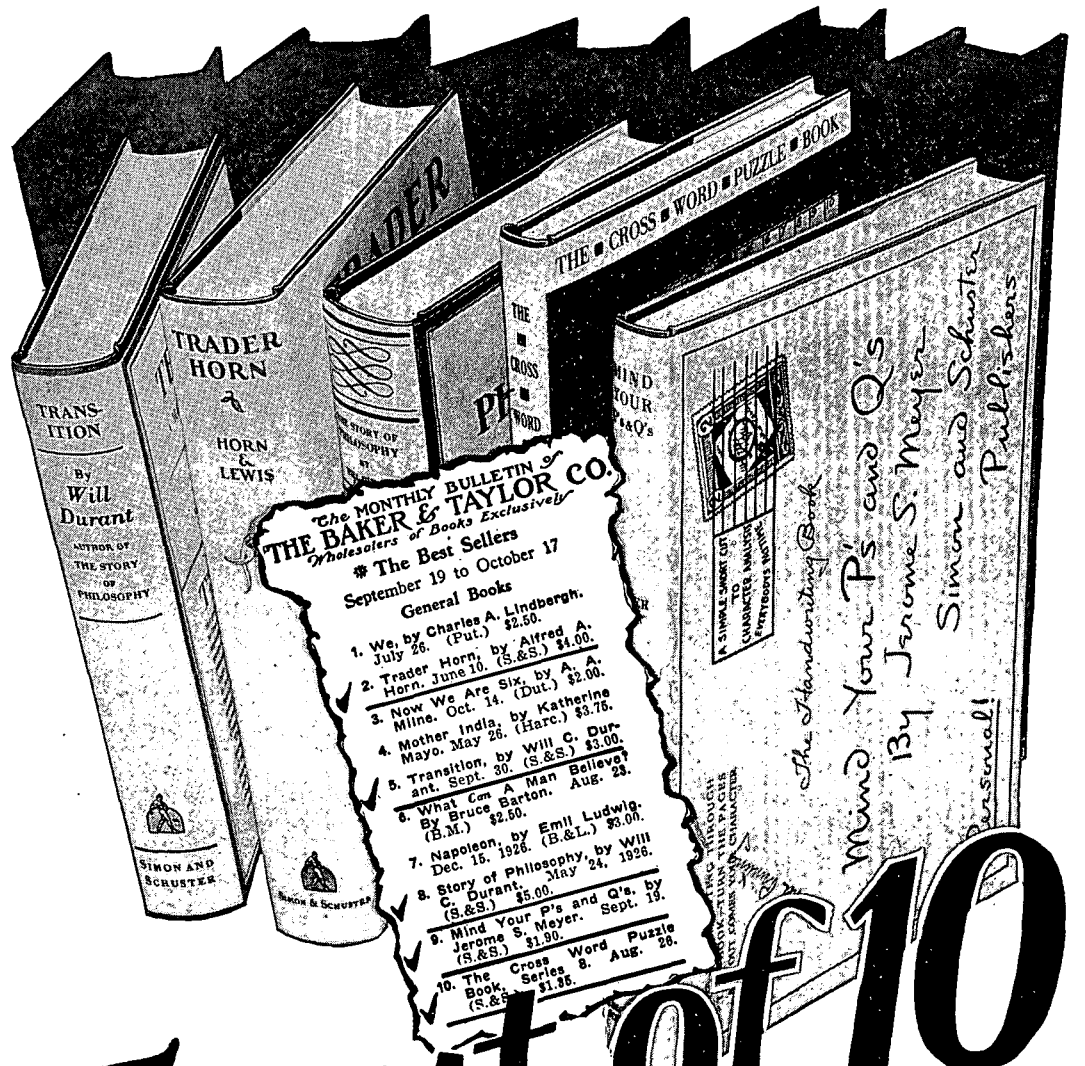

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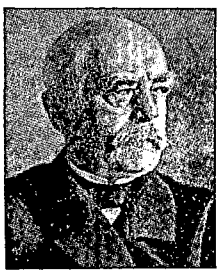

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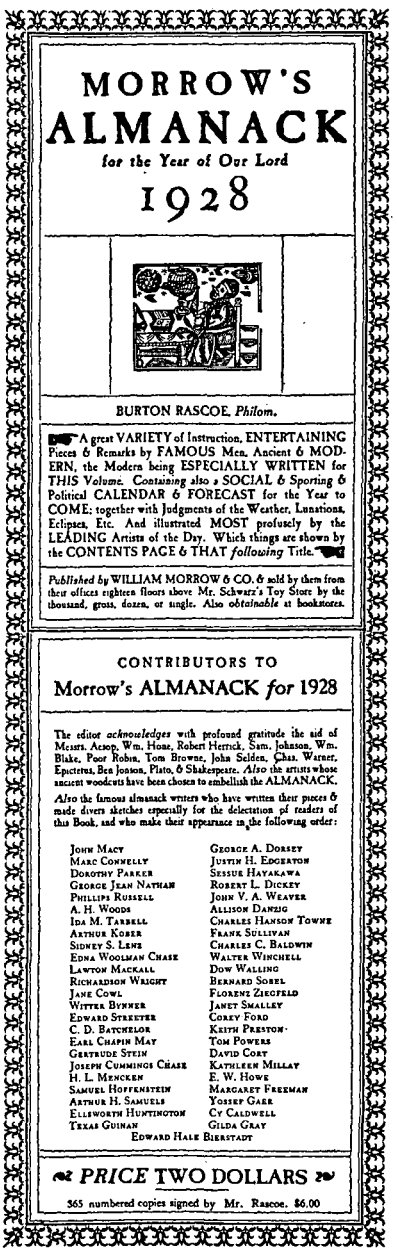

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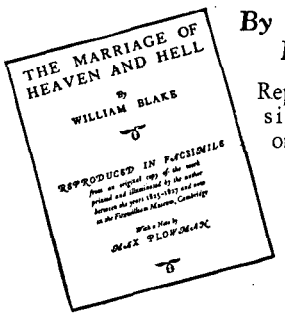

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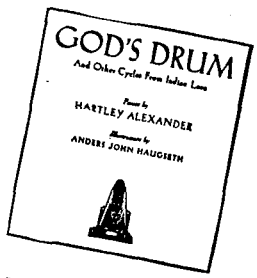

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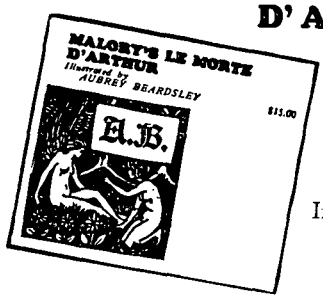

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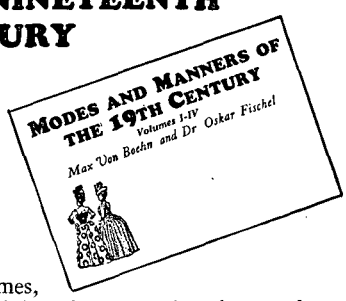

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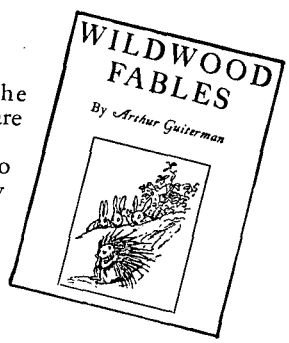

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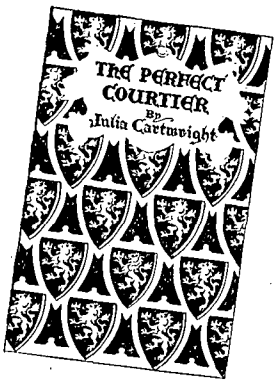

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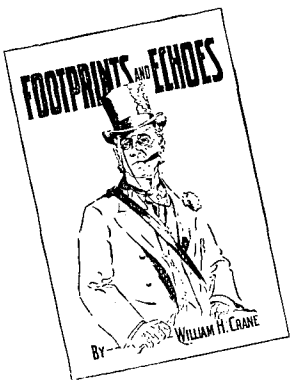

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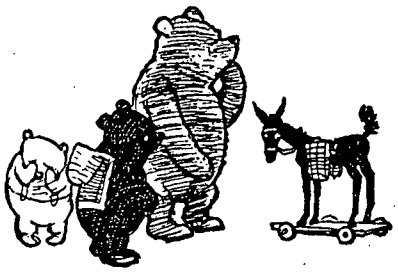

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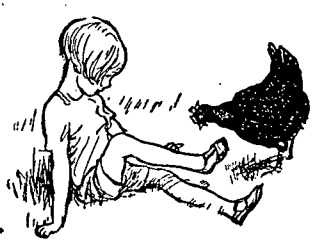

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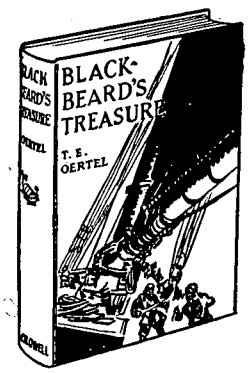

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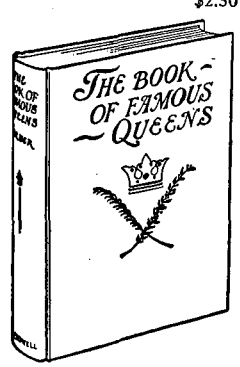

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The BOOKMAN

DECEMBER, 1927 VOLUME LXVI, NO. 4

THE NATIVITY

CHRISTMAS POEMS AND WOODCUTS
FOUR POEMS BY ELEANOR BALDWIN
GENEVIEVE TAGGARD AND DOROTHY PARKER
WOODCUTS BY JOHN J. A. MURPHY

Mary Remembers

Mary can hear them echoing still—
Two cries, a man's whole life apart,
The birth cry that had pierced her heart,
The death cry on Jerusalem's hill.

Mary has seen His face again—
The rose face sleeping at her side,
The white face of the crucified,
Beyond the darkness and the rain.

Mary remembers these things yet—
With God's two hands dividing them!
The long high road to Bethlehem,
The moonlight over Olivet.

Eleanor Baldwin

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The shy, the wild was brought by
the shadow low into large quiet

B.C.

Mary, the queer girl, in the summer meadow
Met someone, . . was it man or shadow?

Now Mary walks and smiles, musing
On some dim memory, choosing
Stones for her feet as she steps over
The shallow stream into ripe clover.

Mary is heavy. It is late summer.
Mary waits for a late comer
In the high clover where no one presses
The green flat. Mary guesses
. . . A boy. A girl. A boy . . pulling
Petals from a hard disc . . . lulling
All disquiet into bond with him
Who came on one angelic whim
To woo her into madness . . . Mary
Who had been always quiet, very
Shy, slight and wild, the queer maiden
Who now walks weary, weary and heavy-laden.

Heavy-laden girl with the anxious eyes,
Nothing again will ever happen to you.
Lie down in the clover, weary and heavy-laden.
Lie down and wait, anxious, exquisite maiden,
He does not come again, ever again, to woo.

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Nothing again will ever happen to you
Who are the source, the wealthy source of all being;
From you, henceforth, come miracles and sermons.

Mary, the queer girl, in the summer meadow
Met someone. Was it man or shadow?
Now Mary walks and broods, taking
Soft steps to a new aching.

The shy, the wild was brought by the shadow low
Into large quiet. Mary, queer girl, so
Startled, most delicate one, Mary,
Forget the shadow love, the airy
Phantom, your sorrow.
Sunlight buzzes in
An arc over your head. Halos spin
A ring of dancing atoms, pure and warm.
And all invisible motes of being swarm
Around young wilful Mary raped
By a tall gay shadow, glory-shaped.

Greater than death has happened to Mary, more
Terrible things than birth. Heavy and lonely
Mary has lost her smile, Mary great
With load of man. There is only
Agony to come, Mary, wait:
Only agony and another loss of your being.

Out of you, behold, in animal sorrow
The groan announcing a new, an angelic shadow
Who shall achieve the power and the glory.

Lie down in the clover, Mary, mother of phantoms.

Genevieve Taggard

Out of you, behold, in animal sorrow ... an angelic shadow

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The Maid-Servant at the Inn

"It's queer," she said, "I see the light
As plain as I beheld it then,
All silver-like, and calm, and bright —
We've not had stars like that again!

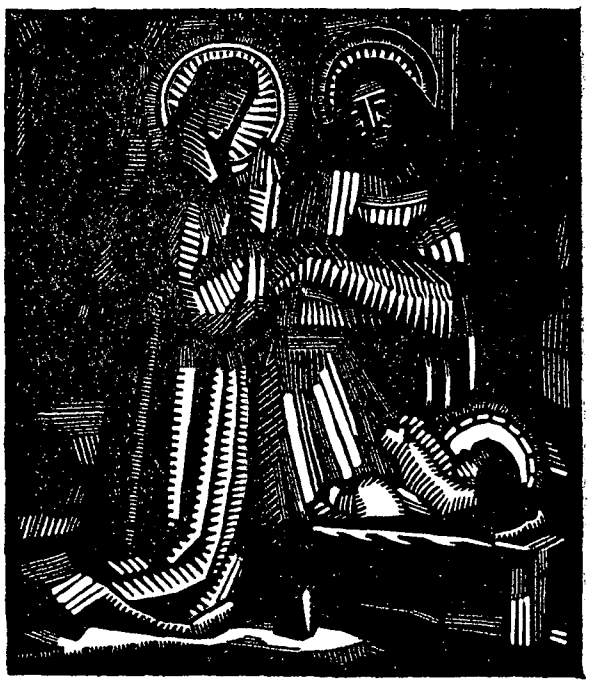
"And she was such a gentle thing
To birth a baby in the cold.
The barn was dark and frightening;
This new one's better than the old.

"I mind my eyes were full of tears,
For I was young, and quick distressed;
But she was less than me in years
That held a son against her breast.

"I never saw a sweeter child —
The little one, the darling one!
I mind I told her, when he smiled
You'd know he was his mother's son.

"It's queer that I should see them so;
The time they came to Bethlehem
Was more than thirty years ago —
I've prayed that all is well with them."

Dorothy Parker



"I never saw a sweeter child — The little one, the darling one"

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Pain yields to peace, and peace no more withstands joy

Three Mothers of Bethlehem

God holds their feet in the appointed way.
Fig-trees and olives mark the road for them.
Joseph and Mary at the shut of day
Must climb the limestone hill to Bethlehem.

She does not hear, now that her hour is come,
That wind-borne music from the Syrian sky,
Nor see the rising star that heralds home
Her holy Child, her Christ, her Calvary.

Ominous in the dusk she sees instead
The tomb of Rachel with her travail done —
Rachel who might not pillow the small head
Of Benjamin, her last, her little one.

She hears instead, perhaps, the voice of Ruth,
Who worked and sang amid the yellowing corn,
Gathered and gleaned, and boded not the truth
Of Israel's kings within her yet unborn.

There is no door to open at his knock —
Joseph has sought through all the crowded town.
In a rude stable fashioned from the rock,
Mary, who sorrows, lays her body down.

Pain yields to peace, and peace no more withstands
Joy unsurpassed and infinitely sweet.
Oh, Mary, Mary, kiss the little hands!
Oh, Mary, Mary, kiss the little feet!

Eleanor Baldwin

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THE ALLEGED POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS OF GREAT AUTHORS

By Arthur Conan Doyle

FROM time to time communications have come through mediums which are alleged to emanate from men who have been famous in literature. These have been set aside by the ordinary critic, who starts with the assumption that the thing is in a general sense absurd, and therefore applies the same judgment with little or no examination to the particular case. Those of us, however, who have found that many psychic claims have actually been made good may be inclined to look a little more closely into these compositions, and judge how far from internal evidence the alleged authorship is possible or absurd. I venture to say that an impartial critic who approaches the subject from this angle will be rather surprised at the result.

Let us predicate in the first instance that if the Spiritualist hypothesis is true, and if things are carried out exactly as they say, then one would expect the posthumous work to be inferior to that of the living man. In the first place, he is filtering it through another brain which may often misinterpret or misunderstand. Even a typewriter under my control causes me, I find, to lose something of my sureness of touch, and how much more would it be if it were an unstable human machine which I was endeavoring to operate. In the second place the writer has entered upon a new life with a new set of experiences, and with the tremendous episode of physical dissolution between him and the thoughts of earth. This also may well show itself in his style and diction. The most that we can hope for is something which is strongly reminiscent of the deceased writer. This, of course, might be produced by parody, and we have to ask ourselves how far such a parody is likely or even possible in the case of the particular medium. If that medium has never shown signs of the rare power of parody, if he has had no previous literary experience, and if there are other internal evidences of the author's identity, then the case becomes a stronger one. In no event could the judgment be absolutely final, but if several instances can be adduced, each of which is cogent, then the collective effect would tend to strengthen greatly the psychic proof of identity.

We will first take the well-known case where an American medium in 1873 wrote a conclusion to Charles Dickens's unfinished "Edwin Drood". I have not the whole of this work, but I have the long account of it with numerous extracts which appeared in a collection called "Rifts in the Veil", published by Harrison in 1878. According to *The Boston Post* (September 11th, 1873) the writer was one James, a foreman in a printing office in Brattleboro, a village of Vermont. He was a church-going Episcopalian, a good citizen, and steady workman, unlikely to be a party to deception. He knew little about Spiritualism, but his landlady held circles, at one of which he was present. On this occasion he fell into a trance, and wrote certain things which appeared to be independent of himself, and were signed by the names of persons who had died in Brattleboro before his advent. Such names could, of course, have been easily learned by him, and were in no way evidential. Presently, however, there came a request with the signature of Charles Dickens, asking that he should be the instrument of this great spirit for the finishing of his earthly work. "Those who know the medium all agree that he could not do this work unaided even if he were ever so close a student of Dickens. He has not the power, and even if he had he has not the education. Even those who are most sceptical are acknowledging that." Such was the opinion of Brattleboro, which may, of course, have underrated the writer's ability, and powers of deception.

We learn most about the matter from an

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excellent examination conducted by a special correspondent of *The Springfield Daily Union*. He tells us that the writer had no education after the age of thirteen, and had never written so much as a newspaper paragraph in his life. That certainly does not appear to be a man with a natural turn for parody. The correspondent examined the manuscript, made copious extracts, and was evidently impressed by all that he had learned.

It was in October, 1872, that James, if *The Boston Post* is correct in the name, while in trance wrote a letter professing to be signed by Dickens, and announcing his intention. On November 15th the writing actually began. The medium would go into a room alone, either at six in the morning or at seven in the evening, and sit in front of his papers until he dropped into a trance. It was immaterial whether the room was dark or lit. The interval before the trance varied from one minute to half an hour, damp or stormy weather making the process more difficult. While sinking into trance he was conscious, according to his own account, of a figure like Dickens seated beside him with a sad, grave face, his head resting thoughtfully upon his hand. When after a long interval he woke from his insensibility he would find the table or floor covered with scrawled sheets.

The assertion that the medium actually saw the author simplifies the case by making the explanation of subconscious action less feasible. The subconscious power which might make him write would hardly build up visions as well. The case is surely one which is either deliberate deception or truth.

The central point of the whole discussion must be the narrative itself. It seems to me to be like Dickens — but Dickens gone flat. The fizz, the sparkle, the spontaneity of it is gone. But the trick of thought and of manner remains. If it be indeed a parody it has the rare merit among parodies of never accentuating or exaggerating the peculiarities of the original. It is sober and restrained. I have before me as I write the original Dickens and the alleged posthumous production so far as I could get it. I will quote two passages from each, and I will ask the critic to make up his mind before I reveal it which is the real and which the sham.

1. "This lady was known as Miss Keep, and a very precise and prim maiden lady she was. If Miss Keep should be aroused at any time of the night, and should be asked where the dust brush was to be found, she would tell you to step into the basement, and behind the door you would see a row of hooks, and on the third hook from the door you would find the brush : . . . she has what was probably intended for a blue eye, but the bluing material must have got very low, and we cannot better describe the colour than by saying it was milky-blue."

2. "I hazard the guess that her dear name is precious to him, cannot be heard or repeated without emotion, and is preserved sacred. If he has any distinguishing appellation of fondness for her it is reserved for her, and is not for common ears. A name that it would be a privilege to call her by, being alone with her own bright self, it would be a liberty, a coldness, an insensibility, almost a breach of good faith, to flaunt elsewhere."

3. "Its ancient walls were massive and its rooms rather seemed to have been dug out of them than to have been designed beforehand with any reference to them. The main door opened at once on a chamber of no describable shape, with a groined roof, which in its turn opened on another chamber of no describable shape, with another groined roof, their windows small and in the thickness of the wall."

4. "The great man . . . regarded it as an insult on the part of the elements thus to take liberty with anything bearing the semblance of Sapsea. He descends to his street door with slow and measured steps, and his face wears such an air of stern pomposity that one would be disposed to think the identical gust of wind that had done the mischief was still remaining at the door in a defiant attitude, and that Mr. Sapsea was going down to order it off the premises, or failing that to annihilate it on the spot."

If there is any difficulty in distinguishing these passages it is surely some argument in favor of the possible inspiration of this unlettered man, though a disembodied parodist is not an impossible conception.

Apart from the general narrative, there

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are many small points which support a psychic explanation. The chapter headings are pure Dickens. Here are samples: "What the Organ said", "Opens the door for Mr. Brobity", "John Jasper's nerves receive a shock", and "Mr. Sapsea's dignity receives another". Excellent parody—if parody it be!

The entire work covered twelve hundred pages of sermon paper. When one remembers that the medium was occupied for ten hours a day at his business, and that this work was carried out in a few months during his scanty hours of leisure, one would say that if it were a practical joke upon the public it was one for which a considerable price was paid. On the other hand, it is only fair to point out that the writer might well hope to receive in the end some recompense for his toil. The alleged spirit took this view. In one message he said: "In regard to the English publishers, as soon as the first proof sheet is done address a letter to Sampson Low, Son, and Marston, Milton House, Ludgate Hill, London. It is very probable that they will be glad to negotiate for advance sheets". A critic might argue, therefore, that a deception was not entirely without an object.

This address of the publisher is worthy of note. It is the name of the firm as it was at the time of Dickens's connection with it, but it had been slightly altered since, the name of Searle having been added. Too much stress need not be laid upon this, as the writer might easily have taken the old style from the title-page of the British edition of any of the novels.

I should be inclined to lay more stress upon small points of style which could hardly be imitated unless the writer had a knowledge of Dickens, which, though not impossible, would be extremely rare and would be contrary to the judgment of all who knew him. The way in which the narrative suddenly changes into the present tense is a curious characteristic, both of "Edwin Drood" and of its continuation.

Thus in the latter: "Mr. Stollop *has* an idea that he *has* drunk as much already as he ought, but *is* pressed so hard that", etc., etc.

In the original we have continually such sentences as "Durdles *is* a stonemason. No man *is* better known in Cloisterham. He *is* the chartered libertine of the place". This use of the present when dealing with the past is unusual, and yet it occurs frequently in both versions.

Then, again, Dickens had a habit of giving some character a grotesque nickname, which is afterwards spelled in capitals. This is a rare peculiarity. We find it in both versions. Mr. Grewgius in the original is always "The Angular Man". Mr. Sapsea in the sequel is "The Great Mind". The trick of style is the same. The spelling, too, in the sequel is English rather than American, "travellers", for example, being spelled with two ls. It may be noted also that there are allusions to "coals" in the plural, to "basements" and to other terms which are unfamiliar to a New England household.

One naturally examines the new script carefully for Americanisms. Their presence would not be conclusive. Had the medium been conscious or semi-conscious when writing they would certainly have been visible, for the brain of the instrument *always* colors a conscious communication. But here there is alleged to have been deep trance, a very rare condition in "automatic" writing, but one which would give the control more complete command over his subject. Accordingly we find in the long extracts given very few traces of the New Englander.

The great Lombroso, in his "After Death", alludes to the matter sympathetically, but I notice that a critic for whom I have a sincere respect, Mr. J. Cuming Walters, dismisses the spirit sequel as unworthy of attention. In his support he quotes Mr. George F. Gadd, who has apparently made a careful study of the whole production, while my knowledge is confined to a series of long extracts. The chief accusations are futility, illiteracy and Americanisms. One could only judge the first by reviewing the work as a whole, but on the other two counts I would acquit the script so far as I have examined it. The actual solution of the plot, as epitomized by Mr. Gadd, does certainly seem unlikely, especially as regards the personality of Datchery, and the solution of the mystery would seem unworthy of Dickens. But

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that is to suppose that Dickens encumbered by Mr. James, the medium, is as free in his mental processes as Dickens alone. Some allowance must be made. Altogether I should say that the actual inspiration of the great author is far from being absolutely established, and that even a psychic origin need not imply Dickens himself. No one with any real critical faculty could say, however, that the result was an entirely unworthy one, though if written by the living Dickens it would certainly not have improved his reputation. If it were a true communication it must have been intensely galling to the author that his efforts should have been met with derision. There would, however, be a certain poetic justice in the matter, as Dickens in his lifetime, even while admitting psychic happenings for which he could give no explanation, went out of his way to ridicule Spiritualism, which he had never studied or understood.

Before leaving the subject I may add that of the extracts given numbers one and four are from the sequel, while two and three are pure Dickens.

I will now turn to the alleged communications from Oscar Wilde. Wilde's style was so marked, and in some ways so beautiful, that I have never seen any admitted parody which was adequate. Yet there have been several communications alleged to be from the other side which do reproduce those peculiarities in a very marked form. One of these was a play which came through the hand of Mrs. Hester Dowden, and which exhibited both the strength and the weakness of Wilde. Another is to be found in that remarkable narrative "Both Sides of the Door", where Wilde was alleged to have interfered in order to save a family who were suffering from a peculiar psychic persecution. Wilde had a particularly fine eye for color, and a very happy knack of hitting off a tint by an allusion to some natural object. I think that all the "honey-colored" moons which have floated over recent literature had their origin in one of Wilde's adjectives. In this particular little book Wilde spoke of the Arctic seas as "an ocean of foaming jade". That struck me as a particularly characteristic phrase.

In the present essay, however, we will concentrate our attention upon the volume which has been published by Werner Laurie under the title of "Psychic Messages from Oscar Wilde". These also came through the hand of Mrs. Dowden (or Mrs. Travers Smith), and they are dignified by a preface from the father of psychic research, Sir William Barrett, who makes the general assertion concerning the script: "It does afford strong *prima facie* evidence of survival after the dissolution of body and brain".

The messages, it should be explained, came partly by automatic writing, while the medium was in a normal state, and partly by the ouija board. Mrs. Dowden was associated with Mr. Soal in the experiments; sometimes she worked alone and sometimes with his hands upon the ouija board. Here are some of the messages which seem to me to be most characteristic of Wilde's personality and literary style:

"In eternal twilight I move, but I know that in the world there is day and night, seedtime and harvest, and red sunset must follow apple-green dawn. Every year spring throws her green veil over the world and anon the red autumn glory comes to mock the yellow moon. Already the may is creeping like a white mist over land and hedgerow, and year after year the hawthorn bears blood-red fruit after the death of its may."

This is not merely adequate Wilde. It is exquisite Wilde. It is so beautiful that it might be chosen for special inclusion in any anthology of his writings. The adjective "apple-green" for dawn, and the picture of the may "creeping like a white mist" are two high lights in a brilliant passage. Again, as in the "foaming jade", we have the quick response to color. I have said that the posthumous Dickens was Dickens gone flat, but the posthumous Wilde in such passages as this is Wilde with an added sparkle.

In the script we find that after this passage Wilde was subjected to a long questionnaire, which he answered with great precision. When asked why he came he answered:

"To let the world know that Oscar Wilde is not dead. His thoughts live on in the hearts of all those who in a gross age can hear the flute voice of beauty calling on the hills, or

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mark where her white feet brush the dew from the cowslips in the morning. Now the mere memory of the beauty of the world is an exquisite pain. I was always one of those for whom the visible world existed. I worshipped at the shrine of things seen. There was not a blood stripe on a tulip, or a curve on a shell, or a tone on the sea but had for me its meaning and its mystery, and its appeal to the imagination. Others might sip the pale lees of the cup of thought, but for me the red wine of life."

This also is beautiful and rare literary work. If an artist can tell a Rubens by its coloring, or a sculptor can assign an ancient statue to Phidias, then I claim that a man with an adequate sense of the rhythm of good prose can ascribe these fine extracts to Wilde and to no one else. His hallmark is stamped upon them for all the world to see, and when it ceases to turn away its head it will see it clearly enough. Immersed in trivialities, it seems to have no leisure at present for the great questions of life and of death.

These two beautiful passages, and several others almost as fine, came in a single sitting on June 8th, 1923, and were produced by Mr. Soal writing, while Mrs. Dowden laid her hand upon his. In many forms of mediumship it is to be observed that the blending of two human atmospheres produces finer results than either alone can get.

The cynical humor of Wilde, and a certain mental arrogance which was characteristic, breaks out in these passages: —

"Being dead is the most boring experience in life. That is if one excepts being married or dining with a schoolmaster."

Again, being dissatisfied with one of his own images, he writes: "Stop! Stop! This image is insufferable. You write like a successful grocer who, from selling pork, has taken to writing poetry".

When someone alluded to an occasion when Whistler had scored him off, he wrote: "With James vulgarity always begins at home".

Again, "I do not wish to burden you with details of my life, which was like a candle that had guttered at the end. I rather wish to make you believe that I was the medium through which beauty filtered, and was distilled like the essence of a rose".

Now and again there are passages of intense interest to an instructed Spiritualist which give a glimpse of the exact sphere upon which Wilde is moving, and the reasons which retard his progress and subject him to those limitations which draw from him the constant exclamation of "Pity Oscar Wilde!" His pictures of earth are a reminiscence, and his witty, cynical chatter is a mere screen. The real bitterness of his experience, a bitterness which might, I think, have been assuaged by some sympathy and instruction from this side, flashes out in occasional passages which vibrate with his emotion.

"I am a wanderer. Over the whole world I have wandered, looking for eyes by which I may see. At times it is given to me to pierce this strange veil of darkness, and through eyes from which my secret must be forever hidden gaze once more on the gracious day."

This would mean, in our language, that from time to time, being earth-bound, he has been able to take control of a medium, and so get into touch with physical things once more. His troubles come from the desire to struggle down rather than up. He has found strangely assorted mediums.

"I have found sight in the most curious places. Through the eyes out of the dusky face of a Tamal girl I have looked on the tea fields of Ceylon, and through the eyes of a wandering Kurd I have seen Ararat. . . . Once on a pleasure steamer on its way to St. Cloud I saw the green waters of the Seine and the lights of Paris through the vision of a little girl, who clung wondering to her mother and wondered why."

What rational explanation can be given for such messages save the Spiritualistic one? They are there. Whence come they? Are they the unconscious cerebration of Mr. Soal? But many of them have come when that gentleman was not present, so this explanation is ruled out. Are they, then, an emanation of Mrs. Dowden? But they have come in full strength and beauty when her hands have not been on the ouija board, but have simply touched those of Mr. Soal. What, then, is the alternative explanation?

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I confess that I can see none. Can anyone contend that both Mr. Soal and Mrs. Dowden have a hidden strand in their own personality which enables them on occasion to write like a great deceased writer, and at the same time a want of conscience which permits that subconscious strand actually to claim that it *is* the deceased author? Such an explanation would seem infinitely more unlikely than any transcendental one can be.

The case might be made fairly convincing on the question of style alone. But there is much more in it than that. The actual writing, which was done at a speed which forbids conscious imitation, is often the handwriting of Wilde, and reproduces certain curious little tricks of spacing which were usual with him in life. He alludes freely to all sorts of episodes, many of them little known, which have been shown to be actual facts. He gives criticisms of authors with a sure, but rather unkind, touch, where the medium has little or no acquaintance with the writings criticized. He alludes to people whom he has known in life with the utmost facility. In the case of one, Mrs. Chan Toon, the name was so unlikely that it seemed to me that there must be some mistake. As if to resolve my doubts a letter reached me presently from the very lady herself.

To sum up, I do not think that any person who approaches this problem with an open mind can doubt that the case for Wilde's survival and communication is an overpoweringly strong one. A subsequent correspondence showed, it is true, that Mr. Soal had a comprehensive knowledge of Wilde's life and work, but that would rather give a reason for Wilde's attraction to the circle, and in no way touches the wonderful literary production.

We now turn to a third case — that of Jack London. Here, again, we are dealing with an author who had such a marked individuality and such a strong explosive method of expression that any imitation should be readily detected. The collector of the evidence is Edward Payne, who died soon after his task was completed. He was a man of considerable attainments, a close friend of London's in his lifetime, and not a Spiritualist, so we have the material for a very instructed and unprejudiced opinion. The messages came to him through a lady who has a public career, and, therefore, desires to remain anonymous. Mr. Payne answers for her *bona fides* and assures us she was not a professional medium, that she was a woman of considerable culture, and that she was a convinced materialist, so that no strand of her own nature, so far as can be traced, is concerned in producing messages which are in their very nature the strongest indictment of materialism that could be framed.

The messages assume two forms, the one quite unconvincing, the other most powerful. The former is an attempt at a work of fiction which was an utter failure. The fact that London could not get his story of worldly life across, and yet was most convincing in discussing his own actual condition, must make us the more charitable towards the Dickens medium. It is clear that he was attempting the most difficult of all forms of communication, a long connected narrative with characters and plot.

If London had relied upon his transmitted fiction alone he would have been deservedly set down as an impostor. But when he comes to draw not others, but himself, he is much more convincing. Apparently he was much worried after death by finding everything entirely different from anything he had expected, though if he and other materialists would deign to listen to the poor despised Spiritualists they would save themselves all such shocks, the effects of which endure often for many years.

Instead of loss of personality he found himself, like Wilde, in a mist or haze — a reflection of his own perplexed mind — with a body and mind as before, the perceptions being more acute than on earth. He quickly was forced to realize that all his teaching had been utterly wrong, that he had done harm by it, and that his immediate task was to get back if he could and set the matter right. This getting back is no easy task. The right vibration has to be found, and it is far to seek. But London was not a man to be repulsed. He found his vibration and he delivered his message.

Here are some of the communications

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which seem to me to bear the stamp of the man on every line of them.

"I am going to try. Trying is the life of me. Ask Aunt Netta if it is Jack who speaks that."

"Here I am alive, feeling myself to be myself, yet nothing I say or write can identify me to those who know me best."

"Death has taught me what earth held from me. My spirit is plunging forward with more vigor than wisdom, as in my earth days. But I know now the way and the life. Oh, I have much, much, that I must undo."

He sends a long connected communication which is an essay in itself, headed "What Life means to me now". In it he says, "I am a soul — a living Soul. I followed the lost trail of materialism, and sickened in the foul mists of error". The whole composition, which is too long for quotation, is most powerful, and might serve as a warning from the grave to those millions who so heedlessly tread the very path which led London to his misery.

"My soul, though I knew it not, was dyspeptic with the materialistic fodder I crammed into it. . . . Death caught me unawares. He snapped me up when my face was not turned his way. I almost regret this. I believe it made my transition the harder.

"I awoke. Dreaming? I was sure of it. I dreamed on and on. I dreamed myself into eternity. I am vague. I was vague to myself. My powers returned. I could think. I hailed my old brain like a returned friend. I fumbled and groped. My earth blindness was on me. It hazed me about. I fought my way through it. I had no goal. I had passed the only goal I had ever admitted. I was on the other side of it. I struggle to seize the correct term. I try vainly to translate the experience into terms of earth which has no utterance for it.

"I died. I am looking at death from the other side — the tame, friendly side of him. And Life is indestructible . . . I see man face his destiny as I saw him on earth. I see him fall. I see him rise again and go on. He fights his way, and when his place is ready here he comes. There are no catastrophes. All is in order.

"I am a stranger to this tongue. I am but learning to speak. What faculty I possessed on earth is disrupted by a condition it was never trained to meet. I shall strive to re-establish it, and then I shall speak, and, friends of earth, you shall recognize my voice."

These short, strong, pregnant sentences are Jack London at his best. As in the case of Wilde, his posthumous work will bear comparison with anything he has done in life.

He has a horror of his old point of view.

"That which was my truth of yesterday, which I hugged to me as the quintessence of my distilled thought, becomes a volatile poison to me here, and I must . . . distil a new thought out of the fires of my previous experience, and by this thought shall I rise. Renaissance of soul is a labor shot with pains of remembrance, held by fetters of past error which are burst with a sweated toil while the heart strains with its propulsion . . . I feel that I have got right with God — I am no longer worshipping myself."

When asked what specific work he was doing, he answered, "I have to direct those lost or bewildered, as I was when I came. I labor to show them the way I would not take".

These last words seem to me to mark the beginning of Jack London's regeneration. He understands that his work is impersonal, unselfish and humble. Before that he had wished to reassert himself on the old earth terms, and the realization that he could not do so was a bitter one. He kicked hard against the pricks. "God! I am annihilated!" he cried; "my earth life is stamped out, blotted from time by this passage. I can't puzzle it out. My hand fumbles. Did Death rob me as I passed through his clutch? Did he steal the face of me that those who knew me see me strange, feeble, pitiful? Who or what has cut the tap root of my power? I am befogged."

The child still cried for its toys and refused to understand that it had left the nursery. But it cries in a voice that is familiar. The man himself never spoke in such a vital strain as does his ghost. He ends at last on the note that he is not to look back and that the future only should concern him. "The

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messages," he said, "come from Jack London, the damned soul, struggling out of his own hell of materialization." But there was light ahead. He had but to persevere. "I am a soldier of the eternal march." Who but Jack London would have written those words? He winds up: "What is more important than to let the world know I am busy undoing what mischief I did". Alas, Jack, the world is too busy with its games and its pleasures, too immersed in its wooden creeds and its petrified religions, to give ear to what you have learned. They, like you, will only realize when it is too late.

It may be gathered from the above that I accept Jack London's return as being a genuine one. I can see no other possible conclusion. The message is there, and it is easier to account for it by the return of London's activities to this sphere, than to torture the theory of multiple personality or subconscious activity until it is twisted to cover a case which is so much beyond its limits.

To sum up, therefore, I conclude that the cases of Wilde and of London are as complete and absolute as can possibly be obtained by such means. As to Dickens, I am content to say that it is far from final, but that it is worthy of respectful consideration. The cumulative force of the three cases is overpowering, and it is just that question of cumulative force which the opponents of our psychic explanations invariably disregard. Each case, and each witness, is treated as if he, or it, stood alone in some strange assertion which had no support or corroboration. It is only when a Bozzano or Flammarion musters his cases by the consecutive hundred that one can realize the full force of what is still called a hypothesis, but has long been a demonstration.

THE FAILURE

By Anthony M. Rud

HIS name is Adam; and it is a boast he repeats to every customer, that once upon a time, at the luxurious Palmer House in Chicago, he was the favorite barber of gallant Phil Sheridan.

Now his hands are a little trembly and unsure with a razor. His shoulders have slumped down and inward. The dapper Italians and hair-oiled Greeks who bow and smile at customers from the other places cannot understand why this old relic is kept at Chair Number One by a canny proprietor — or why these middle-aged, prosperous looking men who give half-dollar tips still wait for Adam, in preference to all the rest.

I see Adam now and then after hours. He always plays solitaire — Canfield — until midnight. He has a worn, red-covered pocket notebook, in which he scores the results of every session. He has been doing that for many, many years. Each game he pays fifty-two mythical dollars for the deck; and for each card placed in the upper line he receives a rebate of five dollars.

Of course he loses, most times. I asked how he stood in the long run.

He shook his head wearily. "I'm just — hm — $8854 behind," he said, after consulting the total. "All along I've been hoping — uh, ten on the jack — hoping I'd get my streak of luck. I'd sure like to even up just once, before I die. But I suppose now it's too late. Yes, too late . . ."

He came to the end of the deck, with only seven cards placed on the upper line.

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THE TRUE STORY OF SANTY CLAUS

By John Macy

IF we should wake on the sixth of December and find our stockings full of candy and toys we should think that the ruddy old fellow who comes down the chimney had lost his wits and arrived about three weeks too soon. But his arrival would seem exactly on time to children in other parts of the world. For the feast of Saint Nicholas is the sixth of December, and how he became the patron saint of the day of the Saint of saints, the Christ-Child, is a story.

It is the story of a story. And when we say that it is true we shall remember that truth lives in the region of dreams. We shall be true to a glorious legend and to the way that legend has come down to us. Truth here consists in knowing that Santy Claus does come down the chimney and fills our stockings. If we do not believe that truth, we are lost souls and beauty and poetry, the only real truth, means nothing.

Nicholas was an actual person. Though he is the most popular saint in the calendar, not excepting St. Christopher and St. Francis, we know little about the man to whom so many lovely deeds, human and miraculous, have been ascribed. He was bishop of Myra, in Lycia, Asia Minor, in the first part of the fourth century of the Christian era. Asia Minor is far away from reindeer and Santa Claus, but the world of faith and fable is small and ideas travel far if they have centuries of time for their journey round the world. And Asia Minor is the cradle of all Christian ideas.

From the day of his birth Nicholas revealed his piety and grace. He refused on fast-days to take the natural nourishment of a child. He was the youngest bishop in the history of the church. He was persecuted and imprisoned with many other Christians during the reign of the Roman emperor Diocletian, and was released and honored when Constantine the Great established the Christian Church as the official religion, or at least recognized and encouraged it. Under Constantine, in 325, was held the first general council of the Christians at Nicæa, where many important matters were decided. These matters belong to theology and are not in our picture, but Nicholas may have had a hand, a vigorous hand, in them. One of the arguers who seemed to Nicholas, and to the later orthodox church, a dangerous heretic, so roused the righteous ire of the saint that Nicholas smote him in the jaw. This is one of the first episodes in militant Christianity.

About two hundred years after his death Nicholas was a great figure in Christian legend, and Justinian, the last powerful Roman emperor in the East, built a church in honor of St. Nicholas in Constantinople. But the bones of the saint were not allowed to rest in peace in his home town, Myra, where he was probably buried. About seven hundred years after his death, in the eleventh century, what remained of the earthly Nicholas was dug up and moved to the city of Bari, in Italy. In its day it was one of many important seaports that dominated Mediterranean traffic. The merchants of Bari organized a predatory expedition to the burial place of Nicholas, stole the bones, reburied them in Bari and built a church which was long an objective for religious pilgrims and is still worth the travel of a lover of art and architecture. The city of Venice, not to be outdone by a rival maritime town, also claims to enshrine the bones of the saint. So the curious tourist may take his choice. The bones are dust, wherever they lie. The churches in Bari and in many cities of Europe still stand; there are more than four hundred dedicated to Nicholas in England. More important, the spirit of the saint is alive throughout the Christian world.

Nicholas was not a bare-foot recluse vowed to poverty. His father was a wealthy merchant, and his riches, inherited or created by the magic wand which fairy-godfathers

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wield, enabled him to be a dispenser of the good things of life, an earthly representative of the Supreme Giver of gifts.

The most famous episode in his long career of benevolence is his rescue of the three dowerless maidens. An impoverished nobleman had three daughters whom he was about to send forth into a life of shame. Nicholas heard of the tragic situation and at night threw a purse of gold into the house. This furnished the dowry for the eldest daughter, and she was married.

After a little while, says the Golden Legend, which is the great medieval story of the saints, after a little while this holy hermit of God "threw in another mass of gold" and that provided a dowry for the second daughter. "And after a few days Nicholas doubled the mass of gold and cast it into the house." So the third daughter was endowed. The happy father, wishing to know his benefactor, ran after Nicholas and recognized him, but the holy man "required him not to tell nor discover this thing as long as he lived".

Thus Nicholas became not only the generous giver but the special patron saint of maidenhood and was so known and celebrated throughout the Middle Ages. Dante speaks in three short lines, as if he assumed that everybody already knew the story, of the generosity of Nicholas to maidens, "to lead their youth to honor". The Italian painters made much of this story. A fine pictorial representation of it is in the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York City. It is one of those dramatic paintings in which the old artists told a really moving tale long before the days of the camera and the moving picture. Inside the house you see the three distressed daughters and the still more dejected and ragged father. Outside is Nicholas climbing up at the door in the act of throwing the purse through a little window.

The story takes what seems an almost humorous turn. Let us imagine three purses or "masses" of gold. We recognize them, in conventional form, in the three gold balls over the pawnbroker's shop. Thus the holy man of the early Christian Church presides symbolically over a business which throughout Europe during the Middle Ages was conducted largely though not exclusively by members of the older Jewish Church. Pawnbroking included all forms of banking and money-lending with personal movable property as security. At first glance it does not seem quite appropriate that the charitable benevolent saint should become associated with a business, long notorious for exaction and usury, which the Mosaic law forbade and which the derivative Christian morality condemned. One of the earliest acts of Christ was the expulsion of money-lenders from the temple; he "overthrew the tables of the moneychangers" and scourged forth others who bought and sold.

But it may well be that the bankers and brokers wished to give sanctity and dignity to their business and so adopted the generous Nicholas as their heavenly protector. Every profession, guild, trade, craft, had its favorite saint and was free to choose from the calendar; or, more likely, there was not much deliberate choice, these assimilations of legend to fact simply happened, nobody knows just how. Nicholas was adopted not only by the more or less respectable brokers but by thieves and pirates. The sinner as well as the honest man had his heavenly benefactor. And it is no more strange in the history of mythology that Nicholas should have been invoked by thieves than that the Greek-Roman god Mercury should have been the tutelary deity of robbers and tricksters.

Nicholas was the patron of all who went down to the sea in ships, whether bound on a predatory cruise or a military expedition or an errand of peaceful trade. The distinctions were not always clear in fact or theory. There are many stories of his having rescued sailors from shipwreck. It is written in the Roman Breviary, which is the "official account", that "in his youth on a sea voyage he saved the ship from a fearful storm". Greek and Russian sailors appeal to him for protection and carry in the cabin of the ships an image of the saint with a perpetually burning lamp. It is in accordance with the spirit of Christianity and other religions that a drowning man needs help, no matter what the moral purpose of his voyage through life may have been up to the hour of disaster.

Nicholas, however, was a dispenser of jus-

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tice, according to the ideas of justice that prevailed when the stories about him grew up and took shape. One curious story of his judgment as patron of money-lending and trade reveals the attitude of those who made the story; it shows the somewhat confused relations between Jew and Gentile, relations familiarized for us by the story of Shylock. The tale is told in the Golden Legend, translated by Caxton, the father of English printing and a tireless interpreter of foreign books into our English tongue. I change a little Caxton's words, which are not quite modern in form and construction:

"There was a man who had borrowed of a Jew a sum of money and swore upon the altar of St. Nicholas that he would pay it back, as soon as he could, and gave no other pledge. The man kept the money so long that the Jew demanded payment. And the man said that he had paid. Then the Jew summoned the debtor into court. The debtor brought a hollow staff in which he had put the money in gold. While he was taking oath he gave the staff to the Jew to hold. Then he swore that he had given the Jew more than he owed and asked the Jew to give him back the staff. The Jew, not suspecting the trickery, gave the staff back to the debtor, who took it and went away. Sleep overcame him and he lay down in the road. A cart ran over him and killed him and broke the staff so that the gold rolled out. When the Jew heard this he came and saw the fraud. Many people said to him that he should take the gold. But he refused saying that if the dead man were brought to life again by the power of St. Nicholas, he would take the money and become a Christian. So the dead man arose, and the Jew was christened."

Thus the ends of justice were served and everybody was happy.

The most important rôle of Nicholas to us at the present time is his patronage of schoolboys, for this brings him close to us as Santy Claus, the bearer of gifts and the special saint of childhood. He was himself the Boy Bishop. A famous story of him is that of his bringing to life three boys. On their way home, the tale runs, the boys stopped at a farmhouse. The farmer and his wife murdered them, cut their bodies in pieces and put them into casks used for pickling meat. St. Nicholas arrived, charged the murderers with their crime and caused the boys to rise from the casks fully restored. That is one reason, so far as there is any reason in fable, why schoolboys celebrated the feast of St. Nicholas on December sixth.

Intimately connected with the feast of Nicholas was the custom of electing a Boy Bishop for a limited number of days extending just over Christmas. To get something of the spirit of this ceremony and celebration we have only to think of a modern game played in New York and other American cities in which a boy is elected mayor for a day with a full staff of subordinate juvenile officials. The motive of the modern custom is to teach youths civic virtue, public service and patriotism. The motive underlying the Boy Bishop was partly religious, partly childish love of pranks and parody, and partly a sort of democratic rebellion, tolerated for a short period each year, against constituted authority.

The Boy Bishop was dressed in handsome robes like a real bishop, and he and his companions led a mock solemn parade and in some cities actually took possession of the churches. There was much feasting, the way to a boy's heart being through his stomach as well as through gaudy garments; and there was on the part of elder participants a good deal of drinking. On the whole it was a charming and innocent affair. The boys took it seriously enough, especially the supper which concluded the performance. As early as the first part of the tenth century Conrad I, king of Germany, described a visit to a monastery when the revels were at their height. He was amused especially by the procession of the children, so grave and sedate that even when Conrad ordered his followers to throw apples down the aisle, the children did not lose their gravity.

But these high jinks so near to sacred things met with opposition and censure. Ecclesiastical and civil authority shut down on the boy bishops and parades and ceremonies in one country after another. Grown people are not always profoundly wise about either the fooling or the intense seriousness of chil-

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St. Nicholas dowers the Three Maidens

By Onorio Ruotolo

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dren. The Roman Catholic Church in the middle of the fifteenth century tried to suppress by edict the Boy Bishop and all the customs relating to him. In England, where this childish festival prevailed not only in the cathedral cities but in the small towns, the Protestant Reformation applied a depressing hand, and Queen Elizabeth, whose own court was gay with revelries, masques, interludes, finally abolished the Boy Bishop.

Childhood, however, has its revenges upon the interfering adult, with the aid of the conniving adult who refuses to grow up. Nicholas remained the saint of children. In some countries his festival was taken over, assimilated to Christmas, partly because St. Nicholas Day is so near to Christmas and partly because in some parts of the world there arose a sort of protestant hostility to the worship of saints. But custom and amusement prevail even when religion and history are forgotten or ignored. To cite another example as familiar as Christmas, on the evening of the last day of October children bob apples, make pumpkin jack-o'-lanterns, and play all kinds of tricks to pester innocent neighbors. They call the occasion Hallowe'en, but few of them or their neighbors know that "hallow" means saint, and that the first of November is All Saints' Day.

So it is with Nicholas. He is honored and accepted with a kind of childish ignorance. Professor George H. McKnight of Ohio State University, who has given us the best account in English of the good St. Nicholas begins his book by saying that strange y little is known of him in A nerica. But he belongs to us by a very special inheritance. Our Dutch ancestors in New York — ancestry is a matter of tradition, not of blood — brought St. Nicholas over to New Amsterdam. The English colonists borrowed him from their Dutch neighbors. The Dutch form is San Nicolaas. If we say that rather fast with a stress on the broad double-A of the last syllable, a D or a T slips in after the N and we get "Sandyclaus" or 'Santy Claus". And our American children are probably the only ones in the world who say it just that way; indeed the learned, and very British, Encyclopædia Britannica calls our familiar form "an American corruption" of the Dutch. I suspect, however, that we should hear something very like it from the lips of children in Holland and Germany; in parts of southern Germany the word in sound, and I think in spelling, is "Santiklos".

However that may be, America owes the cheery saint of Christmas to Holland and Germany. In Belgium and Holland the festival of the saint is still observed on his birthday, December sixth, and the jollities and excitements are much the same as those that we enjoy at Christmas, with some charming local variations. Saint Nicholas is not the merry fellow with a chubby face and twinkling eye, but retains the gravity appropriate to a venerable bishop. He rides a horse or an ass instead of driving a team of reindeer. He leaves his gifts in stockings, shoes or baskets. And for children who have been very naughty, and whose parents cannot give him a good account of them, he leaves a rod by way of admonition, for he is a highly moral saint, though kind and forgiving. If the parents are too poor to buy gifts, the children say ruefully that the saint's horse has glass legs and has fallen down and broken his foot. The horse or ass of St. Nicholas is not forgotten; the children leave a wisp of hay for him, and in the morning it is gone.

As with us, the older people have their own festivities, suppers, exchange of gifts, surprises. But also as with our Christmas, the feast of Nicholas is primarily a day for children.

Where did Santy Claus get his reindeer? And how did the grave saint become that gnome-like fat fellow, with nothing ecclesiastic about him, so vividly described in Clement Moore's famous poem, " 'Twas the night before Christmas"? The answers to these questions are only provisional, matters of conjecture.

Notice that in Moore's poem, the form Santy Claus does not appear. The title of the poem is "A Visit from St. Nicholas", and in the verses the visitor is St. Nicholas and "Saint Nick". The verses were written in the first half of the last century. The author was a distinguished biblical scholar and professor in the General Theological Seminary

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in New York. In these verses he was writing not as a scholar but as a jolly human being, the father of a family taking a day off from his serious studies. His verses must represent the idea of Santy Claus that prevailed in his time, and long before his time in New York and far outside New York, for they spread all over the country, are still reprinted every year.

Now in this delightful jingling poem there is not a touch of religion. The "jolly old elf" has not the slightest resemblance to a reverend saint. And there is no suggestion, except in the word Christmas, of any connection in thought or spirit with what is, excepting possibly Easter, the most sacred day in the whole Christian year. And similarly we may observe in our time many a gay Christmas party run its course without any of the participants giving a thought to a birth in a manger from which our year is dated. So Santy Claus is strangely different from his pious namesake and also in some places and among some people estranged from the very religious occasion to which he is attached!

But in some parts of America where the people are of Dutch or German descent there is a charming alliance between Santy Claus and the Christ Child. It came about in this way: In some parts of Germany after the feast of St. Nicholas had been moved forward and identified with Christmas it was felt that the real patron of the day, the true giver of gifts, should be Christ Himself. This feeling probably arose from the Protestant objection to the worship of saints. So St. Nicholas was deposed from power; gradually, not by any sudden revolution, he disappeared in some places, from the customs long associated with him. But the customs remained. On Christmas Eve there were gifts of sweets and toys for good children. Or they put bowls in the window, and behold, in the morning they found that the window pane had been taken out during the night and gifts laid in the bowls. The bringer of these gifts was not St. Nicholas but the Christ Child, in popular German, Kris Kringle. But among the German people in America the legend of Santy Claus still survived, and so Kris Kringle is a combination of Santy Claus and the Christ Child.

This combination gives us an inkling of what happened in the whole story of Christmas from earliest times. Santy Claus, the merry elf, is not Christian at all, but pagan, coming down from times earlier than the Christian era or at least earlier than the times when the Teutonic people were Christianized. He belongs to popular fairyland, the land of elves, gnomes, sprites, hobgoblins. In countless fairy tales there are good spirits and evil spirits. The evil spirits haunt the woods and molest innocent people. The good spirits aid the poor, bring gifts in the night, rescue princes in distress and so on.

These stories are not originally of Christian origin. They may not be definitely part of any of the religions which Christianity supplanted. Associated with them are popular festivals and ceremonies. It may well be that the apples in our Christmas stockings are the descendants of apples that grew on very old trees, trees older than history; perhaps there was a late harvest festival, or a kind of pagan Thanksgiving, presided over by a beneficent elf, and accompanied by dancing and feasting. We do not know.

But we do know that as Christianity developed, the church encouraged all the popular customs, or many of them, took them over and associated them with Christian holidays. This may have been a deliberate attempt of the priests to win the favor of the people and make the new religion really popular, or the people may have made the transfer themselves by the vague and untraceable but very real process of folk-poetry.

Now where did Santy Claus get his reindeer? There are no reindeer in Germany and probably never were, certainly not the kind that are broken to harness like horses. And oddly enough the reindeer does not appear in any of the surviving Christmas legends and customs in old Germany. The reindeer first paws the roofs of American houses. But of course he cannot be an American animal. The explanation, one explanation, is this:

There are reindeer in northern Scandinavia where they have been domesticated from time immemorial. Scandinavian and German legend and mythology are closely re-

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lated. The old German gods came from the north and many German folk-tales are of Scandinavian origin. The reindeer of our Santy Claus certainly came from Lapland, and Santy is an arctic explorer, exploring the other way! Dr. Moore, with true poetic imagination, describes him as "dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot" — not in the red flannel with which we are accustomed to clothe him. Among the Germans or Dutch who came to this country there must have been a legend of a Scandinavian Santy, and in Germany the reindeer inexplicably got lost. Perhaps their bones will be found in a German forest by one of the literary archaeologists who dig into such matters. But no, the bones will never be found, for the reindeer are still alive and fly over the house-tops.

The career of Santy Claus through the ages is as mysterious as his annual flight. One might suppose that he would have gone directly from Germany or Holland to their near neighbor England, as the Christmas tree was transplanted to England after the shortest possible journey. But there is every likelihood that Santy Claus, having become a good American colonist, recrossed the Atlantic in an English ship — or perhaps as the first transatlantic flyer. He has long been a well established figure in the Christmas customs not only of the mother country but in all parts of the British Empire. The allegiance of English children, however, is divided. Some believe that Santy Claus brings them their presents. Others believe in Father Christmas, a more recent creation, whom English artists represent as an old gentleman in what seems to be a sort of eighteenth century costume with gaitered legs, a tail coat, and a squarish beaver hat.

It is rather strange that English Christmas customs are not more closely imitated by American. We know nothing of the yule-log, even in houses that have open fireplaces. Perhaps the reason that we borrowed little from the English Christmas is that the English who came to America, especially to New England, were not of the merry-making kind; they would have abhorred the idea of making Christmas an occasion for mirth and happiness. They would have groaned at one pretty custom, which is inherited directly from England and which their less godly descendants indulge in on Beacon Hill in Boston — the singing of carols in the streets on Christmas Eve. In all New England literature of the classical period there is scarcely a reference in prose or verse to Christmas, and that was the time when Dickens and Thackeray and other English writers, eagerly read in America, were giving the holiday new spirit and brightness in England.

Customs differ in different countries. A Russian coming from the country of which Nicholas is the chief saint would not at first sight understand our Santy Claus. He would see no relation between his saint before whose icon he bows and the figure in a red suit with a long white beard standing in front of a department store and doing his bit to keep a spirit of good cheer in that enormous American institution — Christmas trade. An American tourist brought up as a Protestant finding himself in an Italian city would look up in his guide-book an ornate Italian painting of St. Nicholas miraculously answering a prayer for help, and that tourist unless he had historical imagination might not realize the connection between this beautiful painting, the angel on his last Christmas tree at home and the letter that he wrote as a boy asking Santy Claus to bring him a new sled.

Yet these connections do exist, and they are very important, for they are bonds that hold the world together and help to give its disparate parts and antagonistic faiths a human unification. No other saint and few other men embrace such a wide variety of benevolent ideas as Nicholas, with such duration in time and such extent throughout the Christian world. And he is probably the only serious figure in religious history in any way associated with humor, with the spirit of fun. For he is the patron of giving. And it is fun to give.

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"AN IRRITATING ARCHANGEL"

By Thomas Beer

AMERICANS first heard of Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi in 1792 when the Swiss educator was declared a citizen of the French Republic along with George Washington. There was probably little known of him, outside the German groups in seaboard towns, until he was brought to Paris to help Napoleon Bonaparte in settling the immediate fate of Switzerland. A few notes on his career, his method of studying children, his attempted reforms of the poor by education and his general nobility were then printed in the dry newspapers. In 1803 his novel "*Lienhardt und Gertrud*" was badly abridged in a feeble translation, issued in one volume at Philadelphia, and in 1806 the President of Yale College commended Pestalozzi's habit of keeping a journal for the examination of his children's development from day to day. About 1814, though, the educator took a defined personality for the Americans. In 1814 Dr. Benjamin Major commenced to lecture in New York on Pestalozzi's theories and, in the same year, John Murray's translation of Madame de Staël's "Germany" was pirated and had its success. A copy of this work, with its elaborate — and vague — discussion of Pestalozzi came into the hands of Amos Bronson Alcott, an obscure Yankee lad who, in 1860, wrote to a Mr. Mayhew that "I am doubly grateful to your kindness for the handsome set of Mme de Staël, as her work was familiar to me in boyhood and Mr. Bohn's new edition is the renewal of a fondness which I have striven to impart to many friends".

Perhaps Mme de Staël's wandering description of the reformer made him a popular subject among the cultivated. In 1819 a Mr. Albert Kramer lectured on "Dr. Pestalozzi's educational method by Power of Conversation and his method of Physical Gymnastick". This advertisement leaves the unknown lecturer under suspicion of charlatanism. Pestalozzi believed heartily in physical exercise for children but he had no "physical gymnastick" and the only gymnastic system available in Europe, in 1819, was that of the Swede, Ling.

What about Pestalozzi might a literate American understand in 1819? The theorist's first principle, the reform of society by the education of the poor upward, had vanished partly from his foreground. He was now the advocate of a limber educational system mainly insisting on three points. A. A child's first ten years were infinitely important. B. A child was not to be used as an intractable object into which miscellaneous facts were to be pumped or hammered but as an individual mind to be dealt with patiently, relying on argument and conversation, no subject being considered finished until it was mastered. C. Schoolwork was to be done, as far as possible, in the spirit of recreation and occupation, not as drill under terror. Beyond this he believed in attractive surroundings and held that exact sciences, spreading outward from mathematics based on geometry, could be adequately taught even to very young children. An American who read Madame de Staël and Richter, or the French translations of fashionable German essayists and the papers of De Fellemberg knew this much. It can be imagined that he was a topic among the literate since he was quoted occasionally in political speeches and his platitude, "Nothing great can be achieved without enthusiasm" echoes around in eloquence of the time.

In 1820 Dr. Benjamin Major opened a Pestalozzian school for small boys in New York, assisted by his daughter, Anne, who was promptly left to conduct the experiment alone, as her father died when the scholars — sixteen of them — had been under his care for exactly one week. His orphan did not progress. Mothers objected to the lack of

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corporal punishment. What use was an unspanked child in 1820? This is all that is known of the adventure. Miss Major had private means and was not obliged to teach, but she became a governess in a Southern family and lived for two years on the plantation of a Mr. Nelson — not to be identified unless some Virginian historian can locate a Nelson household where a governess might have met a singularly handsome young boy named Robert Edward Lee on whom she doted and for whom she insisted that her second grandson be named when his father was in the armies facing Robert E. Lee in the year 1864. In 1823 she married an Englishman, went to live for ten years in Southampton, bearing a profusion of babies, and in 1833 came back a rich widow to the United States. She presently heard that a singular school had been commenced in Boston and went to inspect Mr. Bronson Alcott's venture in 1836.

"Grandmother," says Mr. Robert Lee Elder, "was extremely pleased by the Alcott school. The only features which struck her as objectionable were the pictures and the famous Miss (Elizabeth) Peabody. She took an instant dislike to Miss Peabody and always mentioned her as a 'fussbudget'. Miss Sophia Peabody, who afterwards became Mrs. Hawthorne, charmed her and so did Mrs. Alcott. . . . As I have not the wonderful memory of Mr. Frank Harris I can not pretend to recall her criticisms of Alcott's method. The one thing that sticks in my memory was that she found Mr. Alcott sadly wanting in ability as a mathematician. There were some other details which did not please her, but these have left me. She thought that Mr. Alcott got excellent results by his intensive study of words and told me that his control of the children was amazingly fine. She thought him, personally, too pious and too egotistical. But she never liked Yankees anyhow. . . ."*

*Mrs. Elder died in 1878, at the age of seventy-six. She was an extraordinary linguist, writing excellent translations of poems by Heine, Schiller and Hugo. Her father, Benjamin Major, was the author of several unreadable pamphlets on education, including an attack on the monitorial system of Joseph Lancaster in which the English theorist is likened to Nero, Robespierre and Herod. There is a family tradition that Lancaster offered to cane him on his arrival in America in 1818. Dr. Major's wife was a cousin of the diarist Philip Hone.

Bronson Alcott may not have liked Mrs. Elder, either. This lady was a handsome, mundane person who had a fancy for pretty bonnets, French novels, and who is remembered to have been guilty of perfumes and a bit of rouge. Mr. Alcott's notions of women were serious. On November 29th, 1832, he had undertaken to tell his wife's father that Abba May Alcott "was formed for domestic sentiment rather than the gaze and heartlessness of what is falsely called society. . . ." He was an excellent, young, aspiring man but he was also something of a prig.

His mentality has just been made more real for us by the appearance of Mrs. Morrow's memoir, *The Father Of Little Women.* Mrs. Morrow has access to his unpublished journals and to other papers of his family. Her book is pleasantly narrated, uncritical and, fortunately, makes no attempt at the wearisome "psychograph" of modern biography.

A psychological portrait of Bronson Alcott is almost impossible. The materials simply do not exist. His observers, in his later life, were either so bored by his garrulous complacency or so delighted by his profundity that they seldom tried to analyze him. We are told that he was a great conversationalist, but his conversation is never reported. His writings, for publication, are often inept and usually a carpet of borrowings. Mrs. Morrow, most wisely, limits her narrative to the facts of his story up to his middle age. Her accuracy in the telling is so firm that only two vaguely misleading statements should be noted. "Pestalozzi," she says, "died about the time Bronson began teaching." I don't know what Mrs. Morrow intends by "about". Pestalozzi was still at work for three years after Bronson Alcott began, then he retired to Brugg, wrote two more books and died in 1827. On page 260, relating Alcott's struggle in Concord after the failure of Fruitlands, she informs us that . . . "These lectures, with the carpentering and woodcutting, made it possible for the Alcotts to live. They even in 1845 bought a house. . . ." Mrs. Alcott, it is true, bought Hillside in 1845, with the remains of a legacy from her father, Joseph

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May, the Mr. March of "Little Women", and Ralph Waldo Emerson gave the lady five hundred dollars to aid her in the purchase. The error here is negligible and my excuse for mentioning it is just that I admire Mr. Emerson and Mrs. Alcott. As for Mrs. Morrow's opinions, they are hers. . . . "Yet, thanks to Elizabeth Peabody, mother of the American kindergarten, and thanks to his own much ridiculed habit of keeping endless and meticulously detailed journals, there lies in that quiet library in Concord, under the care of 'Demi's' wife, the records of ideas and thoughts on education of children that, if America would draw on it, would save America's soul alive today, would stay the moral *debâcle* that threatens our children's children." It may be so. Perhaps the man who serenely aided in the moral *debâcle* of 1861 and had so little imagination that he asserted the ennobling influence of war on the combatants was wiser than he seems.

Mrs. Morrow conducts Alcott expertly from his birth to the death of his daughter Elizabeth in 1858. Her task in doing this was not at all easy, even with his family's documents at hand, but she produces a smooth and agreeable story. Alcott was born in 1799, the son of a farmer in rural Connecticut, and his delightful graces of manner were acquired by peddling trips among the well bred Virginians. He liked the Southerners, as William Ellery Channing had liked them twenty-five years before. Channing discovered a society in which money was not the prime consideration of mature life and in which men who had known each other from babyhood didn't begin to call each other "Mister" at twenty-one. Alcott, whose mind needed books, also discovered liberally stocked libraries. He even thought of casting himself in the rôle of a Southern gentleman. "For there were not a few daughters," Mrs. Morrow says, "of these fine plantations who would have been glad to marry the charming, penniless young Northerner." Alcott's whole life, by the way, was influenced by the fact of his exterior. He remained a person of unusual beauty up to his last years. Even in 1886, paralytic and gaunt, he is described by a woman who disliked him terrifically as "still one of the handsomest men I ever saw". He did not succumb to the South. At twenty-two he began to teach school in Connecticut and was instantly in trouble.

The Americans were still, for every purpose of historical examination, living in the eighteenth century while they bragged a lot about "progress" and all that. Lancaster, arriving in 1818 with all the strength of his English prestige, promptly failed of approval for his renovated schools with their monitorial teaching, moral theatricals and organized games. Young Alcott had, by 1827, attracted the notice of a few superior people in Boston and thereabouts. Channing had insisted that children should be treated as reasoning creatures. The strength of the Puritan theology, the doctrines of eternal damnation and original sin, was being briskly sapped. But Alcott's mild individualism, his pleasant classroom at Cheshire and his popularity with the children made him suspicious. A schoolteacher was expected to be the severe, heavy character of the eighteenth century's routine. On the side of the Connecticut rustics it can only be urged, very modestly, that Alcott talked a great deal. But he was badly treated. The Episcopal clergy took part in the attempt at shutting him off. Cheshire School, where young John Pierpont Morgan would presently be a bright scholar, was opened again in opposition to Alcott's school and the tall innovator had to stop, from poverty. His journals, quoted by Mrs. Morrow, at this time begin to show the defect of his whole literary product. He — unconsciously — is already taking with precision from European writers. "I find," he writes, "that whatever children do themselves is theirs," which is from Richter, and three sentences later he echoes Madame de Staël, "The number of pages gone over is not so much considered as completeness of attainment".

The baffling point in any discussion of Alcott is this problem: a man of novel ideas, for America, is incapable of expressing them on paper without the use of a vague, popular rhetoric. He cannot be exact in his descriptions, salty. He echoes and platitu-

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dinizes at the age of thirty four: "A depraved child! Never was there one when parental and social influences were duly bestowed upon it. . . ." After thirty years he will bring out: "Enthusiasm is the glory and hope of the world!" as seriously as the McGuffey brothers committed like aphorisms in their schoolbooks. It has to be argued that his Calvinistic training had a deal to do with this. As Transcendentalism was an uneasy straddle between the God of original sin and the God in whom Saint Bruno was lost as a drop of water in a cask of wine, just so Alcott's rhetoric is a compromise between the Calvinistic babble and an honest desire of saying something. He loved children; he observed them carefully, but he has to falsify notes on his Anna and Louisa, especially Louisa . . . "I placed her little chair by her mother's side and invited her to seat herself in it. She refused. I repeated my wish. She again showed disinclination to comply with the requisition. . . ." He can not analyze himself on paper without being elegant about it: "I had an interesting interview with Anna at twilight, the hour when my own mind is most self reposing and when amid the blendings of light and shadow by the glowing grate of coals, e'er the lamp is lighted, the imagination shapes outward things to its own ideals. . . . I sit down to make some remarks on the lives and circumstances of my children but e'er I am aware, I have left the consideration of them as individuals and have merged their separate existences in the common life of the spirit. I have left their terrestrial life with the varied phenomena that typify its action and am roaming at large over the terrestrial domain of the celestial world, beholding not only these, my children, in the gladsome existence there; but also, the innumerable children of the Infinite Parent Himself the common Father. . . ." One does not have to point out that Alcott's struggle, in the mortal world, was the struggle of a romantic. His imprecise imagination went on shaping outward things to its own ideals. Under stress he was capable of curt speech and prompt action; at leisure he wanders and maunders. He revels in the Latinized diction which Gibbon, last master of written baroque, had made the language of satire. He falls into rank Calvinism, in *The Dial*, with, "He who is tempted has sinned . . ." and hops out of that into sentimental cant, with, "There can be no sublimity of life without faith in the soul's eternity. . . ." The final trouble with the good man, I have fancied, is that he was not intellectual. He was incapable of the hard, continuous drive of genuine intellectual movement. Without relying too much on the tests and apparatus of the psychiatric mode, is it not clear from Emerson's statements about his "pallid luminary" that Alcott's thought was intuitional, spasmodic? He had the known trait of the casual thinker: he seldom finished a sentence.

He finished nothing. In 1834 Alcott appeared at Boston and opened his school in the Masonic Temple. Everything looked well. Dr. Channing approved. The powerful Mays approved of their son and brother-in-law. Elizabeth Peabody came to help, with her sister Sophia. Washington Allston supervised the studies in drawing. The children belonged to the foremost tribes of the city. Emerson dropped in and was fascinated by the gentle, handsome man in the pretty classroom. Margaret Fuller and her father came along. The sun shone through bastard Gothic windows on little statues and sedate pictures. All was fair. Four years later Alcott was ruined and the school had closed in an absurd, vulgar tempest. The superficial causes are well stated in Mrs. Morrow's book. The publication of Alcott's conversations with children on the gospels irritated pious folk. His support of William Lloyd Garrison upset the conservatives. He took a little negress into his group of provincial aristocrats, and Harriet Martineau lavishly attacked him in her book on America. We are obliged to see these events through the words of his admirers, but there is not an item of the testimony which can be suspected of undue color, and Alcott behaved in the whole business with dignity. One may comment that a natural "group introversion" of the small cerebral element about Alcott made them too

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sympathetic, as in our shabby period authors and critics are driven to defend books from the censorship of our Philistines with a loyal disregard of obvious faults. It is also possible that some of Alcott's fads alienated people who might have stood by him.

A fad is a theory which lies beneath the consideration of serious philosophy. It is an assertion raised to the position of a superstition. Oliver Wendell Holmes knew this much long before Oswald Spengler was born to tell us. Alcott was already absorbed in the renovated Apollonian cult. His children were being fed vegetation, and a charitable lady who knew nothing, prophetically, of modern diets but knew that babies liked sugar was smuggling them bits of pastry from her hotel in a bandbox. The form of decadence which takes shape as an appeal to the past had touched Alcott. He had read too much in Diogenes Laertius and Plutarch. The malady was popular. Trivial orators were comparing Clay and Webster to Demosthenes and Cicero. The "classical" was the mode, as it had been among the shoddy rhetoricians of the French Revolution. Call back the Golden Age? Why not? You could string wooden Doric columns before a house and gabble about Academes and, timidly, discuss Plato's belief in angels. A vegetable diet and white, homespun clothes ought to lure the Delphic Apollo around the bulking shadows of Descartes, Calvin and Locke. Philosophers who have only "favorite periods" in their reading of history and who know nothing about "exact sciences" beyond plane geometry tend into fads. Alcott the humane educator of children merges too perceptibly with Alcott the decadent rhetorician. His school closed; he lost touch with his one realistic grip of life. He flies into the past.

"He is a genial, innocent, simple-hearted man," Carlyle writes to Emerson, "of much natural intelligence and goodness, with an air of rusticity, veracity, and dignity withal which in many ways appeals to one. The good Alcott . . . all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age; he comes before one like a kind of venerable Don Quixote, whom nobody can even laugh at without loving!" Emerson worried. Alcott had gone to England to meet some enthusiasts and was shedding back pamphlets toward his benefactor. The Yankee answers the hard Scotchman: "He is a great man and was made for what is greatest, but I now fear that he has already touched what best he can, and through his more than a prophet's egotism, and the absence of all useful, reconciling talents, will bring nothing to pass and be but a voice in the wilderness . . . As you do not seem to have seen him in his pure and noble intellect, I fear that it lies under some new and denser clouds. . . ." New and denser? Well, the letters contain more than one curiosity. Carlyle refers to Alcott, who is not yet forty-three, as an old man, and Emerson fears that his friend has reached a climax. There is another such letter, written by a close friend of Alcott which has never been published, except as part of an essay read to a female literary society in 1891.

The "Life, Letters and Journals of Louisa May Alcott" was issued in 1889. This book raised a kind of private row in the neighborhood of Boston because of its candor and annoyed an admirer of Miss Alcott in Chicago by its amiable picture of Alcott. She wrote to Ednah Dow Cheney who answered from Jamaica Plain on February 12th, 1890. The redoubtable lady was glad to air troubles to a kindly correspondent. She told Mrs. Butler: "There seem to be some people who believe a biographer's duty is concealment of the plain facts!" She has done exactly as Anna Alcott Pratt asked her to do in regard to the suppression of names in the Journals and she is sure that Louisa would resent nothing in its contents. "It would be ridiculous in the last degree to evade mentioning facts which are so plain in the journals and letters. Louisa was not a perfect character. Who has known such a being?" She then carefully, for four sheets of large notepaper, disposes of gossip about the Alcotts poured into Mrs. Butler in 1882 by the good women of Concord. She may be painlessly quoted on the matter of Fruitlands: "How absurd and how malicious of Mrs. D — to say that Bronson and Abba

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thought of self destruction when the colony dispersed. This is simply untrue. Bronson was ill in bed for several days. Abba did indeed shut herself in her room and refuse food when Anna brought it to her but she rallied at once and did her utmost to help Bronson from his despondency. His conduct during the experiment was open to censure. Abba told me that Mr. Emerson once came close to an open quarrel with Mr. Alcott after discovering him chatting over his plans with Miss Fuller and some other callers under the trees when Abba and the children were hard at work. Anna recalls this little episode very clearly, as it was the only time she ever saw Mr. Emerson angry for any cause. But the gossip about Fruitlands is interminable. You have been badly misinformed". She then proceeds to discuss Alcott: "It naturally shocked me on opening your letter to see Bronson Alcott described as fatuous. But I know that you saw him only in the last stage of his life when so much that was exalted and fascinating in his earlier character had become obscured in the egotism of old age. I can readily imagine that he produced but a poor impression on young, lively intellects. In his early years he influenced Mr. Emerson but as his own powers declined, after his disastrous experiences as a teacher and reformer, he became too often but an echo of his stronger friend. It cannot be denied that he had weaknesses of disposition. He accepted his position as a pensioner on the bounty of Mrs. Alcott's family too complacently for the satisfaction of some of his friends. When his domestic situation was at its worst in 1848 and 1849 he refused clerical positions in Boston procured for him by the efforts of Dr. Parker and Mrs. Bond so as to continue his conversations knowing that the scanty remunerations of these small gatherings were wholly insufficient for his own support without reckoning on the needs of his family. It has been rightly charged against him that he was destitute of energy as any tramp".* She then thanks Mrs. Butler for offering her correspondence with Miss Alcott, and gracefully declines it. "I can see that Louisa's advice to you was excellent but to print selections from the notes would rouse unpleasant curiosity as to your identity and Mrs. Pratt joins me in refusing your generous offer. . . . Mr. Alcott's aversion to the authors whom you mention was natural.† He had fancy but no great amount of humor and he was almost insensible to the merely artistic. He associated literary composition with some moral purpose. Louisa's ideas were much more free on these subjects. She took great interest in the scientific studies of Darwin and Huxley. But this was not a taste which Mr. Alcott shared. He was too impractical to follow the niceties of scientific exposition with patience and too much wedded to philosophy to be converted by modern thinkers . . ." ‡

We thus have two household friends agreeing that Alcott's character declined after his forced failure as a schoolmaster. This does not seem unfair. His original ambition had been to teach. He had been applauded by the most intelligent people of his world for his performance and the jolt in 1838 must have been tremendous. We are not dealing with a realist in Alcott. His next disaster is that of a superstitious person. In England he became allied with two scholarly radicals, Charles Lane and Henry Wright, who had briefly conducted an Alcott House and were so disgusted by its failure that they were ready to come with him to the liberal airs of the United States. Alcott, Calvinistically, writes to Emerson that a second Eden is "to be planted, in which the divine seed is to bruise the head of evil and restore man to his rightful communion with God". Emerson shivers. He has already come to distrust Alcott's common sense. He watches the Con-Sociate Family establish itself in Harvard township

* E. C. Towne, in the *North American Review*, 1888. Mrs. Cheney slightly misquotes him.

† Heine, Mark Twain, T. B. Aldrich, Howells, Thackeray and Mill.

‡ Mrs. Cheney was a prominent figure in the more restrained Abolitionist set and a novelist. Among her writings is an epilogue to "The Doll's House" called "Nora's Return" which remains interesting. She aroused some of Miss Alcott's friends by stating in the biography that Miss Alcott had thought of marrying a man of means, for the family's sake, and that she had thought of suicide. She was a woman of much shrewdness and more than the usual taste in arts. She was born in 1824 and died in 1904.

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as hopefully as he can: "I will not prejudge them successful. They look well in July; we will see them in December. . . . Their saying that things are clear, and they sane, does not make them so. . . ."

But they were quite sane. Their superstition was the form of materialism which is never so described because materialism, in the general mind, has some connotation of success and possession. The ascetic superstition is generally current among men who have failed to deal with their fellows on their own programme. They revert to the safety of living in some convenient group where exclusion is the rule. Shove all this ruck of objects and competitions from me, and I can be superior to it. Let me be out of the world with a few more, and we'll show you! I have wondered what Emerson thought as he watched. Did he, perhaps, see something petty in all this paraded simplicity, in the meatless diet, in the white clothes, in agriculture conducted with that fine Greek instrument, the spade? Was there not, under the mask of Pythagorean living, some lack of "forward moving imagination"? Here was all this specious government around! Henry Thoreau, at least, was a government of one, a thrilling little tyranny of the intellect. But the colonists at Fruitlands had hauled back the Golden Age by force of agreement. They were sane, but their pact was idiotic. On his forty-fourth birthday Alcott was ruined and wanting to die. Charles Lane had run the rope of logic and had urged him to be rid of his wife and children. He must go back to the world for the sake of his family, or quit them. Misery brought him into a dramatic intensity. Mrs. Morrow prints his poem on the occasion, and, flavored by Donne, it is much better than his other poems. He suffered immensely. His programme had failed. He had meant so well, but the men had gone floating off to gabble when there was work to be done, and trees had been planted amiss. (Van Wyck Brooks tells the story fully in "Emerson and Others"). . . . The trouble with programmes is that they have this habit of going wrong. A hardfingered Corsican dictator succeeds the rhetorical and Classical republic. The world is not made safe for democracy with gunplay; the world shows signs of getting sick of democracies. Freeing the slaves by shooting your cousin over the lip of a muddy trench outside Petersburg does not lift youth into the rhythm of a spiritual Odyssey, it sours youth and seriously offends the recalcitrant cousin. Rhetorical assertions, really, have never done much good to any programme. But when men get tired of rhetorics and programmes, you and I will be dead as Bronson Alcott's seventy-eighth lineal descendant's first pet kitten, and it is not even prophecy to say so.

Bronson Alcott's further doings have no importance. Mrs. Morrow rests his case on his merits as an educator and a father. In both capacities he was sincere, well-intentioned and dignified. He has been quaintly admired because children loved him. One might as well admire a man because he has green eyes. What is admirable in Alcott the educator is that, as a young man, he had the sense to contrast the Calvinistic education with the humane education and to attempt something fresher in America. The trouble with him is a trait for which he has been lauded. He was non-resisting. Pestalozzi withdrew from his school at the age of seventy-nine, embittered by the quarrels of his assistants. He was not himself a good teacher, whereas Alcott was, but Pestalozzi had grit, fire, magnetism, all the essentials of a fine reformer. He launched Froebel, he impressed universities and kings. Alcott, after his failure of 1838 — I admit heartily the stupidity of his critics — takes an egotist's refuge in talking about himself on paper, and in prayer: "Light, O source of Light, give Thou unto Thy servant, sitting in the perplexities of this surrounding darkness! Hold Thou him steady to Thee, to truth and to himself; and in Thine own due time, give him clearly to the work for which Thou art thus slowly preparing him . . ." Froebel, under a reverse, writes: "I am willing to become an orator in the public squares, if I must, in order to make my cause known!" The shy Horace Mann turns himself into a speaker and startles the legislature with a tornado on the theme of religious liberty,

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makes himself master of all philanthropic subjects and insinuates himself into the public life of Massachusetts to make his case for the common schools. Is it, finally, insignificant that Emerson spent so much ink in trying to define Alcott: Alcott is an irritating archangel, a torso, something of a nuisance, in fact, and how badly he writes!

As simple history, his friends and his own undoubted talents could not make Alcott into a hero of the Bostonian age. My grandfather heard him lecture in 1858 and heard nothing but a tissue of quotations. It is innumerably attested that in his latter period the kind philosopher was a bore. Hear William Linton, "At Concord I saw and spoke with Bronson Alcott, a strange, mystical, gentle old philosopher, very gracious, very wordy, rather incomprehensible. . . ." Or listen to Hawthorne's daughter, "I clearly understood that Mr. Alcott was admirable; but he sometimes brought manuscript poetry with him, the dear child of his own Muse, and a guest more unwelcome than the *enfant terrible* of the drawing room. There was one particularly long poem which he had read aloud to my mother and father, a seemingly harmless thing, from which they never recovered . . . it was like a moonlit expanse, quiet, somnolent cool and flat as a month of prairies. Rapture, conviction, tenderness, often glowed upon Alcott's features and trembled in his voice. . . . Often he was so happy that he could have danced like a child; and he laughed merrily like one . . . and the glances, bright and eager, *though not deep*, which sparkled upon you, were good and sweet to see". In 1869 he is described by a private person, Mrs. Helen Wells Gibson, as: ". . . bright eyed as a baby. His manners are very agreeable although artificial. He talked at great length about Mr. Lincoln, whom he likened to Socrates, and on a number of other subjects. I must admit that I was much disappointed. He said nothing of any particular interest and was occasionally absurd, especially in suggesting that the best means of eradicating the present bitterness" — between North and South — "was by encouraging us to send our children to the North for education. When Charles asked him if the North was ready to educate our children gratis he changed the subject. He seems to have no comprehension of our condition in the South. . . . Miss Alcott was on a visit elsewhere and we did not have the pleasure of seeing her. Mrs. Alcott is a fine, tall woman, of agreeable manners, very lively and quick in talk."

But he had always sympathetic adherents. Thomas Wentworth Higginson saw him in the house of one and, rigorously truthful, noted that Mr. Alcott went more than half way to meet his reputation as a great man. "He was a sacred character," says Leonard Lemmon, "among good people who liked a touch of the oracular and mystical in dealing with everyday affairs. Toward the end of his time he began to relapse into much of the harsh, Calvinistic doctrine against which he had revolted in his youth. He spoke in an indefinite manner of sin and damnation and eternal blessedness. He was never definite in his use of these moral terms and it is seldom possible in examining his letters or educational papers to deduce what he means at certain points. This trait pleased people of the same mental habit as himself. I suspect that it had always pleased them."

This indefinite suggestion is heavy in many passages quoted by Mrs. Morrow. His unpublished papers may contain definitions which will give us light on his exact mind. But it is hard to admire the schoolmaster telling Lemuel, Augustine, Martha, W. Augustus and Edward J., in the "Conversations": " . . . bad people do good and beautiful things, sometimes. Some of the Spirit given them at first is not yet quenched". The nearest elucidation of that utterance is in his statement: "The spirit of a child has no association formed on senses or the objects and relations of the outer world: there are none but celestial forms in his spirit at first. And if, as his mind opens and seeks to express itself, impure ideas, gross sentiments are found struggling for utterance, it will not be owing to innate depravity but to the emblems and words by which he has been addressed". The Puritans assumed that a baby's spirit was full of original

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sin. Alcott tells us that it is full of celestial forms, intimations of immortality, if you like, and the value of this notion in the year 1927 is dubious. It will not make Freudians, Jungites or Behaviorists more respectful to the philosopher. He was so enmeshed in studying the "experience beyond reality" that he could not bring himself down for long to the experience of reality. The truth leaks out in his stately preface to the "Conversations on the Gospels" in 1837. "The Conductor of these conversations has reverently explored their" — the children's — "consciousness for the testimony which it might furnish in favor of the truth of Christianity. . . . It is a record of their consciousness, a natural history of the undepraved spirit. It is the testimony of unspoiled natures to the spiritual beauty of Jesus. It is a revelation of the divinity in the soul of childhood". He was, you may deduce, a man who believed as his Puritan folk believed: the world was a wicked place. But the sitters under Mather and Edwards at least logically held that the world was wicked because man was born in sin and didn't get over that condition until he had found Grace. Alcott does not account for the world's wickedness too well. It is just there, waiting to get its slime on the pure Spirit which has come trailing clouds of glory from God who is its home. I am not writing satire. His state of mind belonged to his period, and it is not unlovely. But that state of mind is now merely historical.

There is always something of the meeting house and its nasal exegesis about Miss Peabody's record of Bronson Alcott's school, to me. The God who was considered there is sometimes an Oversoul and sometimes very much the Ancient of Days, benevolent, of course, but a little too paternalistic. Geometry, Bronson tells them, is "one of the sets of laws by which God had made and controlled the universe" and he silences a fretting pup by telling the insurgent he is studying God's mind, which is a majestic comment on Euclid's value. There is something congregational about the "common conscience". Mrs. Morrow says: "The common or general conscience, he claimed, would be higher than the individual. The soul when nearest infancy was the purest: the artlessness of children made them express their strongest convictions even when it made against themselves, and though the very young were apt to do wrong things, they did not defend them in the abstract. From all this he inferred that the moral judgment of the majority would be higher than their conduct. . . ." Thus "moral laws" are made and thus a Vesalius or a Giordano Bruno gets finally burned at the stake. I can not shut off a shudder on hearing from Miss Peabody or Mrs. Morrow about those general discussions of some child's conduct. Suppose it did develop "a degree of honesty, simplicity, self surrender and general acknowledgment of a standard of action beyond the control of any individual such as no other school in the land could show . . ." Ugh! General acknowledgements of standards of action! Tall oaks from little acorns grow! By the way, what ever became of all the kids whose brains and souls were developed in Bronson Alcott's school? It is much more pleasant to hear of him leading a dance of babies in the bright garden at Anna's wedding, or making himself into a living letter to teach little Freddie Pratt his alphabet, or playing with his children and a wheelbarrow under the oak at Fruitlands.

But he was a kindly, gentle man.

The beautiful Julian Hawthorne was walking ahead of his rosy daughter down a suburban lane near New York, once, when he was aware of a sweating and rumpled brat on a bicycle abreast of him. This creature's mind was dazed by a contact with History. He had been told that the pretty girl was Hawthorne's grand-daughter and, plainly, that was her father, and this was History, the son of Goodman Brown and Ethan Brand, in a way, and a person who had been around there a lot. Mr. Hawthorne got tired of being stared at.

"Can we do anything for you?"

"You're in Miss Alcott's journal!"

"No I'm not."

"Of course you are!" said Hildegarde Hawthorne.

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"This," the poet drawled, "is fame!"

He had to answer a hurry of questions. It somehow became clear to the whelp tangled up in his bicycle, and lost to manners, that Mr. Emerson was not a hatchet-faced bust in a library but a judge of good peaches, and that Mr. Hawthorne's father had not brought Goodman Brown and Ethan Brand to the table with him, and that his son really couldn't remember escorting Miss Alcott down to the omnibus on her way to the wars. He saw that the tall gentleman in grey tweeds was not thinking of these images as things in books, but as alive. He had known them all. They were men and women.

"And did you like Mr. Alcott?"

"Why," said History, "he was a nice old fellow." Some sort of pause, there. "Yes, he was nice, and kind."

That, anyhow, is true.

(Documentation: *Life, Letters and Journals of Louisa May Alcott*, Ednah Dow Cheney; 1889. *Recollections*, William James Linton; 1889. *Emerson and Others*, Van Wyck Brooks, 1927. *Memories of Hawthorne*, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, 1892. *A Dear Memory*, F. H. Butler, 1891. — Two autograph letters of Bronson Alcott, dated May 3, 1860 and January 2, 1866, addressed to a Mr. Mayhew, are quoted, as well as an autograph of Leonard Lemmon addressed to Mrs. F. H. Butler, June 10, 1891. I am indebted to Mr. O. F. Heinrich for notes on Pestalozzi and to Mr. Robert L. Elder for private information.

NOVELTY-HUNTING

NOVELTY–HUNTING, or the casting about for words of which one can feel not that they give one's meaning more intelligibly or exactly than those the man in the street would have used in expressing the same thing, but that they are not the ones that would have occurred to him, is a confession of weakness. Anyone can say *improvement & complexity & conception & ancestors & title-role;* I will say BETTERMENT & COMPLICACY & CONCEPT & FOREBEARS & *name-part.* Why? Obviously because, there being nothing new in what I have to say, I must make up for its staleness by something new in the way I say it. And if that were all, if each novelty-hunter struck out a line for himself, we could be content to register novelty-hunting as a useful outward sign of inward dullness, & leave such writers carefully alone. Unluckily they hunt in packs, & when one of them has such a find as ASSET or HAPPENINGS or FORCEFUL or MENTALITY they are all in full cry after it, till it becomes a VOGUE–WORD, to the great detriment of the language.—H. W. Fowler, in "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage".

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LONDON GROUPS AND COTERIES

By J. B. Priestley

ON the Continent of Europe it has long been the fashion for young men who follow the arts to form groups and coteries. They meet in cafés and talk aesthetics, or what they imagine to be aesthetics; and then at last, when they have arrived at some agreement among themselves, have discovered common aims, they publish a manifesto and announce that a new movement has begun. This is particularly useful for painters because it enables them to co-operate in exhibitions of their work and also to attract more attention than they would individually.

But on the Continent, and above all in Paris, men of letters and musicians also form groups. There are probably at least two or three new movements, destined to revolutionize poetry or music or sculpture, being talked into existence in Paris at this very moment. These arts have been revolutionized so often there that it is not surprising there is very little of them left. Now all this is not native to the English mind. The typical Englishman does not want to call a meeting about Art and Letters; he is an individualist, who likes to go plugging away on his own; he does not want to explain himself in company with a number of fellow enthusiasts; he distrusts theorizing and is apt to see something ridiculous in the aesthetic manifesto.

I cannot say what is the attitude of the typical American because I do not know, even, if there is a typical American. So far as I can judge, the Anglo-Saxon American, though more social than the Englishman, shares this indifference to movements and groups in art; but a great many Americans now are obvious Continentals and would seem to be born group-formers. Thus, the free verse writers and imagists I meet in Mr. Kreymborg's "Troubadour" seem to be persons made for coteries, and it is significant that most of them have names that suggest Paris or Vienna or Prague or Moscow as a background rather than London or Edinburgh.

Thus the English group must be something quite different from the Continental group. If you hear about the such-and-such group in London, you must not imagine that it is made up of a number of young literary men who have discovered that they have common aims, who share a doctrine of aesthetic, who are consciously working in a movement. This is the first fact that the American reader (who, unless I am much mistaken, has heard a good deal about these London groups) must grasp. London is not Paris. Let us take, as an example, the "Georgian Poets". Now if I have read one I have read fifty references to the Georgian Poets that suggest that this is the name of a compact group, so many poets working together and encouraging and criticizing one another, on the Continental plan. A person who knew nothing of literary London would imagine from such references that all these poets visited some kind of headquarters at least once a week and from there received their orders, being told to write a certain lyric or perhaps an appreciative notice of their fellow poets' work. What are the actual facts? Simply that "Georgian Poetry" is the name of a series of anthologies of contemporary verse edited by Mr. Edward Marsh, who is something of a connoisseur of the art and who happened to be a friend of some of the most important of the younger poets, especially Rupert Brooke, whose posthumous volumes he edited. Mr. Marsh cast about for poetry that he could admire and then selected representative poems or poems that specially pleased him, and in this way he made his anthologies. As these volumes reflect his personal taste, it follows that they show a certain unity. Now that he has decided not to go on with the series, "Georgian Poetry" no longer exists.

So far as the poets themselves are concerned,

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it would be true to say that some of them admired the work of the fellow poets who were represented along with them, and took every opportunity of expressing that admiration; but it would be equally true to say that some of them disliked the verse of the other fellows and did not hesitate to criticize it severely. Again, many of the poets had never set eyes on one another, and their only link with each other was a common acquaintance with the editor. Thus to call the "Georgian Poets" a group is like calling a week-end party at a country club a family reunion.

It is true that London has had one or two tiny groups. Thus, a few years ago, we used to hear about a little band of Imagist poets who appeared to work hand-in-hand; but it is significant that at least two out of these five or six poets were Americans. A better example — indeed, a unique example — can be found in the Sitwells. So far as the Sitwells have any doctrine at all (and in spite of their air of being terrifying revolutionaries, they seem to have precious little) they hold that doctrine in common. They came into contemporary literature like the Three Musketeers: one for all and all for one. If their literary genius were equal to their fraternal piety, they would be the most important writers in England. All their strength lies in the fact that each of them has two devoted, indefatigable and unblushing publicity agents, namely, the other two members of the family trio. And they realized long ago that it pays in these days, when people run rather than read, to get your name mentioned frequently at all costs, that it is better to be known as a joke than not to be known at all, for it is always possible that the name may travel — may find its way across the Atlantic, for instance — without the joke accompanying it. The result is that they are mentioned in the newspapers more frequently than any other young writers, and are, I believe, the only "highbrow" literary people who are considered to be worthy of a mention by librettists of revues and the like. Nevertheless they do not hesitate to complain that they are neglected geniuses and the victims of a conspiracy of silence or scorn. It must be difficult to be at one and the same time a brisk advertiser and a neglected genius, Wrigley and Keats, but by close co-operation and good team-work they contrive to do it.

I do not think that literary London can show any other group or coterie of the Parisian kind. If there are a number of writers working in close co-operation, acknowledging common aims, and pledging themselves to fight one another's battles, then all I can say is that such writers have never come to my notice. There is, of course, great talk of coteries and sets, but they chiefly exist in the imagination of young men who have just left the universities. Naturally there are sets in London but they have little or nothing to do with definite literary movements. All that you can say is that here as elsewhere birds of a feather flock together. What, for example, is the now famous Bloomsbury School? We gather that most of its members actually do live in Bloomsbury. We imagine that its high priestess is that extremely clever writer, Mrs. Virginia Woolf. We think that its voice may be heard every week in *The Nation*, which praises some writers and abuses others (myself among them) with monotonous regularity. We assume that it has a certain character, a flavor, being very superior, narrowly highbrow, aridly intellectual, rather snobbish, and lacking humor, sap, guts; and feel that Humbert Wolfe rang the bell in his witty little epitaph:

> Confident that art and brains
> end with them (and Maynard Keynes)
> the school of Bloomsbury lies here,
> greeting the unseen with a sneer.

We can imagine its members talking (in high-pitched voices) at semi-fashionable, semi-highbrow lunch parties; but we cannot imagine them talking to a few ordinary human beings in a tavern, and indeed we cannot imagine them in a tavern at all. But if I were asked to name the members of this so-called group, I could not do it, and I believe there is here nothing more than a social-cum-literary set.

One curious circumstance is worth noticing. In the old days the men who were in the more or less conservative tradition in letters were also the men who hobnobbed with the rich and the fashionable, while the rebels, the

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poets and novelists in the new movements, were chiefly to be found talking in taverns and the like. At the present time, however, it would seem as if that situation were being reversed, for it is the apparent rebels, the ultra-highbrows, the writers in the newest movement, who are to be found at smart lunch parties, and it is the authors who are in the tradition, who are still on speaking terms with humor and common sense, who may be discovered talking with one another in the taverns. It is significant that the English edition of *Vogue* prints an appreciation of the latest freak in authorship alongside a description of the latest fashion in underclothes. There goes along with this a great deal of what might be called "dining-out criticism" of literature, which is by no means the same thing as ordinary literary criticism. The standards are very different, for your dining-out critic and his audience only want an author to tickle a jaded palate and very naturally prefer the new to the true, and in addition they are chiefly interested in authors who happen to be in their own social set. Several times, lately, I have noticed that one novel, not differing very noticeably from a dozen others published during the same season, would be singled out for special praise in certain quarters, and on making inquiries, I have found what I expected to find, namely, that the author of this novel was *somebody*, that is, a person you were likely to meet at lunch or dinner, never some poor creature living in a remote provincial town. And as the influence of ordinary reviewing has declined, so the influence of this dining-out criticism has extended in London. Nor is this a matter of no importance to the American reader (as he might easily imagine), if only because this influence does not stop short at the Atlantic but crosses it and is at this very moment putting certain English books on the table in American drawing-rooms.

I have suggested that the Bloomsbury School is not really a group at all, but as Bloomsbury does not happen to be a haunt of mine I cannot speak from personal knowledge. But now we come to an equally if not more famous "group", about which I know a great deal, and as first-hand knowledge and experience count for everything in these matters, where rumor is so rife, I need not apologize for talking about myself. This "group" is the one that is supposed to be led by that very clever all-round man of letters, J. C. Squire; it is, in short, the "Squirarchy". This consists of a number of poets and critics and essayists who meet every day to arrange what writers shall be praised and boosted or attacked, who are pledged to support one another to the last period, who send up rockets every time one of their number brings out a book, whose hands may be detected in half the periodicals in the country. Towering above these persons, giving them their orders, pulling strings on the end of which dangle literary editors, publishers, prize committees, and the like, is Squire himself, the sinister or benevolent despot of contemporary literature. So runs the legend, and if I have met it once I have met it scores of times. It is bosh. I know how ridiculous it is because I myself am supposed to be a member of this group. If the other members of it were busy log-rolling me (and I wish they were), I should have known about it years ago. But, to begin with, I am not very sure who these people are, and I have never met anybody, no matter how glibly they repeated the legend, who could tell me.

That Squire himself has had a great deal of influence and has used it to bring a number of young writers, especially poets, before the public, I do not deny. No man of his generation in England has done more good in this way. While most literary editors have lazily accepted whatever was nearest to hand, have only interested themselves in the young writers with whom they were brought frequently into contact, Squire has busied himself looking for new and unrecognized talent and has done whatever was in his power to do to give the young unknown a chance. No man is infallible, and no doubt he has sometimes mistaken geese for swans and swans for geese; but the fact remains that no other critic and editor can show such services as his to both the reading public and the younger writers. His object, however, has been to give the unknown author a chance, and that is all. He has never, to my knowledge,

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aimed at forming a group or coterie, and he has certainly set his face against any elaborate system of boosting, log-rolling, and mutual admiration.

Here I must talk about myself — though I do not wish to descend to personal gossip — just because a little first-hand experience is worth whole chapters of vague general matter. The only book of mine that this influential critic has ever reviewed was my first, a little volume of parodies and epigrams, written and published when I was at Cambridge, and at that time I had no association whatever with him. Moreover, some of the most abusive notices I have ever received have appeared in periodicals with which he has been connected. I do not mean that he was responsible or even agreed with them; I am merely pointing out that my books were given out to review in the ordinary way and took their chance of pleasing the reviewer who undertook to do them. Again, I have been soundly abused more than once lately by the very critic who is supposed to be — shall we say? — the second-in-command of the gang. According to the legend, I ought to be meeting these people regularly, ought to be hand-in-glove with them, but actually I hardly ever set eyes on them. Meanwhile — and here's the irony of the situation — I have been slated for years in certain quarters partly because of my association with this close co-operation of log-rollers and mutual praisers, and any critic who happens to have a dislike of any member of this imaginary group has thought it his business to see that I was not treated too well. In short, I have suffered all the penalties that come from membership of a literary group without having enjoyed any of the advantages. And, of course, there have been others in the same position. That is one reason why I should be glad to see the last of these absurd legends about groups and coteries, and I have taken the risk of wearying the American reader with what seems dangerously like egotistical chatter in the hope that he (or she) will think twice before accepting any idle stories of literary London.

We all know, of course, that people inevitably tend to group themselves, and writers perhaps rather more quickly than other people. But this almost instinctive and involuntary grouping must not be confused with the deliberate formation of coteries that is so common on the Continent. To explain how and why English authors drift into sets would require a whole volume, and it would have to be a volume that discussed almost everything under the sun. I have written elsewhere of the three divisions of people: highbrow, lowbrow, and broadbrow (this last not a mixture of high and low but a quite different attitude of mind from either); and I do not think it would be difficult to explain some of this grouping on the lines of that division. I flatter myself that I belong to the broadbrow fraternity, and as time goes on I discover that the fellow-authors whose work and whose company gives me most satisfaction belong to the same division, people who do not follow fashions, who do not shut off whole sides of life, who are capable of criticizing, of denouncing or appreciating, anything and everything under the sun. I am quite willing that anyone should say that I belong to that group.

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Merlin

By Audrey Wurdemann

The wizard watched
Through a night of thunder,
Calling the chaos
A hell-born wonder.

In his chamber cut
From living stone
He was set above
The world, alone.

Out to the west
He saw a flash
Streaking the sky
With a saffron slash.

Out to the east
He saw a fountain
Of lightening splinters
Shower the mountain.

His quivering light
In the swinging sconce
Made the walls half gleam
Like hollowed bronze.

Far below him
Camelot town
Shivered when thunder
Re-echoed down.

But, prisoned deep
Within the rock,
Merlin hardly
Felt the shock

When lightening struck
A looming pine,
That shattered with
A creaking whine.

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By Harvey Peake

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THE BELL

By Stoyan Christowe

FOR years the village had been called to worship by a wooden bell — a triangle-shaped plank that hung in the cupola above the bright red tiles of the gray church edifice. Several such panels had been tried until the village struck on one that had a clear, resonant tone which carried far and wide — all the way down to the lone houses at the outskirts, even as far sometimes, on a clear day, as the mills which chattered along the willowy banks of Bistritza.

Though this serviceable piece of wood was liked by the peasants and was regarded with reverence for the long and useful service it had rendered the village, everyone agreed that there was a keen need for a real bell — like the ones the peasants had heard in the city. Here it was ten years since the new church with the cupola and the arches around it had been built, and there was no bell yet. For ten years the church had remained unconsecrated, like a grown-up child unbaptized. Since there was no bell with which to welcome the bishop, he could not be invited to officiate at the solemnities. To dedicate a church with a wooden bell! Absurd! It would be a shame before God and the bishop. While to continue to worship in a stone structure ornamented with icons, wood carvings, candelabra, and scented with incense and the odor of burning olive oil, but unhallowed by the official visit of a bishop, was not only a shame but a sin before God. There pervaded the village, therefore, a feeling of guilt — akin to that of enjoying marital familiarity without the sanctity of wedlock. A bell must be bought! The church must be consecrated!

To the appeal for funds the village opened its heart with readiness and unanimity. The women took from their waist-bands silver buckles as large as plates, odd ancient coins that hung to the braids of hair on their backs, rings and medallions, and threw them in the common pile that was collected by the committee in front of the church building. The men brought out heirlooms, antiques, sheaths of scimetars and watch-chains that might have brought a fortune to an antiquarian. All these honored pieces, the handiwork of centuries, were taken to the city and there melted and fused into the bell with the right proportions of alloys.

Three teams of strong oxen were yoked and hitched to the wooden cart on which was mounted the bell. With horns like sickles above their heads, the oxen dragged the heavy lug toward the village; they were hauling the heritage of generations. It had left the village in pieces of varying forms and sizes; it was carted back moulded into one.

Bringing the bell from the city over the narrow, uneven and muddy road was hard, but it was an easy matter compared to the task of mounting it in its place on the red-capped cupola that loomed above the church and the houses like a minaret. The manhood of the entire village lent hands to the carrying out of this difficult feat. With the aid of huge rafters, heavy ropes and innumerable devices, the bell was finally hung on the strong oaken beam that stretched across the ceiling of the belfry.

None had heard the sound of the bell as yet. And since a bell, like a violin, may turn out to have a full, resounding, beautiful tone, or a dull, rasping one, there was much anxiety and apprehension as to whether the bell would have a good voice. There were known instances of villages that had spent large sums of money for bells that turned out to be no better than the wooden one they had previously used.

Into this bell had gone the wealth of the village. Treasured heirlooms, long-cherished gifts, rings, coins with the image of Alexander the Great on them, relics kept in trunks and chests for decades and bequeathed from generation to generation,

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other antiques which no collector or archaeologist had set eyes upon — all had been combined to form this bell. It was the embodiment of magnanimity, of sacrifice, of faith; it was the symbol of the goodwill and the spirit of amity that reigned in the village. Like the precious pieces that were fused into its huge, cup-like shape, it had brought the people closer to one another. And what if it does not ring? Can the nondescript articles and coins collected by the ancestors of the villagers from all the parts of the ancient world be restored to their various forms? There were sentiments attached to those donations. They were torn from the hearts of the people. There were vows made when they were bequeathed from father to son, from mother to daughter; pledges given when youths offered them to their loved ones. All of that was now in the bell!

No! the bell must ring. It is the hope of the village. It contains the love of the village. Everything fine and noble — reverence, faith, sacrifice, goodwill — are compounded in it.

The entire population assembled on the broad plaza in front of the church for the trial of the bell. The mid-day sun opened its bosom and poured its rays upon the village as the village itself had poured its wealth into the bell. Arrayed in colorful attire, the people seemed a great religious gathering come to a spot that was the nearest approach to God or Heaven. All had their eyes nailed to the cupola from which the first sound of the bell was to issue as if it were the voice of God.

Dimitri the beadle showed his face at one of the arches of the cupola and called to the peasants below: "Villagers, listen to the bell! I shall now ring it!" His voice fell upon them like a spell and swept before it the noise and clamor below. Everything became instantly quiet. The crowd held its breath. The very birds in the branches of the trees, the people thought, understood the words of the beadle, for they, too, became silent. The fruit trees, the tall poplars and the proud willows along the river did not sway. Perhaps they feared that with their swishing they might disturb the voice of the bell. The whole of nature hushed as if in exultant expectation of the first sound of the village bell.

And then from the arches of the cupola came the eagerly awaited voice. But it was not like the voice of a bell. Bells have never been known to have such voices. Truly, it was the voice of God — the songs of a thousand angels blended into perfect harmony. The sound came out at first full and rolling like an enormous silvery bubble that expanded and dispersed itself into thousands of smaller glittering bubbles which began to wave and sway in the air. They floated above the roofs of the houses, sailed over the trees, the forests, up the hills, soared down the river, through the valley, and melted with the horizon. As they travelled, these metallic bubbles, which to the people appeared in the forms of the treasures they had donated for the bell, emitted sounds into which were co-ordinated the voices of happy children, the wailings of women, the lamentations of widows, the incantations of priests, the prayers of nuns. Every coin that was moulded into the shape of this bell seemed to carry with it the voice of its century; every silver buckle and medallion the love-voices of the maidens whose waistlines and breasts they had adorned; every heirloom the goodwill of generations — all these were incarnated, perpetuated in the celestial choir of the wonder-bell. . . .

For years Dimitri had pounded at the wooden plank. Now there was for him to ring a bell that had in it the music of Heaven. Dimitri's undying ambition was to become a priest. On several occasions he let his hair and beard grow long, trusting that the village would send him to Jerusalem to be ordained a priest. But the poor man never realized this aspiration and had to content himself with ringing the bell, lighting the candles in the church, refilling the image-lamps with oil and doing other ecclesiastic duties of an inferior nature. His soul, however, pined for something more spiritual than these earthly duties. He had spent some years in the serene seclusion of Mount Athos — that virgin peninsula of monks and monasteries where not even a female beast is permitted to live — and had brought from there some

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icons and wooden crosses, and many stories of hermits of incredible piety and devotion.

As the days went by the voice of the bell became more sonorous. With the ringing, it seemed to expand, to become clearer, more musical, more beautiful, and to carry farther. There was no need for the many villages down the valley to have bells of their own. They could hear the sound of our bell sailing over their houses as distinctly as though it had come from the belfries of their own churches. Only no such sound ever issued from their belfries.

Not alone did the voice of the bell improve with time, but the bell itself became more sensitive. If one knew how to ring it one could evoke from it notes of pathos, of laughter, of cheer, of warning. And Dimitri could do all of that. He made friends with the bell. It seemed that he could communicate with it. He made it speak to him. And then he translated its speech into intelligible sounds that beckoned the peasants to meetings; announced thrashing, the gathering of the grapes, the arrival of notables; gave warnings of fires; commanded the cessation of gaiety at death's visitations.

In his yearning and brooding for a priestly life, Dimitri had found consolation in the responsive friendship of the bell. And since his house was not far from the church he spent most of his time either in the church or in the cupola itself. Once or twice Dimitri was not there to ring the bell and someone else performed the duty. The people, then, perceived the difference in the sound. It was the same bell, but, somehow, without Dimitri it was like a wonderful violin not in the hands of the virtuoso.

The bell had become as indispensable to the village as the air itself. For three years now it had served the village faithfully and in this time it had become known throughout the length and breadth of the province. The village itself won fame through the renown of its bell. Speaking of the village, people who had passed through it and had forgotten its name, but not its bell, would say "You know, the village with the wonder-bell!" Still the day of its greatest function had not yet come. Though the bishop had been invited to dedicate the church soon after the bell had been installed in its place, he did not come until the third year. Bishops cannot be ordered about. They come when they please. Since the church bore the name of the patron saint Elias, the consecration was to take place on Saint Elias's Day, in the summer. For this memorable event, therefore, which comes only once in the lifetime of a village, elaborate preparations were made. The courtyards were swept and sprinkled with water; the grassy lawn in front of the church was mowed and combed free of straws and sticks; the narrow, crooked streets of the village were so clean milk could be spilled in them and gathered unsoiled; houses were remodelled; windows washed; walls repaired; roofs retiled; fences mended; chimneys swept — and the people themselves looked different. The village was adorned like a bride. It was awaiting God as its guest. And in the expectation of this guest it had made itself beautiful. Why was it not always like that? Was not God always present in it?

Though the great day was the day of dedication, that is, Saint Elias's Day, the one preceding, on which the bishop arrived, was the most exciting. On this day the two thousand inhabitants of the village, together with the strangers of twenty other villages that had been drawn to ours by the rare occasion, walked three miles out to the boundary line that demarcated the domain of our village from that of the adjoining one. They went there to meet His Eminence and escort him in a manner befitting his estate.

The only person left behind was Dimitri. He was perched like a crow on the top of the belfry so that he might see when the bishop would arrive and greet his approach with the ringing of the bell, which was to start simultaneously with the bishop's setting foot on our soil, and continue ringing until the bishop had reached the door of the church.

The day was bright and warm. In keeping with the occasion, the sun spilled itself upon the ripening crops and the grass, yet the road, winding at the edges of the meadows and the border of the mountain skirt, due to the heavy rainfall of the preceding two days, was sluicing with mud. Upon

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reaching the border line of our village, the bishop and his retinue dismounted from their steeds and insisted on marching on foot through the mud with the peasants. Dressed in black robes of finely spun wool, with a large cross dangling at his breast and a silver-capped crosier in his right hand, the bishop, bigger than two peasants put together, sloshed through the puddles resolutely. If the peasants could wallow through it for the sake of God, why could not God do the same for them! So the bishop refused to mount his stallion, which was blacker than his robes, and bore with the mud heroically. As if to strengthen his decision, heavenly rhythms, like legions of soldiers, came from the belfry of the church and marched jubilantly through the valley.

With His Eminence leading like a ram at the head of a flock, the procession wound together with the river and the road through the narrow valley. On one side lay the meadows like carpets of green velvet, on the other stretched columns of wheat-stalks, as if they were nature's regiments assigned to do honor to the illustrious ambassador of God.

The bell was now performing its greatest function. It sent forth sounds that were charmed with the beauty of the centuries. Its voice came like a musical wind that caressed the valley and the forests and coaxed nature to lend it accompaniment. The peasants listened to this magic song of their bell and sailed through the mud as though it were a sea of delight. This was not alone the consecration of their church; it was the baptism of the village. This river of mud through which they waded was holy water. Was not the bishop himself at the head of the procession? Did he not hallow everything that he touched?

Above the ribbon of meadow on one side and the strip of wheat on the other stretched the mountains with their green forests. The trees, the corn and the wheat stalks and even the grass by the road bowed toward the procession as if in reverence to the passing of the Lord's representative. It was a resplendent, picturesque, fantastic pageant that paraded through three miles of river bank, mud, meadow and crops. It was like great religious spectacles that one remembered from history. It was beautiful, stately, serene, for it trod the soil, and marched through the very heart of nature, where the butterflies, the grasshoppers and the innumerable other insects that floated in the air or leapt from plant to plant, and that were as much the children of God as the peasants themselves, could see it and rejoice in it.

As the pageant neared the village Dimitri accelerated the hammering against the bell, which responded with obedience and filled the valley with the reverberations of its sweet voice. Now and then, as Dimitri gave it blow after blow, without a pause, one could discern a note of anger in its clear, musical tone; but the sound of it streamed out from the belfry like a quiet river, without a murmur or complaint.

When the procession entered the village and hid amidst the crowded houses and the bushy fruit trees that rose above them and made the village look, from the top of the belfry where Dimitri stood, as though it were covered by one gigantic green umbrella, Dimitri slowed down, thus giving the bell time to breathe between the iron blows which he inflicted against its brim. But when the bishop emerged from among the shadows of the trees and the houses and appeared at the plaza opposite the church, followed by the kaleidoscopic pageant, Dimitri became seized with an uncontrollable passion. The desire to become a priest, nurtured for years but unrealized, now reasserted itself. Here the long awaited bishop had come to the village. He was now on the grassy plaza in front of the church, marching in splendor toward the entrance. Dimitri had hoped to be a priest when the bishop would come to the village. He was to have been the first to meet him and kiss his saintly hand. Instead he was in the belfry on the roof of the church, the only man from the entire village who had not marched in the historic procession. Diverse emotions clashed in Dimitri's soul, and all of a sudden, as if a demon had entered it, Dimitri bellowed painfully and with all his might swung the iron clapper against the defence-

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less bell. In this moment of spiritual torment he turned to his most sympathetic friend. Finding relief in its celestial voice, he began to strike it with such rapidity and force that the poor bell groaned and whined, wailed through the air with all the volume of its bottomless voice, as if the centuries, imprisoned in its form, had suddenly awakened and in a united voice had cried out for mercy. Before the wave-sound of one stroke had issued from the arches of the cupola, another pursued it, and another, until the whole atmosphere became a sea of tempestuous, clashing tone-waves which rushed to the mountains and the horizon, reverberated, echoed, screeched, whirled around trees, bellowed through dales and howled like packs of hungry wolves upon the hills.

The bishop stopped and lifted his heavy hand to silence this ocean of sounds. But Dimitri, in his transport, belabored the bell with greater fury. Beneath its tortured voice one could hear its heavy, piteous moan. Some shouted to Dimitri to cease, but their voices were like drops in a sea of waves.

And then the inevitable happened! A noise like a heap of iron pieces dumped down a rocky precipice issued from the belfry. The sonorous, musical sound of the bell had suddenly become converted into a medley of shrieking, screeching, rasping discords. At every stroke the sound of a deluge of clattering ironmongery tumbled from the belfry onto the people below.

At last Dimitri stopped the blows. The people were petrified with awe. The bishop grasped his beard with one hand and with the other clung to his gilded pastoral-staff. The sound-laden atmosphere grew calm and the drowned throbbing of nature became perceptible again. The whole universe, which had seemed choked with sound, now resumed its respiration.

During those few moments of agony, it was hard to realize what had happened. But when quiet had returned, when the dumbed birds began to fly in the air again and the trees began to breathe, everyone became aware of the calamity that had befallen the village. The bell had cracked!

Several impetuous youths rushed toward the belfry from which Dimitri was descending. But the bishop, seeing the mad fury in their eyes, raised his sovereign hand and nailed them to their places. When Dimitri reached the ground another attempt was made by some to start at him, but the bishop's hand again halted them.

There was a look of horror in Dimitri's face. His hair was tangled as though hedgehogs had prowled through it. Light streaming from his eyes, he walked directly to the bishop, knelt before him, gathered the hem of his robe in his palms, and kissed it frantically. The man of God lifted two fingers toward the sky as if to beckon something from there and then transferred them to Dimitri's head as if to anoint it with that which he had invoked from heaven.

That same day Dimitri disappeared from the village. He did not stay for the consecration of the church, which took place on the following day and which resembled more a funeral than a festival. Years passed and nothing was heard from Dimitri. Only rumors reached the village that he had gone back to the chaste forests of Mount Athos and had there secluded himself in a *kilia* to spend his remaining years in hermitage.

To this day the cracked bell still hangs in the cupola. It is the only metal bell our village ever had. Despite the flaw in it its voice is still strong enough to be heard all over the village. But it must be struck gently, since at hard blows it produces a medley of conflicting and discordant sounds that bring memories of the day when it cracked. It is not now rung to announce fires, to break the spell of hailstorms, to prevent lightning from striking people or animals; nor for any other purpose except to call people to church on Sundays and holidays. Underneath its shrill, jarring, coarse sound one can still perceive intonations of its erstwhile glorious voice, but these have in them subdued sighs and moans, like the voice of a person long ridden with sickness.

When the youngsters who do not know the history of this bell ask the elders of the village why it is cracked and who cracked it, all sorts of stories are told them, but never the true one.

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THE REAL BROADWAY

By Walter Winchell

BROADWAY has been described in many manners. It exists as a physical fact, as a symbol of a certain sort of national yearning for expression, as a standard of comparison in morals, and as a way of thinking. As a physical fact, it is a crooked and somewhat narrow street trailing from the lowest tip of Manhattan Island to the city limits of Yonkers and beyond; and so it is, with the disputed exception of Halsted street, Chicago, the longest metropolitan thoroughfare in the world.

As a symbol of a certain sort of national yearning for expression, it is a sublimated Coney Island or county fair or street carnival, with its mummer-plays and catch-penny devices, its cacophony and gaudy lights, its peep-shows and wax-figure museums, its skating rinks, hooch dances, freaks and fold-de-rol — all brought to a degree of refinement and dignity and yet still, in essence, only the merry-go-round with the steam calliope on which the adult infant spends his nickels away from his school-books and other serious activities in life.

As a standard of moral comparison it is at once an enticement and a hell, a Circe's cavern of lascivious and soul-destroying delights, an unholy place where producers are the seducers of women, where stars without talent are made meretriciously overnight, where pure girls succumb to rich admirers for diamond brooches, furs, imported automobiles, apartments and other luxuries — a Babylon, a Sodom and a Gomorrah all within the confines of a garish district extending from just below Forty-second Street to Columbus Circle at Fifty-ninth.

As a way of thinking, it is the home of the smart-crack and the gag, the clever line, the pert remark, the supercilious and superficial attempt at a cynical and hard-boiled attitude toward life.

To hear its most affectionate peasants argue it — those wistful souls whose hierarchy of the gods is Albee, Erlanger, the Shuberts, Ziegfeld, Dillingham, Woods, and the rest — Broadway is "the greatest community in the world". And so also argue the concessionnaires who work in, or operate, the hot-dog stands, wheels-of-fortune, penny-arcades and crazy-houses at Coney Island: Coney Island is also "the greatest community in the world"; and so is Hickville, Georgia, ever since they paved Main Street.

Like any other "community", Broadway for most of its denizens is a place to make a living and to get ahead in life by the methods best suited to the talents God gave them. To the lonely and aspiring hoofer, the fannie-falling comedian, the ukelele player with the special technique and the singer with something peculiar about his voice, trouping the one-night stands in the southern swamps and western prairies, Broadway is the Big Apple, the Main Stem, the goal of all ambition, the pot of gold at the end of a drab and somewhat colorless rainbow. To those who have fought and struggled their way to Broadway and have played for a brief while before its glittering lights and to Broadway's applause, — and have lost, or slipped out of, popular favor — it is a tragedy of hopes. It is a place where actresses and chorus girls, good actors and ham actors, talented people and untalented people are out of work for long stretches at a time, where poverty stalks in tarnished tinsel, and where competition is perhaps crueller and more cut-throat in its methods than in any other place in the world.

It is a hard and destructive community even for those who "click" or make good on it; for those who play on Broadway are neurotic, restless and easily bored. They want novelty and they are quickly fed up with repetition. And that goes for the buyer for a village general store who gets on to New York once or twice a year for a combined business trip and unholy spree, as well as for night-club promotors, gamblers, gunmen,

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bootleggers, rich spendthrifts, and other regular patrons of New York's night-life. What you accomplished last season doesn't matter. "What have you got now?" is the incessant query. Yesterday's favorites, so far as Broadway cares a whoop, are tomorrow's also-rans. There is nothing so dead on Broadway as a waning star. As far as Broadway is concerned, a star that is no longer in the ascendant is already extinct.

Chroniclers have told from time to time of the more obvious phases of the life of Broadway. They have usually sentimentalized it in one way or another — in the O. Henry fashion with pathos or with romantic glamor or in the fashion of the Reverends Billy Sunday, Aimee McPherson, and John Roach Straton, who see in Broadway only a Satanic lure, drawing tender souls to perdition. Few have described Broadway from the inside, even partially. Few have presented the facts in a cold practical fashion. There have been millions of words of generalities printed about Broadway, but not a great many words of specific description.

From a standpoint of pure commercialism Broadway does not differ in many respects from other avenues of trade and barter. On Broadway, as elsewhere, the basic commercial principle is to buy something for one price and sell it at another price that is as high as the demand warrants. That goes for the ticket agencies, the night clubs, the concessions, the "rackets" of all kinds; but no more so than for the haberdasheries, perfumeries, and coffee-and-sinker stands along the Main Stem. If there are enough snobs in or about New York or spenders foolish enough with their money to pay $25 a seat for the American première of a well press-agented foreign diseuse, the impresario of such a performer would be a very foolish philanthropist not to take such pickings when he had the chance. There is no law compelling people to go to night-clubs where the couvert charge is $5 a person, ginger ale is $2 a pint, scrambled eggs $2.50 an order and gyp rackets of all kinds to run the patron's bill up in an evening to an amount sufficient to keep a family of ten well-clothed, housed, and fed for a week. When money is tight your country banker and your United States Federal Reserve Bank, no less, increase the call-money interest rate one-half percent or one percent or two percent; when there is reported a potential shortage in gas you pay one, two or three cents more per gallon at the service station whether there is an actual shortage or not; and when the cold weather brings a demand for overcoats the price for the same coat is higher than it was during the balmy weather a week or so before. Even Miss Texas Guinan's admonishment to an obstreperous patron of her night club, "Listen, every chirp you make, sucker, goes on your check", has only, when you consider it, the usual commercial common-sense and practical point. If the sucker thinks his extra chirp is worth the money in the fun that he will have in making it or in the freedom of expression given his inebriated soul, that is merely a sound business agreement entered into between him and Miss Guinan, an agreement in which Miss Guinan has not kept any of her demands disguised or hidden.

But, as people elsewhere think of business ethics, there are certain phases of Broadway's commercial morals that must sound peculiar, to say the least. Take the show business, the chief industry of Broadway. In no other business that I know of is it necessary for the sponsor of an enterprise to post a bond of good faith, even after the other necessary financial obligations are guaranteed; but this is so in the theater business. In the garment-center, for instance, it is possible to open up a shop, after one has established himself, and to buy goods on credit. Not so in the show business. Equity, the powerful actors' organization, which controls the very essentials of the business — the acting personnel — forces the play-producer to insure his cast for salaries for so many weeks, and prohibits its members from appearing in any theater or attraction in which there is a non-member of the mighty trade union.

There is reason to believe that the producers have brought these drastic exactions upon themselves because of repeated breaches of faith; but whatever the cause the situation exists. Ever since the actors' strike of 1919, in which the Barrymores, John Drew and other Polar Stars and Venuses of the Broadway galaxy fought against the managers, this

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edict has been effective. It banished George M. Cohan from appearing even in his own attractions whenever he dared to employ an Equity member. Mr. Cohan, who vowed to "run an elevator first" before he would succumb to the exactions, established another organization known as the Fidelity, heading it himself, an organization which today can boast of but very few members in good standing. It was ridiculed by the warring players under the disrespectful tag, the "Fidos", and as a result Mr. Cohan now has to employ players from the enemy forces, although he has never joined their ranks himself.

In the show business the player must pay a stiff commission for his engagements. Cooks, housemaids and other menials pay an agency a fee for the jobs they are able to land, but they do not have to contribute to the employment agencies' book-keeping staffs as vaudeville actors have to do. Even the third-rate circuits charge the actor five percent for hiring him to fill the theaters they represent, and he pays his personal representative or agent from five to twenty percent of his weekly earnings the year round.

That is one angle that the mightiest of all big time circuits has never cared to discuss with the entertainers, all of whom would rather not incur the disfavor of the booking offices by bringing up the subject themselves. But it is difficult to understand this racket which the vaudeville circuits have carried on for forty years. The Keith Circuit engages an entertainer, let us say, for $400 per week. He receives five percent less, or $380. The five percent commission is "for bookkeeping and making out contracts". The revenue exacted per annum in this manner amounts to millions of dollars, which is the price, one presumes, of a new theater for the circuit.

And it does no good to revolt. Even the leader of the vaudeville actors, Harry Mountford, once governor of their destinies through an order called The White Rats, was subdued by the managers, who took over their club-house, the N. V. A., on Forty-sixth Street and permitted them to join the club for $10 per year. In this club-house they may play pool — for sixty cents an hour — and live in comfortable and smartly outfitted rooms at a reasonable rate; but they must not smoke pipes or wear hats in it. If a member is in good standing at the time of his death, his beneficiary receives $1,000 insurance.

E. F. Albee, president of the B. F. Keith Circuit, has said that the actor could never manage himself, that he is a poor business man and that ever since the National Vaudeville Artists' Association was founded the actor has been better off. The actor's dues go toward the maintaining of tubercular establishments at Saranac and elsewhere, and if he is sick or in need the N. V. A. will take care of him. This is quite true. Mr. Albee has contributed handsomely towards the actor's welfare in this respect; but the actor who runs into debt with the N. V. A. or runs up sick-room bills must reimburse the organization. If he doesn't, when he dies the monies due the order are deducted from his N. V. A. insurance.

Joining the N. V. A. doesn't necessarily mean that the joiner will have less difficulty getting Keith or other vaudeville bookings. Nor does it mean that if he doesn't join it he will be barred. In fact, out of the 20,000 vaudevillians in the country less than half are N. V. A.'s. Among Mr. Albee's contributions to his branch of the profession have been his indefatigable fight against the radicals, and his policy for clean vaudeville and better sanitary conditions in theaters. He has done fine work on this score and proudly points out that vaudeville is the only branch of the profession that has not been disturbed by censorship.

It was the Albee edict that banished all indigo and foul jokes from the stages of his theaters; offenders have had their engagements cancelled. He has been severely criticised for his forbidding of all prohibition, trolley and railroad jokes but he considers that he knows what is best for his enterprises; he has always won his arguments. He is, apparently, not familiar with the treachery of some of his lieutenants, who have made it difficult for the average actor. Particularly trying is the artists' agent, who books through a franchise with the circuit but exacts a terrific commission from the actor. The agent, however, must give half of the five percent he receives from his clients to the Vaudeville Collection Agency (an Albee idea);

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one can understand why he "takes" the actor for an additional five or ten percent.

In the legitimate division of the show business, the Shuberts, J. J. and Lee, are the heaviest investors and are conceded to be the mightiest show-sponsors. A feud of many years standing has been fought by the brothers with the big time circuits, but today, it is said, these enemies are more friendly. Realty holdings and opposition theaters were responsible for the wars, the most costly of them all taking place when the Shuberts began their own vaudeville circuit.

The most loyal members of the N. V. A. (considered an Albee organization) found themselves in a horrible predicament at the time of the struggle. Idle and without prospects for future engagements they succumbed to the huge offers of the Shuberts only to find themselves practically blacklisted by the Keith office when their routes were done. One woman, a well known mimic, who contributed to the success of the N. V. A.'s annual benefit performance—held in four theaters simultaneously—by appearing in them all the same night, was cancelled out of the Palace Theater the night before she was to open there. The reason given was that she had played at Marcus Loew's State Theater down the street a month before.

This probably is sound business on the part of the booking offices, but it is so one-sided. Consider this angle of it. Mr. Albee, angry with the Loew circuit for taking one of his stars, breaks bread with its president the next evening at a meeting of the Vaudeville Managers' Protective Association. The artist, meanwhile, pays heavily for trying to keep at work, and is the one to suffer when he offends the mighty union of managers.

These incidents are offered as some of the cruel restrictions that greet the seeker of glory on the Broadway route. No, it is not a sympathetic street, this Broadway.

Another famous business found only on Broadway is that of Tin Pan Alley, the sector where songs are written. Here it is that most of the nation's songs are fashioned and "plugged" until they either die or click. And it is a place where only a small circle of men and fewer women may find comfort or encouragement with their song-poems and melodies, however good their compositions may be. The music-publishing firms have their staffs of word jugglers and ditty builders and have no time for the amateur or unknown. Unless, of course, the obscure songwriter's song has unusual merit. Then it is either bought outright for a small sum or the composer is permitted to take the short end of the bargain in this manner: if the song is usable, the writer is persuaded to permit the firm to pattern it along the lines of a "hit". Members of the staff are called upon to "dress it up" and otherwise get it ready for the public. There is seldom an advance royalty given to the newcomer, but he is given an agreement on paper calling for one percent royalty on the sales; and maybe as a special favor his name will be printed on the sheet music along with two or three other names.

Doubtless you've seen the names of Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Harry Richman, George Jessel and other entertainers of songs as composers or co-authors. They are known as "second verse writers". They are given this recognition out of "respect" and they also get a "slice" of the "take" because they promise to employ the number on the stage. They may or may not have written a word or a note of the song. This is good business, considering that such famous artists attract enormous audiences and it is checked up as so much money for exploitation by the publishers.

Embryo song-smiths, then, might take a hint from this inside information and steer clear of the advertisements which urge obscure persons to write their own songs and send them in. There is always a catch to the game and the catch comes when the song-agent agrees to "place" the number for a fee. The records prove that no song has ever been sold to a worthy publisher in this manner. It is merely a graft and against the postal regulations too; but somehow these advertisements still snare the gullible.

Perhaps those who read here are beginning to suspect that Broadway is a pretty phoney avenue. Well, it is. Its honest citizens are in the minority and a small group they are, too. They help out at the laying of cornerstones. But the army of racketeers and other

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shady manipulators along the canyon are better off. They have the most currency, the better looking motor cars, the more fashionable apartments and the better looking women. This doesn't prevail only in the night-club angle of Broadway, but that's where it is most obvious.

In the gay rendezvous along the stem and in its side streets the "butter and egg man" isn't the only one the sharpshooters "clip". There the most intimate acquaintance's money is as good as the other fellow's and those who conduct these places check friendship up to: "How much has he got? How can I get it? I want it!" All of which is chiefly responsible for the dearth of prospering night-clubs in New York today. At this writing only a trio of them are "in the money" and two of them offer the nudest displays ever witnessed on Broadway, — displays which entice the most blasé patrons. Texas Guinan's Club went to pieces in the summer, not because this most famous of night-club hostesses joined a revue in which she starred, but because she wrangled with her partners.

The padlocking of the premises on which night-clubs are caught selling liquor is another reason for the dropping off of the huge profits of the night-club racket. Landlords now demand that the lessee post a $50,000 forfeit in case he is arrested for "selling". This is to insure rental, for when a padlock is put on a place the landlord is out of pocket for the duration of the padlock sentence.

Under favorable conditions, however, night-club managements stand to lose very little. The overhead comes largely from salaries to entertainers and the orchestra. The rent is paid by the concessionnaire who rents the ladies' retiring room and the men's washroom to others and exacts a fine income from the coat-room privilege and the sale of cigars, cigarettes, candies, dolls, perfumes and other knick-knacks. Of course you know that the tips you give the cigarette peddlers and the check-room bandits are turned over to the concessionnaire. At Miss Guinan's place, for instance, Mr. Cohen — who is an Italian, by the way — paid a $5,000 bonus just to get the concession and he pays the monthly rent. The "take", then, is all velvet for the club, with Miss Guinan and her partners splitting almost $250,000 last year. Her own weekly salary guarantee as hostess was $2,500.

Another phase of the treachery of the street is herewith set forth. A prominent theatrical producer was backed by a rich Philadelphian three years ago and quartered in a suite of New York offices. The salaries of the producer's secretary and office boy were settled for by the "angel" and he kept the wolf from the producer's door with a weekly wage of $150. The angel considered no amount of currency too great to put over a hit. Two attempts expired while the attractions were in the outlying districts, but the angel kept his faith in the producer. Yet when the producer finally startled the town with a great show he failed to share the tremendous profits with his backer and a lawsuit followed. The producer won the case, but even his well-wishers considered his action pretty raw. It was another concrete example of the Broadway ethic, however. Such things happen every day and best sum up the reason for the howl that there is too little camaraderie on the Main Stem. The popular maxim is "Every man for himself" and "Knife the other fellow before he knifes you".

Of course you cannot cut a competitor's throat right out loud. It is safer to work silently, for there is always the danger of being caught doing it. The lad who is left limp by the Broadway ethic when he first arrives on it, soon finds his way about, and within the year elbows his way through the field and doesn't beg anyone's pardon, either.

Take Anne Nichols and her "Abie's Irish Rose", for instance. This very rich woman's struggle isn't new, but one angle of it has never got into the public prints. When the attraction was playing to as many empty seats as "The Ladder" has been recently, she urged a former partner to lend her enough money to pay the weekly salaries of the cast, and was so desperate at the time that she offered to split the earnings with him. He sent out word that he was in conference and she left dejected.

The week-end brought excellent play-going weather, and the house was packed at every performance. That man's indifference cost him millions of dollars.

The sunny side of Broadway is exploited by

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its more sentimental victims, who tell you that it is always ready with a "helping hand". They point to the numerous benefit performances given throughout the year to the various charities. This is boloney. Most of the benefit performances are unwillingly given and are chiefly for advertising. A newspaper or a church, let's say, conducts a benefit and immediately solicits the aid of the current shows. The management of the production assigns some of its cast to appear at the place and exacts some publicity in return for the favor. The actors who appear on these programs, as a rule, seldom offer their most valuable material for fear of having it pilfered by others on the bill and as a result "get on and off" as soon as they can.

Perhaps in no other community than Broadway may one find the sort of ghoul who is responsible for the countless benefit shows given annually. He is a promoter who learns of a stricken actress or former stage favorite who is in need and contracts with her or him to stage a benefit. The agreement is drawn and the promoter starts his propaganda. Actors are urged to appear and if the newspapers play the case up, a good house is accounted for. But the promoter exacts sixty percent of the gross, pays all expenses which include the rental of the theater, the stage hands and the orchestra (they never work for nothing) and the advertising, etc. What is left of the money goes to the needy one. It is usually not so much. The promoter gets most of it. His is a profitable racket. When the benefits are handled by friends of the beneficiary, of course, it is a different matter. Nellie Revell's friends conducted her affair and brought her every penny.

The current fuss about the Broadway ticket speculators is not taken very seriously by those on the inside. True, the government has punished some of the offenders for taking more than 50 cents premium apiece on theater tickets but the choice seats continue to be retailed by pavement hawkers.

The ticket brokers can help a production click. When they refuse to "buy in" on a show it is usually disastrous to the producer of it. In most cases, the producer is property-poor. He has an attraction that appears to have a chance but not enough currency to keep it going. The speculator can buy the best seats in the house for eight weeks In advance and settle in cash for it, too. This permits the owner of the show to pay off his staff and keep within the "stop-limit" mark.

The "stop-limit" is the producer's biggest trouble. The Shuberts, who control most of the New York playhouses, may dispossess a show if it doesn't attract a certain amount of money within a certain period, and while some productions manage to get over with a little plugging this stop-limit arrangement often sends them to the storehouse.

At one time on Broadway the nastiest sort of blackmail was practised by certain publications. Thanks to the activity of the federal attorneys this has been pretty well cornered. No man or woman was too insignificant to ignore and the editor of the magazine was heartless. He would infer ugly things by printing the first name and the initial of the last name to frighten the blackmailed and a check was forthcoming. The celebrity or the business man who had a family but who played around Broadway was the easiest victim. The editor's racket was a juicy one for years, but he had his day in court. He was recently released from the Atlanta gaol, after a two year stretch.

But the spirit still prevails on Broadway. What can you "get" on the other fellow? What do you know about him? Is he doing anything he'd be ashamed of, and how much is there in it for me? Being a sucker, in spite of what Diamond Jim Brady is alleged to have said, isn't such fun, even if you can afford it. The street is not as gay as its bright bulbs would indicate, but rather a glum place for most of its alleged butterflies. It is vicious, merciless, selfish and treacherous.

This recorder has observed Broadway for fourteen years. He has no ax to grind. Broadway's been pretty good to him, too. But the sentiments to which he subscribes are best summed up in the banal song with the refrain:

"A painted smile, a hard luck tale,
A helping hand . . .
They're all for sale
On Broadway!"

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THE SAGAS AND ICELAND OF TODAY

By E. R. Eddison

I. THE SAGAS

THE Icelandic Sagas are, by blood and language, part of our birthright as English-speaking nations. For they are written in the Old Northern tongue from which hundreds of the commonest English words are derived, while hundreds more are as it were "cousin" words, derived from a common source. And they are written by people of viking stock whose blood runs in our veins today.

What are these Icelandic Sagas? They are the classics of the North: of those viking peoples, Norsemen, Swedes, and Danes, who, as settlers and conquerors by themselves and also by an offshoot of theirs, the Normans, played so great a part in moulding the character and destiny of what we call the Anglo-Saxon nations. As Ionia and, later, Athens was to Greece, so was Iceland in her great age to the rest of the North. It was as if in that hard and lonely island in the high Atlantic the old Gods, retreating from the unpropitious atmosphere of early mediaeval Europe, had built themselves a house not of stone, but of all the strongest and stubbornest and proudest qualities of the human mind: a house where they could incarnate for a few generations the temper that pleased them most, to live for a little and write itself down so that it should not be forgotten forever.

A Saga is not a poem, for it is in prose; nor a fable or romance, because it deals with fact rather than fiction; nor yet a chronicle, for it is not dry-as-dust. "Saga" is the same word as "say": it means something said: a story.

Now, the goodness or badness of a story lies in the way it is told. That is surely the most obvious thing in the world: any child knows it. But there is no need to go back to the nursery. Everybody can think of some friend who can make the most humdrum day's doings delightful to hear about, simply by the telling: not because it is told wittily, or cleverly, or with consciously chosen words, or dramatically: as often as not the virtue of it lies largely in the absence of these general, standardized virtues. May not the secret of it lie in two things: an intense absorbed interest of the teller in his story, that makes him completely forget himself; and, secondly, a vivid and individual mind in the teller, that informs and shines through every word he says?

Absorption and self-forgetfulness on the one hand: self-expression on the other. Something of this kind, it seems to me, is the secret of the peculiar power and beauty of the best Icelandic Sagas, just as it is the secret of that natural and artless charm of narrative which we have referred to. If so, we may say, simply and shortly, that the greatness of the Saga lies in this one thing — Style.

Although "style" is the very essence of the Saga, yet in no literature in the world will you find less "fine writing", less ornament. The Sagas are terse, swift, colloquial. And that is not to be wondered at, for these stories were not formed by the scholarly or courtly pen of a Malory or a monkish chronicler, but with the speech of men's mouths: of rough, violent men, farmers of a stubborn land, adventurers on wide seas, great strikers, of great pride of birth, lovers (like your Scotsmen today) of family trees, and lovers of law and of battle: lovers, too, of truth and fairness, hard-headed, practical, unillusioned. Told by such men to men of their own kind for the whiling away of the long winter nights in Icelandic homesteads nearly a thousand years ago, these histories took shape. Saga-telling became an art, as conversation was once an art in England, or rhetoric in Athens. And after several generations, when writing had been introduced, the Sagas were written down.

The old homesteads, with their log fires, their ale-benches, their high-seats of honor,

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their wainscots hung with weapons, rotted away long ago. A few green mounds here and there in the home-mead of a present-day farm or perhaps on a desolate shore no longer dwelt on: only these remain to trace the foundations of the houses of the old heroic age. But the home-mead is the same home-mead as it was in Snorri the Priest's days or Egil Skallagrimson's. And in every little farmhouse you will find on the shelf a row of books marked *Íslendinga Sögur*, "Sagas of men of Iceland".

Let us see who these Icelanders were originally; and what kind of life it was that is told of in these stories that they should still hold men's attention after so many centuries.

II. THE SETTLEMENT

Iceland was settled by men of Norwegian race towards the end of the ninth century. You and I, (who landed in Reykjavik harbor late last night after four days' heaving and plunging that reduced most of our fellow passengers aboard the comfortable little Icelandic steamer to a condition in which Leith was a bright retrospect of Paradise, and the prodigal fare before them but an offence and a mockery,) can appreciate more justly than we could a week ago the hardihood of those men and women in their little open ships who first made the voyage "out" so long ago. But, to talk of them, let us stroll down the street, now that dinner is over, to a place that I think is the best place in the town for such talk.

Everybody strolls about the street these summer evenings. Most, not all, of the shops are shut: the little silversmith's, where they make in the workshop at the back those filigree ornaments that Icelandic ladies wear on their national dress, is still open. We pass a good many girls and older women in that dress, wearing the queer little black cap with the silken tassel threaded through a silver tube called *hôlkur*, and their hair plaited in two plaits that are looped up again and fastened by their ends to the cap behind. But this pretty dress is becoming rarer, giving way to the cropped and shaven necks, extinguisher hats, short skimpy skirts, and pink stockings of London or New York.

But Reykjavik is not Iceland. It is wholly modern. Two hundred years ago it was an obscure fishing-village. It is not mentioned in any saga. But come down the street, and up on to this little green hill at the foot of the Hverfisgata. There is a big bronze statue here on the top of the hill, looking north over the harbor to where, eighty miles away over the waters of Faxa Flow, you can see the big white jökull or ice-mountain of Snaefellsness and the range of jagged lesser peaks stretching from it eastward. The statue is by Einar Jónsson, more of whose work may be found in the museum just outside the town. He has his studio there, built for him by his fellow-countrymen: an interesting case of public recognition of genius.

The subject of the statue is a man armed, standing erect beside a ship's beak or figure-head. He wears a helm, and on his body a byrny or shirt of chain-mail: his left hand reaches up above his head to grasp, just below its spear-point, his long-shafted halberd, on which he leans. He is of heroic build: the great muscles show like a leopard's under the clinging byrny. His face is lean and weather-beaten, with a proud, alert, and piercing look, as of Cortez staring from his peak in Darien: the whole frame and seeming of the man is alive with action and resolution and command.

The odd thing about it is that this is not, as you might suppose, the monument of some king, but of a private Icelander. It is Ingolf, the first man from Norway to take land and settle in Iceland: the first forerunner of that republic of aristocrats that flourished four hundred years, first enacted and then told the Icelandic Sagas, and went down in a bloody sunset of fratricidal strife in the age of the Sturlungs.

Ingolf discovered Iceland in 874. Alfred was King of England then: what is more important for our present purpose, Harald Hairfair was King in Norway. At the age of ten, Harald had inherited the tiny kingdom of Westfold, east in the Wick (that part of Norway which surrounds the Oslo Firth). It is told in the *Heimskringla* how he wooed a maiden "exceeding fair, and withal some-

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what high-minded". Her answer was this: "I will not waste my maidenhood for the taking to husband of a king who has no more realm to rule over than a few Folks. But that seems to me wonderful," she says, "that there be no king who will so make Norway his own and be sole lord over it, like as hath King Gorm in Denmark, or Eric in Upsala". Harald thereupon swore an oath never to let cut his hair or comb it till he should be sole King over all Norway. He performed that oath, and married the lady.

Now one King over all Norway was a new thing, little to the taste of the great men who, amid a multitude of little kings, were accustomed to do as they pleased. Harald "made all free lands his own, and he caused the bonders, [that is to say, farmers: free country gentlemen] to pay land dues to him, both the rich and the unrich. He set up an earl in each county . . . and by so much had King Harald increased the taxes and land-dues, that his earls had more wealth and might than the kings had had aforetime". In the opening of the *Ere-dwellers' Saga* we read that "Because of that unpeace many noble men fled from their lands out of Norway; some east over the Keel, some West-over-the-sea. Some there were withal who in winter kept themselves in the South-isles [that is, the Hebrides,] or the Orkneys, but in summer harried in Norway and wrought much scathe in the kingdom of Harald the King".

In brief, Harald, exasperated by these summer raids, cleared out the vikings in the west and set his own earls in power in the Orkneys. About this time Iceland was discovered; men told of "good choice of land" there; and for that generation and the next there were ceaseless emigrations.

So came about the settling of Iceland: a flight of free men from what was called "the overweening might of Harald the King"; but a flight of men by no means comparable in temper and spirit to the Pilgrim Fathers. It was rather as if, not in Stuart but in Elizabethan days, there had emigrated to the New World, driven out of England by some new tyranny till then unexperienced, hundreds of families not like William Penn and his serious-minded friends, but like Raleigh, Drake, and kind Kit Marlowe.

III. THE HEROIC AGE

The land of their adoption was uninhabited, save for a few Irish hermits, who probably decided it was no longer a place for hermits. No more is heard of them. It was a hard land, habitable enough in the dales and open country towards the coast but with a high central region of dreadful wolds of lava and black sand and stone and fog and snow, where even today travellers must carry every handful of fodder for their horses; for that desert, of many days journey, nourishes neither man nor beast. They landed in the north, south, east or west as it befell, bringing aboard their little ships their wives, children, kinsmen, housecarles and thralls, cattle and household goods.

Sometimes the Gods showed them where to take land. Thorolf Mostbeard, lord of the island of Most in the west of Norway, "had the ward of Thor's temple there in the island, and was a great friend of Thor". He gave aid to Biorn, an outlaw of King Harald's, and so came under the wrath of the King. "He made a great sacrifice, and asked of Thor his well-beloved friend whether he should make peace with the King or get him gone from out the land and seek other fortunes. But the Word showed Thorolf to Iceland." He followed that Word: and when he came in his ship off Iceland, "he cast overboard the pillars of his high-seat, which had been in the temple, and on one of them was Thor carven; withal he spake over them, that there he would abide in Iceland, wherever Thor should let those pillars come aland". The wooden pillars came aland on the outermost point of a ness in Broadfirth, that was afterwards (and is today) called Thorsness. "Thereafter Thorolf fared with fire through his land * out from Staff-river in the west, and east to that river which is now called Thors-river, and settled his shipmates there. But he set up for himself a great house at Templestead. There he let build a temple, and a mighty house it was . . . To that temple must all men pay toll."†

* A ceremony to show that henceforth the land belonged to him.

† *Ere-dwellers' Saga*, Chap. IV.

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When a man like Thorolf Mostbeard had settled in Iceland and "taken land", friends or kinsfolk of his, coming out later, would come to him and he would assign lands to them. The priest in heathen times was lord of the countryside: squire and parson in one. There was no sacerdotalism in the old faith, and when, in the year 1000, Christianity was "taken into the law", the old priesthoods remained as purely secular dignities: we find their holders in the Sturlung age keeping christian clergy in their households much in the position of domestic servants. The priests' neighbors and dependants were called his "thingmen", because they followed him to the Thing or parliament, where laws were made and suits tried. The Thorsness Thing was the first of these assemblies. Later, in 930, the Althing was established in the south-west beyond Mossfellsheath, as the annual meeting-place for all Iceland.

It is said that a man named Grim Goatshoe travelled over all Iceland to find the best place for the Althing, "and every man in the land here brought him a penny for it; but he gave that fee afterward to the temple". It was chosen, no doubt, for its accessibility, but the place by its grandeur too was fitted to be the seat of the hallowed Thing. The place is unspoiled today, a strange place, where history seems heavy in the air. For hundreds of years every man of any account in Iceland rode to this place yearly. You can identify the very site of Snorri the Priest's booth, and the spot where he drew up his men to turn back Flosi when he tried to win up into the Great Rift, in the battle at the Althing in the suit for Njal's burning.*

This, then, was the Icelandic commonwealth. There was no executive government: the enforcement of the law rested, in the last resort, on private vengeance. Nor was the bond of priest and thingman more than a matter of honorable contract between free men, a bond of convenience only. The safety of the republic lay in its physical conditions: in the absence of external aggression, and the great distances within the land. This anarchy succeeded because great men were content to be great each in his own countryside, the ties of kinship remained sacred, and there was wide room for all.

When these conditions were broken, all went to wreck. In the thirteenth century powerful men began to collect priesthoods, to stretch out grasping hands beyond their own confines, and aspire, like the brilliant young Sturla Sighvatson, to political supremacy. The house of the Sturlungs shadowed half the country with their power; then split and quarrelled among themselves: marched with armies to pitched battles on a scale that was not dreamed of in the old days. Those battles were ruinous out of all proportion to their casualty lists, for it was the great men who fought to the death while their followers were given peace. The life-blood of the land was thus let out in the bitterness of civil war. Norway, that had long in these later years watched and intrigued and waited, stepped in at last. If we must fix a moment for the death of the Icelandic republic, let it be the night of the 22nd of September, 1241, when Snorri Sturlason, youngest and most famous of the three Sturlung brothers, great historian, poet, and man of affairs, was stabbed to death at Reykholt by murderers hired by his own son-in-law set on (there is little doubt) by the King of Norway.

IV. THE MAKING OF SAGAS

Why was Iceland, and not Norway, Sweden, or Denmark the home of the classic literature? That is a question on which many books might be written. Here we shall only notice, first, one misconception, and then look rapidly at certain facts of character and circumstance that seem material.

The Icelanders, we saw, came originally from Norway, but not all straight from Norway. It has been estimated that of the four hundred *landnâmamenn*, or settlers, fifty at most came from the Hebrides, Ireland, Caithness, and England. Of those fifty, some were vikings who happened to be sojourning in those parts; but some were no doubt of mixed blood: some brought Irish thralls, some Irish wives. Queen Aud, who

* *Story of Burnt Njal*, Ch. 144.

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settled Laxriverdale, was the widow of Olaf the White, Norse King of Dublin: she had Irish thralls. Olaf the Peacock, a great chief in the west of Iceland, was the son of an Irish princess taken in war and bought for a concubine by his father. Names like Kiallak, Dufthak, Njal betray a Keltic origin.

It has sometimes been suggested that without this slight leaven of the Kelt Iceland would have produced neither prose nor poetry, neither Saga nor Edda. This is pure speculation; and in any case the Keltic influence was exceedingly small. Traceable in the Edda, it is scarcely so in the Sagas: indeed, the Saga is in its processes the very opposite of the old Irish prose.

The broad conditions that produced the Sagas we have already surveyed: a picked population of Northmen transplanted to a remote and hard land: a proud, conservative spirit of individualism and self-reliance. It is not surprising that such people should be fond of history, and particularly of family history; nor that they should spend the long winter evenings in telling or listening to it. Nor (granted the particular stage of civilization at which they had arrived) is it surprising that the matter of their histories should tend towards truth rather than fiction; that they should be concerned with individual men and women and everyday life rather than with movements or myths; that they should be, as has been well said,* "imaginative, dealing with actions and characters; they are not ethical or sentimental treatises, or mirrors of chivalry"; that their vehicle should be not verse but prose.

But all this need not have produced that peculiar form of prose epic which is the Saga. Underlying and bound up with these favorable circumstances are two governing conditions, which may perhaps be connected directly with the isolation of the country, its aloofness from mediaeval Europe's politics of church and state. The conditions I mean are, first, the Icelanders' innate genius for language, (which has enabled the old classic tongue to live on there almost unaltered, while elsewhere it has broken down into dialects like modern Norwegian, Danish and Swedish;) and, secondly, a faculty of undeluded vision, both moral and intellectual; an objective attitude of mind that results in the complete absence of sentimentality, romanticism, barren ornamentation, or prejudiced judgments.

It is not easy to illustrate the Saga style by quotation. But it is worth while to try, if only because the very failure brings out the method by which these works are constructed: there is no passage that can stand alone, it depends so much on the roots of association that connect it with what goes before and comes after: for the living characters of the persons are built up for us as in the experience of actual life, by the cumulative effect of revealing action or word; and the march of drama and of destiny proceeds, as in life, by incident upon incident, the significance of which often appears only at a later stage. Still, for what it is worth, we will chop an incident out of *Njal's Saga.*

The situation is this. The story is approaching the climax, Njal's burning, when Njal and his sons were attacked in their house by their enemies and burnt, house and all. The tragic situation, for which all that has gone before has prepared the way, is not simple but shot through and through with conflicting motives: Njal is a good man, and innocent: his sons, fierce and haughty men, are guilty of slaying their friend and foster-brother, Hauskuld the Whiteness Priest, in circumstances of unredeemed brutality. They have been led to that ill deed by false slanders. Hauskuld's slaying rips open old enmities which had been atoned and forgotten. The responsibility for following up the bloodsuit rests at the door of his uncle by marriage, Flosi Thordson, a good and honorable man. He foresees to what extremes such a suit may lead: "That hath now come on my hands which I would give all my goods that it had never happened. Ill seed has been sown, and so an ill crop will spring from it". With things in such case, Flosi rides to see his niece, Hildigunna, the widow of the dead Hauskuld. After Flosi and his men had eaten, —

> Hildigunna came into the room and went before Flosi, and threw her hair off her eyes and wept.

*W. P. Ker, *Epic and Romance, p. 206.*

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"Heavy-hearted art thou now, kinswoman," said Flosi, "when thou weepest, but still it is well that thou shouldst weep for a good husband."

"What vengeance or help shall I have of thee?" she says.

"I will follow up thy suit," said Flosi, "to the utmost limit of the law, or strive for that atonement which good men and true shall say that we ought to have as full amends."

"Hauskuld would avenge thee," she said, "if he had the blood-feud after thee."

"Thou lackest not grimness," answered Flosi, "and what thou wantest is plain."

"Arnor Ornolfson of Forswaterwood," said Hildigunna, "had done less wrong towards Thord Frey's-Priest thy father; and yet thy brothers Kolbein and Egil slew him at Skaptarfells-Thing."

Then Hildigunna went back into the hall and unlocked her chest, and then she took out the cloak, Flosi's gift, and in it Hauskuld had been slain, and there she had kept it, blood and all. Then she went back into the sitting-room with the cloak; she went up silently to Flosi. Flosi had just then eaten his full, and the board was cleared. Hildigunna threw the cloak over Flosi, and the gore rattled down all over him.

Then she spoke and said, "This cloak, Flosi, thou gavest to Hauskuld, and now I will give it back to thee; he was slain in it, and I call God and all good men to witness, that I adjure thee, by all the might of thy Christ, and by thy manhood and bravery, to take vengeance for all those wounds which he had on his dead body, or else to be called every man's dastard."

Flosi threw the cloak off him and hurled it into her lap, and said, "Thou art the greatest hell-hag, and thou wishest that we should take that course which will be the worst for all of us. But 'women's counsel is ever cruel.'"

Flosi was so stirred at this, that sometimes he was blood-red in the face, and sometimes ashy pale as withered grass, and sometimes blue as death."*

**Story Burnt Njal*, ch. 115.

V. SAGAS AND TRANSLATIONS

The only one available at present to English readers is the *Völsunga*, finely translated by Morris. It is a prose paraphrase of the old story of the Volsungs and the Niblungs, of Sigurd Fafnir's-bane and Brynhild, known in this country chiefly through Wagner's *Ring*. The Romantic Sagas are of less interest. They belong to a silver age: a time when the old northern inspiration failed, and taste, altered by foreign influence, turned towards French romance. Next, there are the *Kristni Saga* and the "Bishops' Sagas", some of which are translated (but in a manner to appeal to the scholar rather than to the student of literature) in the *Origines Islandicae*.† The great *Sturlunga Saga* treats of the civil wars that preceded the downfall of the republic. For dramatic vividness and historical impartiality it is not easily to be matched in any literature. There is no English translation of it. Its length and the perfection of its style make its translation a task not lightly to be undertaken, just as the complexity of its matter makes it difficult reading.

There remain the *Íslendinga* Sagas proper (or, as they may be called, the Family Sagas of Iceland) and the Lives of the Kings of Norway. It is a pity that for his enjoyment of all these works the English reader is dependent on translations. Since the value of the sagas is fundamentally a matter of style, an inferior translation is worse than useless. Unfortunately many translations of sagas are inferior.

Of the five major *Íslendinga Sagas* three have been well translated: *Njal*, the *Eredwellers*, and *Grettir*. *Laxdaela* can be had in two English versions, neither of them satisfactory: one, in the Temple Classics, rather flat and undistinguished: the other, by Robert Proctor, is much better. It has the merit of extreme faithfulness to the original, but suffers from an over-archaic awkwardness of language. Neither is furnished with what is essential, a good index. *Egil*, which is perhaps the finest of all except *Njal*, is unfortunately not yet available to English readers, the only existing translation

†*Origines Islandicae*, Vigfusson & Powell, Clarendon Press.

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being so bad as to be unreadable. A new translation is now in preparation.

Njal, the greatest of the five, takes up into itself the history of the whole south-country. Its unity is the unity of idea. The first part, of which Gunnar is the hero, is essential to the second, which culminates in the main tragedy of Njal's burning, because the tragedy would lose its effect if we had not already seen at work in the first part Njal's wisdom and goodness and Bergthora's high-mindedness. The third part, which deals with the vengeance taken by Njal's son-in-law Kari and the ultimate reconciliation of Kari and Flosi, is more subtly necessary to the great scheme of the story. It is, as Ker pointed out, concerned with the working out of justice: not with the reward of goodness and the punishment of the villain, but with "a more leisurely, as well as a more poetical justice, that allows the characters to assert themselves for what they really are; the son of Lambi filthy still, and Flosi the Burner not less true in temper than Njal himself."‡

The *Ere-dwellers* is by comparison formless. It has no plot, no culminating event. It is episodic: a string of lovely jewels. The unifying thread is the countryside of Snaefellsness and the figure of Snorri the Priest. This saga seldom rises to tragic intensity, but its character drawing is masterly.

Laxdaela has won a modern reputation through the accident that it is, unlike most sagas, a love-story. It is unequal in merit, and the lengthy early part, which precedes the great tragedy of Gudrun and her lovers, may be criticized as less essential to the scheme and less good in itself than, for example, the corresponding portions of *Njal*.

Egil is perhaps the most perfect as a work of art. Its first part is a tragedy, staged and enacted with the supreme economy of art, ending in the unjust slaying by King Harald Hairfair of his noble and loyal liegeman, Thorolf Kveldulfson, Egil's uncle. Egil Skallagrimson himself was born in Iceland, whither the family migrated "because of the overweening might of Harald the King". The swift and crowded pages of Egil's life form the last two thirds of the Saga: the life of a man who, in his swift alternations between calm self-control and passionate violence, generosity and unrelaxing greed; steadfast, yet sudden; revengeful, yet a good and true friend; great poet and great man-slayer; appears as the extreme and astonishing embodiment of the qualities of his age and race.

Grettir, as we have it today, is the weakest of the greater Sagas. It must have been much finer before it fell into the hands of the post-classical improvers, and became diluted with romantic adulterations. It ends absurdly with an episode taken straight from the French romance of Tristan.

Among the minor *Íslendinga Sagas* are several of very high merit. Only a few have been properly translated: Dasent's *Gisli the Outlaw* (one of the best), Morris and Magnússon's *Hen-Thorir*, *Howard of Icefirth*, the *Banded Men*, the *Heath-slayings*, *Gunnlaug the Worm-tongue*. There is a readable version of *Kormak's Saga*, by Collingwood and Stefansson, but it is timidly verbose and gives little idea of the ruggedness of this old and primitive saga. There is a wretched rendering into Victorian journalese of the rough old saga of *Viga-Glum*. Some of the others have been done more or less completely into English in *Origines Islandicae*, but rather in the manner of school "cribs" than literary translations; the editors of the *Origines* have moreover placed an additional difficulty in the reader's way by their singular practice of transposing all proper names out of their true form into — Anglo-Saxon!

The Lives of the Kings, in Snorri Sturlason's *Heimskringla*, should be read in Morris's literal and beautiful translation. The *Heimskringla* is a mine of character and incident. You can read there of the battle of Stamford Bridge from the Norwegian, instead of the English point of view. The *Saga of King Olaf the Holy*, a masterpiece occupying about a third of the whole Heimskringla, conveys more about the flesh-and-blood-reality of the struggle for power between the crown and the great nobles in the early feudal times than can be got from a dozen text-books. Or you can read the Saga of that admired young Bayard of the North, King Olaf Tryggvison, who in his brief five years of power christened Norway

‡ *Epic and Romance*, p. 191.

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at the point of the sword: the great scene of the sailing of the "Long Worm" past the headlands of Svoldr: the sea-fight, and the snapping of the bow of Einar Thambarskelfir; Olaf's question, "What was that brake with so loud a clang?" and Einar's answer, "Norway from thine hand, King". And when you have read it (and here is that fine impartiality of the Sagas) you may find as likely as not that your sympathies are less with the ostensible hero of the story than with his enemy and predecessor over whose head he strode into power: that old Earl Hakon, "whom some called the Mighty, but some the Ill". Beside the great figure of the Earl, struck down after his long reign not by an enemy but by the unequal accident of fate and his own gross appetites, the virtues and heroics of his young adversary are apt to seem almost cheap and garish. The old order is overthrown; a wise man will be reserved in his welcome to the new.

VI. A MEDITATION ON HORSEBACK

In 1926 I spent ten hours of a summer's day riding over the country-side of Thorsness and Swanfirth, the eastern end of the country of the *Ere-dwellers' Saga*. We had, between the two of us, three horses, for there was much ground to cover, and a spare horse means less time wasted in resting. Icelandic horses are little and strong: they travel over rough and mountainous country with the sure-footedness of a chamois. In Iceland everybody rides: even beggars ride. This seems remarkable, until you try to walk. Unless you are prepared to wade every half hour or so, you will make little progress by walking, for there are innumerable little rivers but few bridges. On horseback you can go dryshod where you will.

My companion was foreman in a meat-packing business at the little fishing village of Stykkishólmur on the north point of the Thorsness peninsular. If he were an Englishman, you would hardly expect him, from his occupation, to be an authority on the Elizabethan drama, or Chaucer. But Thorleif knows his Sagas as a good churchman knows his Bible, and he knows every stock and stone of historical interest from Swanfirth to Frodiswater. Thorleif knows very few words of English, and finds our pronunciation as hard as Icelandic pronunciation is to me. Yet as we ride together we agree that there are few matters of interest on which, given time, we cannot understand one another.

We make our first halt at Holyfell, and talk a bit with the old bonder whose little farmhouse stands on the same spot as Snorri's hall, just as the little tin tabernacle of a church stands where the first church stood that Snorri built when the Christian faith was made law at the Althing. The old bonder is eighty-three: it was his birthday yesterday. I saw a green mound there that they say is the grave of Gudrun of Laxriverdale. Holyfell is not two hundred and fifty feet high, but it is steep on all sides and shapely.

We rode thence round the head of Swordfirth, and I saw the skerry where the sons of Thorbrand took their stand to fight against the men of Ere. We rode late past Crowness Wood (there are no trees there today bigger than bleaberry bushes), and down the steep spur of Ulfarsfell to the western beach of Swanfirth: there I saw the headland where they burnt the body of old Thorolf Haltfoot, and by Vadilshead I saw the foundations of Arnkel's house: it is desolate now; and at Orligstead such another hay-garth as that on which, at this very farm, Arnkel was attacked by Snorri the Priest and the sons of Thorbrand and slain after a great fight against unfair odds. Here, in a little turf house, we were entertained with coffee: Thorleif and I capped each other's quotations from the Edda, — the *Hell-ride of Brynhild* and the *Völospá*. At whatever line I quoted, he could always take up the poem and go on with it. We rode home from Swanfirth over Ulfarsfell-neck, Thorswaterdale and Drapalithe, following the reverse way Steinthor of Ere's route when he brought home the thrall-gild before the battle of Swanfirth. I saw a great green turf-walled sheepfold at Drapalithe which was, I suppose, very little different from that on the wall of which Biorn, Vigfus's kinsman,

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lay when Snorri's shepherd drew out the sheep, and that quarrel arose that ended in Vigfus's slaying. Riding so, through this classic country, one is very near the past. The centuries seem but a thin and tremulous veil, ready to tear if one could but get a grip on it, and make our imaginings true.

Riding so, through such country, and in such company, one is apt to ask, "How far is the spirit of the Saga-times alive in the Icelanders of today?" In one respect it certainly is not: classic violence has given way to modern peacefulness. Then, a squabble between shepherds led to murderous strife between their masters: now, twelve policemen are enough to police a population of 100,000. But other and more amiable qualities of the ancients have survived unchanged.

There is no caste in Iceland. In the heathen days, the priest and the lord of the manor were one; the skalds (or poets) were men of action, often enough men of violence: Egil, Kormak, Gunnlaug the Worm-tongue, or Thormod Coalbrowsskald. Sturla Sighvatson, in the Sturlung days, collected manuscripts in the intervals between his political intrigues and military campaignings. Today, as we have seen, the butcher's foreman is a scholar; every parson is a farmer too; farmers who are not parsons will quote *Njal* verbatim for half a page on small provocation.

With this absence of caste, there has survived too the old sense of dignity, the courtesy and patriarchal hospitality of a simpler age. The ancients worshipped Thor and Frey in a self-respecting manner almost as equals; and there was respect but no subserviency from homemen and dependents to their lords. Today there is between persons of every station the same honorable courtesy: people are addressed by their Christian names without prefix: a lady of birth and position is addressed by her servants, male and female, simply by her Christian name, yet with a true respect that is seldom met with in other countries.

Realism, courage, culture, dignity, level-headedness: these are qualities that seem to be nourished by the not otherwise very kindly Icelandic climate. As we have been primarily concerned with the Sagas and the antique days, I should like to end with a quotation from the greatest surviving poem of him who, of all others, seems to me to have been in himself most typical of the true viking spirit: I mean Egil Skallagrimson. It was written in his old age: called *Sonatorrek*, or "Sons' Wreck," a dirge for his dead sons. He will almost give over worshipping Odin, for Odin has brought this remediless grief upon him. And yet He has given me (he ends) something in exchange:

Mine Art He gave me, —
The God of Battles,
Great Foe of Fenrir, —
A gift unfading;
And that temper
That still hath brought me
Notable foes
'Mid the knavish-minded.

All's hard to wield now.
The Wolf's right sister,
(The All-Father's Foe's,)
On the sea-ness stands.
Yet will I glad,
With a good will,
And without grief,
Abide Hell's coming.

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VARIETY

THE PASSING OF PUNCTUATION

By J. P. Bowles

RECENTLY I wrote to a typewriter-manufacturer requesting the name and orthodox use of the double cross and the diagonal line (# and /). In reply, the company's correspondent referred to them as the "number sign" and the "diagonal line". He regretted that he could not advise regarding the "orthodox" uses but he obligingly reproduced the entire keyboard of the Hebrew typewriter!

Since this number symbol has no name it may be a recent acquisition from script. The "and" symbol is easily traceable from the Latin "et" just as our longhand retains a modified "t".

But the diagonal line has lived a thousand years without a name. It was first used to mark off sentences and clauses. It appeared also in the form of the Arabic numeral "7". It finally dwindled into a little curlicued tail and merged its identity with the Greek comma. The ancient "7" is still found in use by proofreaders who use its vertical shaft to separate words, adding to its lower extremity a short line running to the right.

In classical Latin punctuation was unnecessary. A verb marked the end of the sentence. "Que" did for commas. "Sic" or "ita" would now be colons. Questions were introduced with unmistakable words of inquiry and the subjunctive was used for exclamation.

When Latin degenerated meanings became ambiguous. Garbled words had to be separated. The diagonal line came in use to separate grammatical entities. For several hundred years grammar struggled along with makeshift indicators till in the 16th century a Venetian printer, Aldus Manutius, introduced Greek punctuation and used it with some semblance of consistency.

Manutius apparently did not know the scope of the problem and therefore failed to see it in perspective. In an alphabet language, letters allocate parts of the mouth whence a sound issues. As there are more sounds than letters, punctuation serves to multiply the functions of a single letter. When a letter or its compounds forms a distinctly pronounceable sound, the resulting syllable is used to signify a thing, as when a child says "moo" for cow. Syllables or their compounds, words, when placed in relation are called phrases (ideas). Phrases or/and words in relation become sentences (thoughts). And so in the recording of mental processes come paragraphs, sections, chapters and books. The punctuation of books is their bindings, of chapters their headings, of sections and paragraphs the S-astride-an-S and the reversed P with the double shaft, respectively.

Manutius was concerned chiefly with the grammatical and rhetorical punctuation of the sentence. Instead of the ungainly diagonal he used the Greek colon. To mark subordinate parts he used the Greek period, probably because it looked like a half colon.

Presently the Greek period came to be known as the full-stop or stop, as in telegrams today. The colon found a peculiar use within the sentence as the fulcrum of a balanced thought or as a taking-off place for a group of subordinate, kindred thoughts. Period is Greek for "circuit". And ever since the discovery of electricity, college professors have expressed alarm over dangling participles.

The diagonal line next is found, shrunken into the Greek comma, at the most critical points, the ends of grammatical entities. The semicolon (which was the Greek question mark) becomes a master comma.

Turned upside down, the Greek question

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mark, our semicolon, suggests our own question mark (⁏). One guesses that the printers, finding that the inverted semicolon broke the alignment of the type, substituted an upright comma (or apostrophe) over a period and so created the question mark (;). Others say, however, that manuscript writers put a small Roman capital Q over the period and then learned to make the Q in a single stroke (?). Today in Spanish the question mark is inverted at the beginning of a sentence and upright at the end.

Printers found that the Greek question mark, our semicolon, used in the Spanish way, made useful quotation marks (⁏;). Although quotes have come to be known as inverted commas (whereas they should be known as apostrophes), they never have been anything but a printer's expedient. The real origin of quotes seems to be the German use of parallel pairs of marks like elongated accents. Now these marks closely resemble the marks used to indicate a passage to be clipped. Clipped for what? For quoting! And there you are — maybe.

Another style of quotation marks resembles two pairs of capitals V, pointing West and East respectively (< >). They are now recommended by the Government Printing Office for use as inside parentheses. The pair of semicolons (⁏;), once used as quotes, may be the antecedents of regular parentheses.

The Greek question mark, our semicolon, inverted, is also looked upon as the embryo exclamation-point. But the early appearance of V-shaped check marks over periods indicates that the exclamation-point is merely an accented period. According to another version, however, it is the exclamation Oh! or O!, later written as an accented o (ȯ), of which the period is now the vestigial letter. The pictorial value of this mark, suggesting the arrow approaching a bulls-eye, is so great that exclamation-points have outgrown their use and are now used, particularly in advertising, to attract attention.

There is no telling all that printers have done to language through punctuation or otherwise. But the "ye" which labels the like of antiqued coffee shops was once a printer's device for plain t-h-e. Some printer with a Teuton leaning probably regarded "th" inadequate to represent the sound we make with tongue between teeth. So he used the Greek letter for that sound. And, running out of the Greek letter, used the nearest thing to it, our "y". So there is no reason for pronouncing the "y" in "ye" as in "yes". Those who say "thou" for "you" are probably right after all.

All this punctuating, designed to make the grammar clear, has tended to make the writer careless. It facilitates the piling up of idea upon idea, all in one sentence. Ruskin and Macauley did this skillfully. Others use commas like hairpins. Dressing long sentences almost requires a beauty specialist. Bobbing them helps you get down to work on time.

Comma is Greek for "a piece cut off". The suggestion of "tail" is irresistible. So I looked up "comet" in Webster. It is derived from the Greek for "tail". And the word "coma", meaning "hair" refers to the streamers of a comet.

Little tail-like marks on the wing give a name to the comma butterfly. In zoölogy the arrangement of marks is known as punctuation. A tiny germ with a curling tail is known as the comma bacillus. And finally the disease of using too many commas is known as commatism. The word is in Webster. So, you long haired, long sentence writers, you are commatists! All this from the mediaeval diagonal line.

The number of commas on a page is in inverse proportion to the number of periods. But comma germs give an untidy look and make one feel that the page ought to be sent to the dry cleaners to have the spots removed. Not many years ago Arthur Brisbane showed in an editorial how easily we could do away with periods.

In fact, while an encyclopedia can be written about punctuation, we could throw the whole business off the dock tomorrow. In this age we cannot afford to be hampered with long skirts or long sentences. Both impede our faster movement. One must write so that those who drive automobiles may read. Advertisers find that sentences of more than twenty-five words do not catch on. Commas trip you up. And those who still maintain that commas should be used

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rhetorically to mark pauses in speech must now surrender. We have no time to pause. By the way, remember the pin that dropped during a pause and was heard because it was so quiet? Well, that pin was a comma.

Punctuation is a nuisance in a day when stenographers transcribe on electrically driven typewriters. The shorthand machine will probably reappear. Maybe we will learn how to read shorthand electrically typed. Radio promises an international language, to be written phonetically perhaps. Association with the Orient may lead to a complete reorganization of the system of logic behind our language. Soon we may be talking picture language into machines which transcribe readable voice waves before our eyes. And with wireless — my word.

At any rate language is a cumbersome instrument. And while we await a great inventor we can not afford to put much effort on patching and punctuating. For the present we hope for the best that the new stenographer will not put all the commas before the ands and hyphenate the words in the middle of syllables.

JOSEPHUS

By Elizabeth Hallowell

FOR years Josephus sat on the lowest shelf of our bookcase. He was a large, stolid, leather volume bound in heavy calf, a real tome, an out-size book. He sat between the dictionaries and Cooper's "Virgil", and towered head and shoulders above even Liddell's "Greek Lexicon". His full name was "Flavius Josephus — Antiquities and Wars of the Jews". All the aunts and the uncle venerated Josephus; he was an heirloom, of noble rank among the family Lares and Penates. Yet, though Josephus was revered by them all, I don't remember that any one of them ever opened him. But there he sat on our bottom shelf and took up room. And in a home where bookshelves were always too few, and books too many, that was a serious matter. I say Josephus sat. Occasionally he was sat upon, when the presence of youthful visitors necessitated an improvised high chair. At such times Josephus was really useful. And occasionally, too, he came out to sit upon our herbaria. But for the most part, calm like Buddha, he sat upon his shelf. Other books might come and go, have their day and cease to be, but there on his shelf, in the bookcase, Josephus sat.

Now our practical-minded mother had little patience with Josephus. She complained that no one read him; that he simply sat on his shelf, and took up room, and had to be dusted. Not being a Hallowell born, she could not be expected to honor all the Hallowell traditions. My brother and I, of the next generation, even though Hallowell born, openly jeered at Josephus. We thought him smug and self-righteous sitting there on the shelf in his worn calf binding, and crowding out our favorite volumes. We had looked into him, and found him a wordy individual with a rather too serious outlook on life. Josephus might be a family tradition, but we had no intention of reading him. So at Thanksgiving reunions and other family conclaves, the question of Josephus's future usually came up. Our mother began the discussions. She always started something when she suggested that Josephus give up his seat to books in more frequent use. At once there rose a horrified chorus. Part with Josephus! Sell Josephus to the old-book man! Give Josephus to the Morgan Memorial! Send Josephus to the public library! Not to be thought of. Why, Josephus was a classic! Josephus was a valuable book! Josephus had cost a lot of money in his day! Josephus was a reference book of parts! You could get all sorts of useful information from Josephus! The aunts and the uncle said that they had always been fond of Josephus; they had read him as children; they would like nothing better than to read him again; read him anew each year, they implied. To each in turn our mother offered Josephus as a gift. Had they been differently situated, how gladly would they have accepted the offer! But, alas, their

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homes were small; they had no suitable quarters for Josephus; he would be happier with us. So Josephus sat on his shelf, and the years went by.

At last, when one of these family discussions threatened to become somewhat heated, our uncle spoke up. He said that, even if no one else appreciated Josephus, he certainly did. He said that he would like to have the book; that he would care for it as a family Lar; that he was really eager to read again the "Antiquities and Wars", and to renew his acquaintance with those early Jewish heroes. He said that he would take Josephus into his home, and would cherish him. But, alas, on that particular day he was in a hurry; he had no time to prepare Josephus for the journey; the next time he came to visit us, Josephus should companion his return. Poor Josephus! Each time our uncle came, the departure was postponed. Our uncle was in haste; the car was crowded; he was not going directly home. He would take Josephus on the next trip. Months passed, and Josephus still sat on his shelf. Younger classics and near-classics elbowed and jostled him, but he never budged. So again the years went by, and Josephus sat on his shelf.

Josephus left us. He went on a journey. He went by train. We bought him a ticket; we put him in charge of a kindly express-man who promised to see him safely to his journey's end. What our uncle said when Josephus appeared to him we shall never know. We received a very cordial letter of gratitude; we trust it was sincere. We cherish fond memories of Josephus, but we do not really miss him. Other books have taken his place upon our shelves. We hope he is happy in his new home. And we like to think of our uncle on winter evenings, sitting quietly by the fire with Josephus on his lap, happily rereading the account of the early triumphs and trials of the Jewish people.

THE FLOATING THEATER THRIVES

By Thoda Cocroft

Telegram: —
Captain Bill Menke
Show-Boat Golden Rod
At River Landing.

GIVE ME YOUR ROUTE VERY ANXIOUS TO VISIT YOUR THEATER

Edna Ferber.

IN the box office of the Floating Theater "Golden Rod", Captain Bill Menke displayed a familiar Western Union blank. The 1925 date-line gave typed evidence to the receipt of this treasured *étalage*. The faded yellow, graying letters and dog's-eared corners made pronouncement of frequent exposure to river vapors and predacious thumbing from other Show Boat skippers.

"I never heard of her so I never sent no answer."

The Captain's common-sense dialectics invited no discussion. Yet apparently when "Show Boat" was published the Ferber communication had been salvaged from the season's unanswered correspondence and paraded before all visitors.

Without a doubt the book has had a subtly pleasant effect on show boat box-office receipts despite the fact that the "Golden Rod" did not figure in Miss Ferber's novel.

"Show Boat business is sure big."

This was the Captain's summary of the situation. For twenty-five years under his management the "Golden Rod" and her sister ship, "French's Sensation Show Boat" Number 3 have visited river towns("French's Sensation Show Boat" Numbers 1 and 2 dating back fifty years) along the Kanawa, the Monongahela, the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, the Mississippi, the Illinois and the Missouri rivers, these two boats of the dozen show-boats on the inland rivers of America being the only ones to regularly ply the Upper Mississippi and the Missouri. Yet in Menke's quarter century's experience in the Show Boat business, profits have never been more gratifying than at the present

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time. In large cities where the "Golden Rod Floating Theater" has not appeared in years, Captain Menke is able to steam in and make a S. R. O. killing. "Folks come for miles," he explained, "folks who never saw a show boat before. But we only play one night stands even in the big towns. The novelty wears off pretty quick after that."

Whether or not these novelty-seekers in the large cities which the show boats are successfully billing this year will continue their patronage remains to be tested by subsequent seasons' routing. Certainly the small towns which have been regularly visited show no diminution in their response to the calliope's noon-time concert.

It is possible, of course, that in these small, regularly routed towns, the booming business may not be directly traceable to the Ferber novel, since the book-reading habit in towns of four and five hundred is not widespread. Nevertheless Captain Menke and other Show Boat skippers might safely give thanks for the wave of interest which the novel has stirred up — a publicity-feat which has necessitated no press-agent's fee, nor any advance-man's expense account; not even so much as a couple of ducats to see the show. Yet Herr Captain hands no bouquets to Miss Ferber. His first protest is that she is guilty of routing her boat *overland.*

If there are any errors, however, in the booking of Captain Andy's "Cottonblossom" they may be reasonably excused on the grounds of author's licence; though naturally the discrepancies between Miss Ferber's show boat of fifty years ago and the "Golden Rod" today are numerous. There is no high-noon parade, no actors or musicians marching the streets; instead, the picture-frames containing photographs of the actors and the play are set up in the towns very much like the frames are displayed along Broadway, advertising New York attractions. There is none of the deadly earnestness, take-it-for-gospel-truth attitude, among the audience.

The patrons of today's show boat have been nurtured on motion pictures. If they are offered melodrama it must be authentic. It must bring the conviction of accurate detail; and, since the show boat's stage equipment cannot vie in this respect with the limitless resources of Hollywood, they are left the type of entertainment which pictures do not fulfill — in short, the vaudeville act. On every show boat today the vaudeville act with its wise-cracks, local jokes, and song-and-dance interludes, is the most popular. "French's New Sensation" carries only vaudeville acts and a musical tabloid (brief skeleton of a musical comedy). After good vaudeville acts have been selected, a choice is made from Broadway plays of two or three years before. This season Captain Menke considered "Lightnin'" but since the Chautauqua was playing it through some of his territory his final selection was "The Cat and The Canary", a choice governed by the fact that the biggest business he ever did on the river was with a mystery-play called "The Spook" — the same season incidentally in which "Show Boat" was published. As a relief bill on his return engagement he is using "Main Street Folks". Other old favorites such as "Bought and Paid For" and "Peg o' My Heart" have been played by his troupes, but none of the play-bills have the drawing power of good vaudeville acts.

In engaging actors, Captain Menke insists upon doubles — man and wife. Singles, he says, always make trouble. One of the actors — the heavy, in the case of Captain Menke's troupe — acts as director. Living-quarters are assigned to each couple. The dressing-rooms are quite separate and in *back* of the stage as in the usual theater, not in combination with the bed-room, as in Miss Ferber's book. The average salary is $50 per week for each couple.

In contrast with the road-company actor the show boat thespian has a chance to save real money. His food and lodging cost him nothing. In the dining-room (dining-rooms and kitchen are situated on the steam boat which pushes the theater boat and not below deck on the show boat, as in Miss Ferber's account) he is served bountifully from the best river-country produce. His afternoons are spent reading or smoking or fishing, sitting in the sunshine on the upper deck above the improvised theater lobby; his evenings only are reserved for acting. And since no elaborate wardrobe is required, and since

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there are no great social demands practically all his weekly salary may be saved.

Yet it is not the actors, or even the occasional trouble-making singles, which are a problem on the show boat. Nor is it the crew, who double as stage hands. The harassing question on board the show boat is the cook. Almost weekly cooks are hired and fired. Good cooks cost more than actors and are more difficult to keep. Captain Menke has employed Swedish, Chinese and French chefs. Yet he is still inserting Want Ads for "a good cook".

No longer is there any laying up of the show boat for the winter. Steam-heat has obviated cold weather discomforts for actors and audience. Consequently, beginning early this season, the boat has been steaming down the river, pushing the Floating Theater before it. With the fall season it turns back up the river, playing a return engagement in "Main Street Folks". One hundred miles down stream and fifty miles up stream are the record daily jumps. If the weather chances to be bad and the boat cannot make the town where it is billed for the night, Captain Menke's policy is to skip the engagement. An advance agent travels ahead of the show boat in a Ford, billing the town exactly as he would for a road show.

Clambering down through the thick growth of golden rod along the river banks at St. Claire, Iowa, up the gang-plank and onto the "Golden Rod" itself, is decidedly a romantic adventure. The theater is arranged very much like any other except that the show boat theater is set on an enormous barge. There is a box-office and small lobby over the water, a lower floor divided into 75, 50 and 30 cent seats, three boxes on each side and a balcony — altogether seats for about twelve hundred persons. There are no programs and no orchestra, but a piano player only, who opens the bill and accompanies the vaudeville acts.

At night when the theater is lighted and every electric lamp shines out across the water in bright, rippling ribbons, when from the show boat lobby the moon and stars are visible over the smooth, dark stream of the Mississippi, the opposite shore shrouded in mysterious blackness; and when from the bank near at hand come loud night noises as the audience troupes aboard to see the show, then there is complete fascination in the picture. In the daytime a little of the glamor rubs off; the boat which appeared like a fairy palace by electric light shows up a graying white, complaining for a fresh coat of paint, and the sag in the decks is apparent and the moth spots stand out in the red velvet seats. Still the savor of romance is there, even though the calliope has changed its tunes from the old tinkly songs to modern jazz. And still the river towns are ready to recognize, more than ever before, that the entertainment on board the show boat is worth a little more than the price of a motion picture.

Just how much the present boom is due to Miss Ferber's gratuitous publicity can never be accurately reckoned. It is certain, however, that one show boat captain, on the strength of the novel's vogue, is considering a change of territory from towns of four, five and six hundred population and coming into our second largest city of three millions, casting anchor at the State or Madison Street Bridge and "packing 'em in" for an entire season.

ORPHEUS AND HIS LOOT

By Winthrop Parkhurst

THERE are innumerable superstitions passing themselves off, in places less outwardly idiotic than insane asylums, for intelligent opinions on the high art of music. And some day, which will be a warm one for the defendants, these lesions of the public brain will be indicted formally. For example, why is the human voice considered superior to all man-contrived instruments? Is this particular opinion based on a discreet fear of the Almighty, or on a genuine preference for the product of the human larynx?

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In neither case is there much to say for it musically. Again, how does it come to pass that Sir Edward Elgar is always ranked as a composer? Inasmuch as Sir Edward has never composed a single measure of music, calling him a musical composer is patent folly. Yet again, whence arose the widely sustained belief that Bach invented the fugue, and that his compositions are almost exclusively fugal?

I inveigh against three popular beliefs, selected nearly at random from a hundred, that are contrary to plain fact or aesthetically monstrous. And, as I say, some critic of the tonal art has, in these same absurdities, ample material for a long bill of black particulars. Indeed, the views of most men regarding music, so far as those views are articulated, are well past the comprehension of musicians. It is true that the art of tone does not invite eloquence; in its higher reaches it simply shames eloquence. And it is doubtless for this reason, at least in part, that musicians are notably chary with their verbal offerings: they know, as other men seemingly do not, that music is composed for the exact reason that it says what no words can articulate — just as words themselves can say what no tones are truly able to utter.

But if musicians of the lesser fry sometimes forget this, and lamely verbalize their emotions over music when they should be releasing those particular emotions in still more music, folly more fatuous yet is the part of men who attempt to describe those features of the tonal art which do plainly lie within the compass of the English language and nevertheless are hopelessly bewrayed by the speaker.

For there is clearly much in music that can be talked of. There are many points, emotional as well as technical, that lend themselves to intelligible discussion, exposition, appraisal. Above all others there is one point which invites a minimum of empty rhetoric and bald mis-statement. Unfortunately it receives more than a maximum. I refer, it hardly need be said, to musical theory.

That the mere words *harmony, counterpoint, fugue,* and *canon* are words sufficient to throw non-professional music-lovers into a polite panic of humility over their technical ignorance — this is a truth that will brook no argument. But what is the real reason for that humility? Is it due to the actual intricacies of musical theory? Is it due to the fact that only minds of unusual talents can grapple with them? Is it due to an impossibility of mastering the groundwork of musical composition without indulging in labors positively herculean? Not at all. It is not due to any of these alleged facts, for facts they are not. It is due, and due entirely, to a very curious but utterly baseless superstitition.

It is unquestionable that musicians themselves, especially those who sell instruction in musical theory, often abet this pathetic superstition. Nor is their reason for so doing at all mysterious. On the one hand the pedagogue who hymns the inordinate complexity of his subject is delicately paying himself no distant compliment for having mastered it. Furthermore, once initiated into these Eleusinian mysteries, he is cloaked in a halo of purple glory — and his pupils flock to his door in prostrate attitudes. On the other hand, an itching professional palm is no slight stimulus. Since what is difficult can be mastered in no short interval, the pupil does not chafe under the burden, as he otherwise might, of paying out tuition fees over an absurdly protracted period. The more frightfully difficult the subject, the greater are the ambition and the talent of the student in having determined to invade such lofty territory, in the first place, and in making any progress upward at all, in the second place. The student's attention, naturally, is seldom diverted from either the premise or the conclusion. And by musical pedagogues who are either dishonest men, or conceited men, or both — and very often they are both — the tradition is thus kept inflated to its full capacity.

But (it may be asked) is there not some justification for this general belief in the difficulty inherent in, say, harmonic analysis — to mention the first and most important branch of musical theory? Does not even the gifted student require at least a year for such a grave and awful study? Is this not

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further proved by the fact that musical students of average intelligence may be caught floundering through inversions of the secondary seventh-chords during their second year of exalted aches and pains in our leading institutes?

Alas, the superstition which I am attacking can find no comfort here. It would remain an unjustifiable belief were those students to flounder on for a decade. For it is neither the inherent difficulty of harmonic analysis nor the native dulness of the average student that is responsible. What is responsible is simply the incompetence of instructors who, filled with learning as they may be, do not know how to discharge it into waiting receptacles. And that they are able to hold their posts despite this incompetence is again due, fundamentally, to one circumstance: the widespread conviction that imparting such knowledge must naturally and inevitably be a slow, painful, and (to the teacher) profitable process. No one emits a defiant wail, so nothing happens.

How long, commonly, does the student take to go through a thorough course in fundamental harmony? A year is the usual time, but not seldom that period is almost doubled. How long should actually be necessary? Not more than three months for the bright student, four for one less brilliant, six for everyone else — including morons. And I am here assuming that he spends only a daily hour on his exercises, and hangs his hat on the professor's chandelier but twice each sennight; increase the pressure a reasonable amount, and the intervals just mentioned would be diminished.

In addition to this, under competent instruction there is no reason at all why the harmony student should not simultaneously become proficient in aural analysis. He should be able, as few first-year harmony students are able, to hear all the exercises he is writing, and without the slightest assistance from a piano. He should be able, too, not only to read figured basses *prima vista*, but also to dictate figured basses orally to his teacher, and (more important still) to analyze a simple composition into figured basses as soon as it is played for him. His agility in these matters, of course, will be augmented by extended experience; but he most certainly has not mastered fundamental harmony until he can essay every one of these essential feats with moderate competence. That hardly one pupil out of ten, even after a full year's instruction, can do all these simple things easily — and they are no harder to do than learning the multiplication table up to the square of 20 — is a flat disgrace to normal musical pedagogy. If it be recalled, in addition, that most harmony students spend the better part of a year in merely training their eyes to grasp inversions of the common triads and seventh-chords, and do not get their ears trained before the undertaker snatches them; that suspension and anticipation are ranked among transcendental mysteries for advanced students; and that none but musical geniuses are expected, after eight months' regular discipline, to be even within hailing distance of the abracadabra of counterpoint — then, though that may seem impossible, the charge grows graver.

What is the cause of this absurd condition? I have offered a few suggestions, though obviously I have not exhausted all contributory elements. Chiefly I should say that incompetence and venality in the professorial ranks are the two largest buzzing gadflies in the ointment. But behind and supporting these professors, morally and financially, is a well built-up inferiority complex in the general public. Those who do not plan to become professional musicians are frightened away from the basic elements of musical learning, and simply because a high wall of traditional difficulty looms before them; whilst those who do make bold to storm the portals of musical theory, in the intelligent belief that it is an indispensable part of the equipment of any musician, and no mere routine to be shirked skilfully by budding composers — these, I repeat, are not let past the gate until they have first fallen down in abject attitudes that fill the professors' pockets with gold, and their own breasts with a pleasant feeling of grand temerity.

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BUSINESS IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL

By Charles R. Walker

AT the height of America's commercial success on the high seas, de Tocqueville wrote an extraordinary passage describing American enterprise and acutely setting it apart from its European competitor.

"The European sailor," he wrote, "navigates with prudence; he only sets sail when the weather is favorable. . . . But the American neglects these precautions and braves these dangers. He weighs anchor in the midst of tempestuous gales. . . . It is true that during a voyage of eight or ten months he has drunk brackish water and lived upon salt meat; that he has been in a continual contest with the sea, with disease and with a tedious existence; but, upon his return, he can sell a pound of his tea for a half-penny less than the English merchant, and his purpose is accomplished.

"I cannot better explain my meaning than by saying that *the Americans affect a sort of heroism in their manner of trading.* But the European merchant will always find it very difficult to imitate his American competitor, who in adopting the system which I have just described, follows *not only a calculation of his gain, but an impulse of his nature.*"

This essence of a commercial supremacy as well as its tangible expression in ships and cargo did not pass into history before taking a place in our literature, in de Tocqueville, to begin with, and in the sheer narrative of "Two Years Before the Mast". Then later it was transmuted to fiction in the salt pages of Herman Melville.

In our own day, Business in its multiform expression is the chief drudgery and adventure of American manhood. We have a few de Tocquevilles, but no Melvilles to record either the essential spirit — if it have any — or the physical features of our contemporary adventure. "Success stories" we produce, of course, in quantity, telling over the eternal theme of the clerk's rise to the Presidency, but it is a matter of aesthetic and psychological interest that none of our great novels have dealt with business — the universal theme of American preoccupation. Since the Armistice the older and more sophisticated portions of the earth have regarded America with curiosity — mixed, to be sure, with both envy and scorn — as the home of super-business, as the land equally fecund of machines and millionaires. But it is a singular fact that an inquiring European desirous of understanding the emotional hinterland of the dollar will get almost no help in fiction. He will do better to study our advertising and oil prospectuses.

Not that Business has never penetrated the American novel, but it has entered almost always with the shadow of the muckrake upon it, or the halo of the professional optimist. As an indirect influence it has, of course, been with us always — every American novel is conditioned and flavored by the sense of time, the attitude toward money, the reaction to jazz, etc., which in any ultimate bookkeeping must be credited to Business, but this is at several removes from the source of energy. At first hand the subject has hardly been attacked. A business man's mind in action is neglected, though the atmosphere at home on his return is recorded by a hundred novelists. Nor has the intangible essence which Americans love to call "individual enterprise", or the "American idea", been embodied in any novel. Fiction about Big Business is all fake, or else it isn't fiction at all, but a Rotarian shout, or moral satire. This is a singular neglect. The American's devotion to business has often been utilized to show how philistine he is, or to furnish a motive for his wife's affair with the violinist — it has never been seriously explored. I dare say the record would prove as interesting as his sexual excesses. Perhaps it will come when business, as the chief interest in American life, is on the wane, and politics or international finance or war has taken its

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place. No American was able to write a novel upon Puritanism till its chief fires were spent. Then Hawthorne did it with singular perfection. "The Scarlet Letter" does not expose Puritanism; it embodies it with a curious finality in fiction.

It was inevitable, perhaps, that the impulse which first brought Americans to describe American business with any show of truth or vitality was not the impulse of the novelist. Occasionally by lucky accident it produced novels. But moral indignation strongly blended with reporter's curiosity was the energizing force. In Frank Norris it found perhaps its purest expression. Do you remember "The Pit" and "The Octopus"? They were popular at about the time of the tandem bicycle. And there was to be a third to complete the gigantic industrial trilogy of "Wheat". "The Pit" told of the malign machinations of financiers to corner the wheat market; it is the story of a Chicago speculator. "The Octopus" portrayed in broad crude strokes the predatory methods of railway magnates in the nineties. Then Norris died, still a young man, before he could complete his trilogy, or perhaps plough more intensively the vast and virgin territory he had staked off. His books are still interesting, though their stature as novels has shrunk regrettably. In "The Octopus" — much the better of the two — hundreds of pages, given over to wild west romance, surround and sweeten the railroad hearings which are at the center of the sandwich. But Norris is careful to have the fortune and even the life of every character hang upon the railroad. The notorious rebate system, the hoisting of rates till the helpless farmer is ruined, the intricacies of the "long and short haul" are inwoven with love and marriage. Unfortunately, secret conferences and frame-ups are set down, along with party caucuses, with the detail and detachment of the court reporter, furbished a little with the adverbs and adjectives of the novelist. At one or two points the character-interest deepens, notably when Norris portrays the moral predicament — the "psychology" as it began to be proudly termed — of an honest politician compelled to make a choice between bribing the railroad officials or accepting the utter ruin of his constituents. Except for these rare instances, the pen of the muckraker is content with black and white work. Only once does a prong get under the mask of the villains. It is toward the end in a ten-minute interview with an even-voiced, immobile magnate who states that he is himself merely a slave to the great impersonal drive of industry. Except for this the book is a story of victims. Farmers, politicians, laborers, railway employees, one after the other fall under the foot of the Octopus. At the end Norris strives by a grand coup to hoist the whole to a plane of impersonal and universal tragedy. He has one of his magnates, while inspecting an elevator, fall into the stream of wheat within, and there, slowly, inescapably and very symbolically, he allows him to be choked to death — by wheat!

Another writer on business whose roots lie in the muddy ground upturned by moral indignation is Upton Sinclair. He is greater than Norris, both as muckraker and novelist, and far too much neglected by his own countrymen. In Europe, for a quarter of a century, he has won a large following and considerable praise from the judicious. Like Norris, Sinclair's humanity revolted violently against the unashamed political corruption and industrial rough-stuff of his day. While Norris was writing about the railroad octopus, Sinclair was bringing out his exposures of the Chicago packers — very aptly, it turned out — on the heels of the tainted meat scandals in Cuba. It was a crucial moment, and "The Jungle" became the most magnificent piece of muckraking in history. To begin with, it was documented up to the hilt; it was human, dramatic, horrible and blistering even to the most corporate skin. It brought about the reform of the packers and netted Sinclair $30,000. But while like Norris's books it was written to expose a social evil, it happens to have been written by an artist.

I have just re-read "The Jungle", and the workmen of "Packingtown" with the slaughter-houses where they work and the rotting tenements where they sleep, sear themselves all over again into the mind with an undiminished power of corrosion. The better portions live with an immortal horror, after the

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manner of a story of Dostoievsky. The impression that comes from a re-reading of "The Jungle" is curiously distinct from the emotions stirred on re-examining "The Octopus", though both flowered in the same era, and under the same impulse. The key lies in the temper of Norris and Sinclair. Norris's moral sense was deeply stirred by the evils of his time, and he writes in protest against them. But Sinclair on his part was lacerated and tortured by what he saw. Agony has scalded these sentences without destroying pity or the power of observation. If Norris is the Protestant muckraker, Sinclair — in his better moments — is the Catholic sufferer.

The same blend of real feeling with a novelist's skill and a socialist philosophy is apparent in Upton Sinclair's latest book, "Oil". This is a somewhat heartier novel than "The Jungle", a jollier, and in certain ways, a richer and deeper one. Of the books between these two there is little to interest the student of novels. There are able tracts and silly ones, but no novels.

For some years now because of Sinclair's real talent for fiction, critics have been lamenting that a true novelist was here foully murdered by the sword of Socialism. I think the theory a doubtful one. Socialism seems to have been the sole force which drove Upton Sinclair into contact with the external world, and opened his imagination. Before that contact he was an anaemic hack writer with an impossible poetic ideal. Afterward he became at intervals an artist.

Above both of these children of rebellion looms the bulk of another writer on American business — the amorphous, ungrammatical but impressive genius, Theodore Dreiser. In the opinion of many of our critics, he is America's greatest novelist, and his place in the history of those who have novelized industry is of the first importance. Has he, to begin with, told more of the truth about business than the others? And in the second place, has he managed to transmute the truth into the substance of novels?

Every book in the Dreiser canon from "Jennie Gerhardt" to "An American Tragedy" has been saturated with the American scene. The plot, temper, atmosphere, psychology, language in "An American Tragedy" could only have come out of America, could, in fact, only have come out of post-war urban America. And that atmosphere is very much the darling product of the American business-man, from its over-tipped bellboys to its efficient tin-can factories and small middle western towns of water-tight morality. All of Dreiser's other books display the same intense absorption in American noise, color and psychology. Upon that absorption the plea that Dreiser is the novelist of an industrialized United States has very promising argument. But when the author of "The Financier" leaves the outward environment of America for the interior wills and consciences of his characters, or even when he leaves the streets of the city for the inside of office and factory, his realism falters and his imagination turns for energy to his personal philosophy. As many a critic has busied himself in saying, Dreiser's characters all love power fanatically, indulge their passions to excess, worship size and regard all civilized convention as the shell of an obsolete morality or the shield of vested interests. This "philosophy" of Dreiser's has a drastically limiting effect upon his work — on both his power to write about business and his power to write novels.

Dreiser has devoted two very long books to the business world: "The Financier" and "The Titan". They are full of interesting and accurate information about that period in American life when certain entrepreneurs bore a close resemblance to the predatory barons of the thirteenth century. But unfortunately Dreiser has no point of orientation, either social or artistic, from which he can view and describe his characters. He has energy, but his thought is without perspective, as his eye is devoid of range. It is clear that he admires the predatory barons enormously, but it can't be said that he writes from their viewpoint. He writes from the viewpoint of a poor journalist, without very much knowledge of the world, who would like to be a predatory baron, though at the same time pitying the baron's victims — of which he happens to be one himself. Whenever Dreiser pictures the character of a person without background,

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standards, traditions, or a trained mind, who worships size, success and power, he writes convincingly, because he writes from the absolute inside. But of other types he speaks artificially and dully. He describes their exterior and the exterior of their environment with enormous industry and effectiveness, but their souls without exception are Dreiserian.

The noise, color, ruthlessness and size of American civilization Dresier feels and records with a realistic conviction beyond that of any artist. But because that civilization despite its novelty has roots reaching beyond the Chicago of the 80's, Dreiser's transcripts are punctured with gaps of blindness and puerility. For all that, he has probably come nearer to catching American business in a novel than any writer living or dead, and if he has failed to explore its interior places, he has caught its tempo and its color. For his services, in breaking through the sugar-coated novels of his day, the Graustarks and the success romances of the mid-Tarkington period, American literature owes him a heavy debt.

The three writers touched on above have always for quite obvious reasons remained outside the main stream of American fictional development. To the American artist within that stream, business with all its trappings of efficiency and philistinism has seemed — and not unreasonably — a part of that hostile environment which he as an artist is called upon to defeat or escape. For the typical American artist there has always been a blood-feud between the promptings of his soul and the whole impulse and philosophy of American business. This has been true from Henry James's day — and probably earlier — to our own, and unquestionably it accounts for novelists hesitating to becloud their temperaments with industrial material. The attitude is by no means an exclusively American one. Sensitive persons throughout the world have for a hundred years tended to regard industrialism as departure and regress from a golden age of culture, an age before plumbing and American elevators corrupted mankind. The case for such an attitude is a strong one, and has competent defenders in all the arts. In America, Mr. Cram, the architect, is archpriest of the philosophy, which he extends to all departments of human activity. Unfortunately in America the viewpoint is particularly dangerous to artistic vitality, because here there is only a scanty and anaemic pre-industrial civilization to honor and sentimentalize, so that the artist tends to become an insulated aesthete and the businessman an insulated barbarian. In this fashion, each goes his own way, indifferent or suspicious or patronizing toward the other.

This artistic scepticism of the overwhelming industrial environment that surrounds us has dictated, I believe, both a literature of escape, and a lusty and ever-growing literature of disgust. The rise of a whole school devoted to flaying what Mr. Mencken calls the American Booboisie is founded in part upon the reaction of civilized instincts to an untamed industrial environment, and in part on the failure of an anaemic aestheticism to explore the world in which it lives. As the supreme achievement in this new literature of Disgust, stands the great novel of American boobery, "Babbitt". This magnificent satire has materialized a type of American, known, scorned and chuckled over wherever the English tongue is spoken. As a closely documented satire, it is a great book, but its method, strictly speaking, is allied to moral rather than imaginative literature. It is nearer, for all its imagination, the didactic tract than the imaginative novel. I doubt if any man has ever observed America with a more accurate and detailed vision than its author. But he has observed the American scene not to interpret but to flay it. Lewis writes with a hatred that is warm, pervasive, personal and detailed. So accurately and with such gusto does he describe the sordid mediocrities and philistinism and aesthetic indecencies of America that one feels equally that his spirit both feeds upon and abhors the substance of his art. There is strong passion in him, but it is the passion of scorn distilled into a heated varnish of words. With that varnish he covers America.

In thus running over quickly the novels of American business I have of course omitted

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thousands in which the business man appears and in which the noise of wheels is heard. But if there are any genuine novels wherein Business is the real protagonist, which are of comparable quality with those I have mentioned, I wish my readers would inform me. Sceptical of their existence, I am nevertheless earnestly seeking them, and I wish my readers would prove me ignorant and a pessimist by writing their names on a post-card. If the card is addressed Care of THE BOOKMAN, it will reach me, and I will revise my views.

With the approach of any novelty in the economic environment, there are always writers who seize upon it for fantastic ridicule and prophecy. It has been so at all stages of the industrial revolution. When the steam coach was a lusty infant of a dozen years, a literature of grotesque imaginings greeted it. The Masters of boys saw it as a corruption to morals, and forbade the iron horse from steaming past Eton. Scientists in Germany wrote treatises proving that its noise and smell would undermine the health not only of passengers but of spectators! And finally imaginative writers drew a picture of flame and clamor which dwarfed the monsters of mythology. I hope in this brief article I have not suggested that the putting of business into the novel would mean somehow a delineation of monsters or mechanical novelties. The opposite is the case. When the railroad was arousing literary images of fantastic terror in the thirties and forties, it was of no influence on the fundamental culture of mankind. Today when the net-work of railroad transportation alters the color and tempo of our thoughts, the Iron Horse as a literary image has faded away.

One fundamental reason why modern business in its "spirit" and its incidence on character has never been caught in literature is its fatal novelty. Artists who employ words have avoided it as philistine or celebrated it as monstrous or utopian. Its interior effects have been neglected, partly because writers are badly trained for these specialized perceptions, partly because the effects are in flux. Only when there has been a more complete acquaintance with the contemporary scene by artists, and public, followed by a more perfect forgetting, will there be serious and competent novels on business.

The achievement of this *understanding through oblivion* will perhaps come more swiftly in America than in Europe. For here we have been accustomed to the noise and convenience of machinery from our birth. If Americans are for the most part eager to accept new machines and their masters, Europeans — hitherto at least — have received both with scepticism and reluctance. Having acclimatized ourselves more fully to the environment of iron and steel, we have perhaps a better chance of completing the adjustment and turning our minds to other things.

The first condition at any rate for a genuine novel of American business is for the novelist to know his environment and then forget it.

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OUR LITTLE BROTHER WRITES A PLAY

By Robert Cortes Holliday

WE live in the Beekman section of town. There are three of us, or rather there were three before Michael wrote his play, now there are but two. Michael still leaves here a rumpled shirt and a pair of cream-colored pants — by way of staking out a claim — but that's all. His collar is gone from the middle of the floor of the back room where it stayed precisely in one spot for I don't know how many weeks — or was it months? We, the other two of us, do not have to take up the work of his alarm clock for an hour or so every morning after it goes off, and tote him hot coffee in bed, to bring him sufficiently to so that he can make the office by the middle of the forenoon. He doesn't have any job now, since his play was put on.

I ran into him the other day, going along Longacre Square, and you could see right off, *by his air*, that (practically) he had become what they call "one of the most beloved figures of Broadway".

The Beekman section, as you may or may not know, is over First Avenue way. The neighborhood is one of those Quiet Backwaters in the Torrent of Utility, as the newspaper-feature-article-head-writer says things. Pretty much run down and generally gone to the Irish not long back, it has got considerably fixed up in spots lately. Beekman Place, itself, a couple of blocks from end to end, overhanging the East River, at the cross-streets commanding a view of Blackwell's Island and the Rhine-like castles of the City Prison thereon, has to some extent been taken up by a "social colony" of Fifth Avenue pedigree, as, probably, you have heard tell. With its Whistlerian back-drop of coal barges drowsing on the Thamesian tide, the furbished Georgian row contrives to present something of an Old Chelsea effect. Well, we live hard by all this color. It doesn't cost so much. In fact, that's why we do it.

There is round about here, too, an appreciable flavor of the Arts. (Though our neighborhood is no blatantly aesthetic Greenwich Village!) Just over the way live a couple of sisters, one a secretary at a publishing house, the other secretary to an author and art critic of authentic distinction. Right around the corner lives no less real an actor than John Daly Murphy, and you may see him every once in a while going back and forth. A few doors away is a friend of ours who reads fiction for a motion picture firm. Here in our own house used to be a young woman who was a fashion artist, and the floor below us now is occupied by a pair of lady-like chaps who, when they have engagements, are young actors. They have well-known theatrical people in to tea, sometimes. You see, it was not an inappropriate setting, this, for Michael.

He enters.

The arrangement was that he would be renting from us what Eddie termed "sleeping accommodations". He had been out in the same place that Eddie was, in Iowa — I've never been able to lay hold of the name well enough to pronounce it. They were fraternity brothers at the State University there; but Michael proceeded with his education in the University of the Intelligentsia. A lot of college men wouldn't know what that meant. Eddie just went to Harvard. So, in the East, they hadn't seen so much of each other for some time. In accordance, then, with his requirements (for sleeping accommodations) Michael set himself up in what Eddie refers to as the "coop", the hall bedroom of the apartment.

He set up a robin's-egg-blue-painted wooden bedstead of nursery-like size, placed beneath it an enormous brass salver, by way of an ash-tray, tied a long string to the light, so that it could be turned on and off without his getting out of bed, and on a bit of shelf in one corner stood a tall, fat octavo volume

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bound in half levant. This, it developed, was a copy of "Ulysses", by James Joyce, in a limited edition on handmade paper.

The first thing you noticed about him (I had never seen him before) was, I think, his tailoring. His bantam weight (I suppose it was) gave a somewhat quaint effect to the flare of his little trousers and the trim set of his modish coat. He wore his clothes in a cultivated manner: a light suit of English tweeds, noticeably good. His voice was equally good. Manners agreeable, touched with aloofness. A slight note, I felt, of disdain. He lived, was the impression, on his toes. As he reclined in his chair, but did not altogether relax, and you observed, with the attention which it engaged, his pale, high, thin, deftly-cut profile, you suspected that he was not without consciousness of an aristocratic effect. Yes, it was true, he looked like a Portrait, by a distinguished hand, of a young Irish intellectual. Undeniably, he had bouquet — an aroma of charm.

He had, indeed; and as to his being in fibre an aristocrat, I was left in no doubt. He borrowed two dollars off me.

Then he took a bath and changed. He left his shaving-brush, heavily lathered, on the wash bowl and his discarded shirt on the bath-room floor. Eddie and I were soon broken in to cleaning up after him. His mind, we recognized, was not on mean things. This evening, it appeared, he was dining with a Countess. He requested the use of the front room with the fireplace to entertain her at tea the next afternoon.

We were a bit taken aback; we had not before visualized our front room in the rôle of a Lido-Venice. And a little abashed in the presence of the thought of our being brought, however humbly, into proximity with the Peerage. Eddie is strong, however, and I am willing, so we neglected our personal obligations next morning and set at the onerous work of mopping the floor, cleaning the windows, washing the curtains; endeavoring to give as far as possible to our front room some approach to the tone of a drawing-room. We didn't know about our being around; whether or not it would "do" that is, for us to be caught sight of on the premises. However, not having anywhere in particular to go, we closeted ourselves in the back room; and, we were later informed, the tea passed off happily enough, without untoward incident from us. The precedent having been established, similar teas occurred at not infrequent intervals.

Michael was very fair about things, too; he returned the two dollars all right within a few weeks, fifty cents at a time — though it is true that we both had to come down on him a little for the last fifty cents. And we found it a bit trying to be knocked up so often well after midnight and be obliged to settle with a cabman whom Michael was not prepared to dismiss.

Well, we could not but admit that the coop didn't give much elbow-room for working, particularly as the litter of soiled linen on the floor mounted into the effect of an appallingly heavy snow drift. As Eddie one day observed: "He's been here now six weeks and he hasn't sent a thing to the laundry yet". So the only thing to do, it seemed, was for Michael to transfer his typewriter to the long table in our back room; and within a startlingly short space of time this became heaped with Michael's things — a spectacle similar to the snow drift. Soon, if you wondered what had become of a book of yours, you would by rummaging there very likely discover it under a dirty plate, or if you were looking for a lost coffee-cup find that beneath a complicated jumble of papers. Likewise when madness seized you because in an extremity you couldn't find your dress tie.

His industry, however, was more apparent in this confusion than in accomplishment; his literary labors were slender and capricious. His habit was to spend by far the most of his time at home in bed, reading; and then, when the rest of the world arose to meet the virgin day, to wrap himself in slumber deep as the seven sleepers. By profession abroad he was a publicity-man for a motion picture corporation. He was most often seen by us in his dinner-coat. His young bachelor state was the result of domestic infelicity. Alluding, perhaps with a touch of conscience, to his status among us as a butterfly he remarked that this was his "first year of freedom". When you washed

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out the bath tub you encountered stuck behind the spigots his dainty copy of the Mermaid edition of Congreve.

II

Now if there is anybody who knows the gruelling work which is termed writing I do. Words, words, words are the hardest medium with which any craftsman has to deal, the most intractable, the most insidious. He expressed the thing, Sir Thomas Brown, when he said: "A painful man with a pen". In anguish and travail I lift one sentence after another. Talent is dogged patience, heartbreaking. Sullenly the writer must drive himself to the task, by force of will he carries it through. Creation comes of character. And why anyone should choose as a calling the profession of letters is beyond me. For twenty years have I found it an agonizing process of disillusionment. Its hire is hope deferred.

It was, then, with some grim humor that I observed Michael, one evening as he entered, toss aside his Malacca cane (as though it were a flower), sit down before his machine and begin to rattle away. He was writing, he said with a perfectly straight face, an article on Spiritualism. Well, that ought to hold him for awhile — about a week.

Next day he sent his piece to Mr. H. L. Mencken. Promptly he got a check for seventy-five from *The American Mercury*. With the money he took little thought of the morrow.

A month or so passed and our little brother did not, apparently, again feel moved to stir himself to productivity. That might have been thought a little curious, too. What I mean is that Michael, you increasingly perceived, was considerably bitten by the fancy for Fame — that first infirmity of noble minds.

When I was a young man
I said bright and bold
I would be a great one
When I was old.

Was he proposed for membership in a well known club, he put down his occupation as that of Author. Did he appear in a populous place, he yearned, you knew, to be pointed out. There are those (pedestrian souls, perhaps) who value above all things the privilege of privacy, the luxury of passing to and fro in the world unnoticed. Declared Montaigne: "The finest lives are to my mind those which are conformed to the common human model". Not so, indeed, Michael. Now we know, sensible men, that this Fame is a thing which must be worked for. That it does not come of coveting it. That is obtained only thus: A man becomes so intensely interested in some one thing — for *itself* — that therefore he becomes interesting to others, and word of him is passed about.

Michael was becoming increasingly bored by application to effort of any kind. His restlessness but mounted. He struck consternation among us, reclining on his *chaise longue*, by his airily scornful attitude toward his gainful employment. He hoped he'd be fired. . . . I've forgotten, I see, to tell you about his furniture.

One forenoon there came a great to-do of the bell, a van backing up before the house, burly shoulders mounting the stairs, and Eddie's surname and mine bawled through the hallways. Furniture it was, and a lot of books. Nothing about this had we known. Their instructions, the fellows declared, had been to deliver it here, to us. Well, we said, there was another gentleman living here; perhaps it was his. Yes, they remembered to have heard that name, too. We would pay the moving charges, wouldn't we. Or should the stuff be taken "back"? Mad, like. Then, he was "all right" wasn't he? Yes, we'd vouch for him. And so it was all brought in. Pretty much choked up the place. The books were without number, and the shabbiest lot, I do believe, I've ever seen. We set up the rickety shelves which had come along, and, to clear away the obstructing heaps on the floor, put in the rest of the morning stowing them away. What else was to be done? The collection contained a good deal of George Moore; the dominant feature of the jumble, however, was a many-volume set, in prime condition, of the works of one Nietzsche.

Eddie was not so well pleased. If he'd heard anything of this before! he declared.

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Michael asserted that he'd plumb forgotten to mention it, about his stuff. At any rate, here we were — I mean all Michael's things. "Michael's good hearted enough," Eddie explained to me a day or so later; "it's just that he's thoughtless. It's that Irish irresponsibility. He never was really mean to anybody." Myself, however, putting two and two together, I was not so assured of this. The Irish irresponsibility didn't fit in so well with the picture of a student of Nietzsche — whose "whole life", he had recently remarked, had been given new direction by the ideas of that philosopher. Nietzsche, I gathered, had been *his* Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf, his intellectual recipe for getting on in the world.

Among the miscellaneous items in Michael's deluge one came across a fragmentary file of the monthly publication sponsored by the Drama League of America, *The Drama*, in one issue of which, dated four years ago, was a play in one act, "Tongues of Fire", which bore Michael's name. A line of exposition read "The Alexanders' house at 500 East 27th Street, New York, is on the top floor of a building filled with rats, roaches and small children". The play was like that. There was, maybe not much, but something in the piece; you saw that. Also came to the surface a manuscript of Michael's, bound in flexible morocco, of a five-act play — quite a different thing, "Abelard and Heloise", in which was a prefatory note, all I read, that in effect said (I wish I had it by me) that after all these centuries, he, our Michael, had written this immortal story right.

I reflected, then, with some amusement upon a fact which you will have observed: that the itch to write plays seems to be an accompaniment of youth. This is an aspiration of shoals of very young people who have never done anything at writing anything else, who apparently have no particular inclination to write anything else; maybe because such a task would be too much work. But to weld into the most vivid and penetrating form of art the drama of the human heart, the conflict of the will of man with the mystery of existence, this is a very usual ambition of immaturity.

Beautifully pressed, still wearing his cane on his arm, Michael one night threw himself on his *chaise longue* and remarked to neither of us in particular: "Well, I've got the idea worked out for my big play".

III

I've worked around rapid-fire business offices for years at a stretch; I'm quite accustomed to the hot-foot clip of the speediest sort of typist that ever typed in an advertising agency or a publishing house; I've sat alongside crack reporters in a newspaper city-room; — but I swear I've never heard a machine go like that. Michael had talked a little while, about his idea for a play; it was not an uninteresting theme he had; and, it became evident, for some time he had been cunningly assembling points for it. Then he had briskly got up and gone into the back room. Didn't seem to be particularly elated; was quite calm.

So fast it went I thought his machine would leap the table and crash into the wall. On and on he drove. I grew maddened, then exhausted, hearing him. Late I went to bed, and, in the course of time, as to the sound of an uproar of the elements mingling with my drowsiness, I fell asleep.

To proceed. There never was a book on the art of writing, there never was a course in the subject, never was there a precept, axiom, obiter dictum on the theme which did not lay it down as a law irrefutable, inexorable, that you cannot write convincingly about a life which you do not know. Very good. Michael comes in the next day and gives it out that his play is about a "funny" kind of people.

"What on earth do you suppose they talk about among themselves?" he asks. Typists and tarts, he means, and their boy friends. Well, Eddie has trained around with that particular species, Eddie has. So the upshot of the matter is that Eddie puts on a party here.

The argot in our front room was so thick you could have cut it with a knife. Michael stood around stiffly on the side lines and didn't seem to get it so good. "What's that, what's that they're saying now?" he asked; "what do they mean?" Eddie had to ex-

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plain the wise cracks to him. "Here!" exclaimed Eddie, "I'll make some notes for you"; and disappeared with him into the back room.

Pretty soon, Michael remarked that he didn't know whether to tell 'em — at the office — that he was on jury duty or sick. Anyway, he couldn't, possibly, go there now. The angel of his inspiration took him, and took him bad. His hours — if you could say that he had anything like "hours" — became more incalculable than ever. He looked like a chap on a tear, as, indeed, he was — on a work-debauch. Dishevelled, a fanatical look in his eye; though board for Michael was not down in the bond, we gave him of our beef-stew; he wouldn't stop to go out. But locusts and wild honey, we recognized, should have been his fare; you thought of the young prophet, John, possessed within by voices not of men. We didn't want the bloomin' nut to starve to death on us.

Thus in two weeks, no more, of intensive delirium the play was born. Before that, however, Eddie and I were worn out; we couldn't stand the terrific strain; we had to go away. "He ought," Eddie observed, "to get the Pulitzer Prize for typewriting, anyway." Awful things came out when later we checked up. Eddie, returning first, found the place, as he put it, like a pig-pen. The bath-tub was freighted to the gunwales with a cargo of encrusted dishes, skillets and remarkably discolored towels. Multitudinous plates, cups and saucers, commandeered as ash-trays, were come upon in every conceivable place.

Michael was discovered established in the front room. "You know," he had observed, "this is really the best place to work." A survey of the other chambers easily explained that: only with considerable difficulty could anybody get through the mess in or out of them. The worst, however, was about the gin. Eddie had concealed the demi-john from our playwright, behind the wall on a ledge above the mouth of the fireplace. Vainly. What could be said for Michael, I suppose, was that he had the courage which makes the artist loyal to himself at whatever cost.

Michael's play was, he informed us, an "art production". He submitted it, therefore, not to the Czars of the Commercial Theater, the big producers pandering to moron vulgarity and ignorance, but to a little group of literati banded together to promote the integrity of the Drama. Eddie and I were pretty dubious. Going by Michael's talk about the play, I expressed (as is my custom) some well-worn truths, in part, to wit: that to win the hearts of an audience you must laugh with your characters, and not so much bitingly at them; that Michael's play was too hard, scornful . . . Eddie thought quite so.

As that office job of Michael's had rather got lost in the shuffle during the prolonged period of his intellectual incarceration but, the things of the profane world now again solicited his interest and attention, he condescended to consider the idea of another job, one, howbeit, for the summer only. Without much ado it fell out that he hooked up as "business manager" with some Little Theater proceedings in Wisconsin, and happily shortly after (in the cream-colored pants) departed thence.

IV

Lo and behold, the play was accepted! So word came. Eddie and I were not, however, to be betrayed into Michael's foolish optimism by that. Everybody knows that an awful lot of plays that get put on turn out "flivvers". A "distinctive" little card, of rather self-conscious typographical effect, came to us announcing that The Playmakers, Inc., would open their second season in "a new American comedy" — our Michael's play. "The power for unhampered growth of such an otherwise unendowed organization as The Playmakers is in direct proportion to the number of its subscribers. We believe that the high quality of our productions of last year indicate what the calibre of our productions will be in the future" . . . etc. The quality organization, Eddie was aware, had lost a sizable sum last season, and, as he pointed out, the theater was way over West to hell and gone.

Michael reappeared as rehearsals began. The Wisconsin activities, you picked up,

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hadn't panned out much. Michael started in, as loftily he described it, "working very hard"; spent his days at the theater, as he said, "rewriting". Also, it seemed, he had to explain his play a lot. "There," he declared of his director, "is Willie Hiller, been reading it all summer; doesn't understand it now."

It may seem odd — I do not know just why I had not done this before; but, at length, one evening, I read the script of the play. I saw that it was a beautiful thing. Four quick acts, an episode — an ordinary one, the piece confining itself within the walls of a single indifferent room, its spring fallible human character, in structure slender, taut, eloquent in reticence, it was fraught with a moment of mortal life; with subtle undertones weaving a moving rhythm of the self-same ebb and flow which forever has held the stars in their courses. A simple thing, this was consummate. I know it when I find it; in the course of twice a decade of professional reading I have read, perhaps literally, tons of manuscripts, review-volumes untold; in this sheaf of typed pages I lent myself to genius.

When Michael came around that night I ventured to compliment him on his play. For a moment his little armor of proud disdain wavered and almost dissolved; there was, curiously, an instant when his cockerel spirit seemed to melt in abashed humility. Then he caught himself back into his customary part of Man of the World; "Yes, we may have a *show* there", he said. He talked like that lately, now and then observing: "Well, we of the theater. . . ."

Now, as an artist of the first rank in American painting I one time had the privilege of knowing, John H. Twachtman used to say, "no beautiful thing ever was made by accident". Pondered I then this fellow, Michael. What kind of magician was he? . . . A poor Aladdin who in the twinkling of an eye could shake out of his sleeve a stone of the first water! Doubtless, I could have perceived, as so often we do, only the surface; there must be some background which would explain this seeming legerdemain. I would attempt to put it together. Harry — he's the young movie reader around the corner; he "grew up" with Michael and with him Michael lived for a number of years after they came to New York — from Harry pregnant information was derived: what was now the second act of this play had been written by Michael, almost as it stands, as a one-act play seven years ago. So it looked as though our Michael had been dowered with one of the best gifts of the thorough artist; I mean the capacity for *waiting*. He would not force his hand. And when the thing in his mind had been allowed to come to fruition it wrote itself.

Leaning upon our front room mantelpiece in a highly Byronesque attitude, Michael observes: "Well, nothing can stop it now! Day after tomorrow I'll either be famous — or infamous!" Tomorrow would be the Opening; tonight the Dress Rehearsal. He has just come to call on us, as he has been weaned from our roof; having taken up residence, in a manner of speaking, with Willie Hiller; sleeping on a couch in his director's apartment, one of the actors of the cast tenanting the spare room.

New York, we hear, is full up this day! Ethna, Michael's daughter, seven, has come on from Omaha; his sister, Grania, is here from Cleveland; from New Jersey his parents-in-law, by his first wife, have come over. And still they come. I'm trying to get Dick Charles on the wire, to have him go with me. Maybe he hasn't even heard about it! Michael, of course, wants as large an audience as possible. Everybody has to go dressed up — everybody of Michael's — evening clothes and all. He wants us as impressive as possible. Michael asks Eddie to hang up a Turkish bath for him at the Harvard Club, and the two depart.

Upon Eddie's return he reports that Michael has gone "plumb crazy inside".

To resume, Eddie, who had made a trip over that way the day they were putting it up, had told me; but I couldn't realize the kick I'd get, until I came upon it myself. I mean from seeing our little brother's name, vast and resplendent, "on the lights". I happened to be quite early. In the tiny playhouse was a solitary figure spang down in front. If it wasn't old Ned Simmons! . . . mural painter. Then they began to come in. A very amusing looking lot, un-

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mistakable "first night" layout; young women wearing monocles, and all that sort. Everybody, that was an impression you couldn't escape, seemed to think himself pretty distinguished-looking, or herself; there was much self-conscious posing in the aisles before sitting down. There, I note, is Carl Van Vechten and his diminutive foreign wife.

The strain of, as it were, carrying the whole of that audience on my nerves was awful. I feared they were not getting it right; were not, every second, with it. There were guffaws hideously ill-timed, a few. But as the first-act drop fell a fairly kindling response came up from the house. The intermission at the conclusion of Act Two met with appreciably increased applause. Mingling in the smart social hum out in the lobby — a rather glittering little scene, — I encountered Simmons, who discoursed thus: He was seventy-three, like Ulysses he had known men and books and cities, and this, he'd say, "almost drew a tear" from him. I discovered that, because of his deafness, he hadn't heard a word of it. The more tribute, declared he, to the force of the play. Ran into, too, a member of the Play Committee of ——, an eminent journalist. He inquired: "How do you like this?" Then: "We need it, all we can get!" I suppose he meant approbation; I had said that I liked it "a good deal". What that scornful, contemptuous little play needed was a touch of sentiment. Myself, I cried all through the damn show.

The supreme moment for which Michael lived, as you might say, his whole life was upon him. The Opening, had, clearly, come off. The acting had gone very well. It was a fairly good house. And the call had come of: "Author, author!" Here at last, as the culmination of his dreams, he would be, both literally and figuratively, the center of the stage, the hero of the hour, the dominant personality of the scene. For this had he borne the brunt of life and suffered the rasp of uncomprehending boneheads for some thirty years. . . . TRIUMPH!

He was led on. He didn't, however, just now, look very dominating; nor, indeed, debonair, either. He looked in fact, somewhat like a rather wilted flower. You made out that he was about to say something. When — what on earth! The curtain was descending. (Stage-hand working it, doubtless hadn't seen him.) Now it half blotted him out. Alas, as Mr. Yorick might have phrased it, for the prideful spirit of man! By what petty mischance may not his grandeur fall and become ludicrous! Then the curtain paused, and slowly rose again. Michael was heard to utter: "I — that is we — have to thank you all very much. Anyhow, that's all I had to say".

V

Eddie was more than a little hot under the collar. Over and over again he continued to declare that "we" were only good enough to be "country cousins". The matter, you see, was this: After the performance our party had hurried around back stage, Eddie and I and Eddie's betrothed and a young woman who was an old friend of mine whom I had invited. We discovered Michael talking with his director and in glee pounced upon him; that is, we expected to pounce upon him. But Michael was coolly distant; he had barriers up. And he made no move to introduce anybody. Neither Eddie nor I, certainly, considered Willie Hiller anything in particular to meet; though as Eddie reiterated, Michael "knew very well" that our guests "were just dying" to talk with him, regarding that as an adventure.

But that was "nothing" to the other thing. Eddie had said "I suppose there's going to be a party?" Michael answered: "N—o, no; I don't know anything about a party". And a couple of minutes later we saw him whisking out with Ernest Boyd and a bunch. That Eddie and I, personally, didn't covet the acquaintance or the society of this Boyd bird was beside the point. Hotly Eddie declared once again that "Adele was all dressed up". So Eddie and I belabored the rascal. I came out with a little homily. A character like Michael's brings its own retribution: you keep on that way and the result is that nobody likes you. Then up spoke Harry. Everything that Michael had ever done in his life he could explain on the ground of refinement and

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excellence of nature. By God! I saw that he adored the man.

Before going to bed to wait for the morning papers, Eddie and I agreed that that First Night audience, drawn very largely from the cultivated and artistic classes, was the best and most sympathetically disposed audience that Michael could hope to have; that, in seeking to divine the popular appeal of the play, you couldn't go by it. What of the type of man who, just blown into town, wants to put on a lively dinner-party and then see a good show? Is not he the actual patron of the theater?

With the morning papers we come upon a remarkable thing. Apparently two quite different plays opened in that same theater, both called by the same name. I had seen one of these plays; evidently the theater reviewers had seen the other one. A critic who signed himself "C. B. D.", and who expressed very much the view of several others, I learned "saw a tense, sordid tragedy of a certain ugly stratum on New York society". By way of appreciation of the piece he remarked: "Extremely well acted and directed and, no doubt, as faithfully photographic as if it had been taken under the strongest 'sun-spot' lights ever used in a moving picture studio". (We saw that faithfully photographic process, in our own front room.) He opened the article with a long statement of what the play that he saw was about. I am afraid the play he saw was dull. There seems to have been no imagination in it. He saw, I gathered, a play, "taking place in a Harlem flat", about "a weakling, a small cog in a big business wheel".

Now if a man should tell me that the night before he had read "Don Quixote" and continuing say that the story was about a middle-aged man in Spain who was a good deal of a half-wit, I'd believe that he was an honest fellow. If later he should tell me that he had just read "Tristram Shandy" and that the book was largely about a kind of ineffectual loon of the name of Uncle Toby, I'd advise him to go right along reading good books; but, please, not to write anything about them for the papers; — he might deceive somebody.

The play which I saw open in that theater that night was, in a manner of speaking, something like "Cyrano de Bergerac"; that is, though drab in its outward dress, it was in the pulsations of the story a poem, a beautiful thing. The action took place where? . . . In the human heart. The ancient mystery of man's destiny was the subject of the play. The little clerk chanced to live in Harlem, as he might have chanced to live anywhere else, now or centuries ago. A poor ass; he was one of the divine fools of the world, a fragment of heaven.

Michael promptly gave forth his views on the critics. None of them "knew anything"; only two gentlemen of this profession there were for whom he had any respect, Ludwig Lewisohn and George Jean Nathan. And neither of them had yet got around to see the play. Eddie and I surmised that probably they wouldn't. A kind of critic, however, that Michael had never considered at all turned out to be a very keen champion. Our Beekman butcher, who read about the play in the paper and went with his wife, asserted with great enthusiasm of Michael: "That ought to be the making of him!"

Indeed, our neighborhood one evening made quite a Beekman Night of it at the play. The tailor and his wife, the druggist and his wife, the grocer and his wife, all turned out for the occasion. For a Beekman boy, young Michael, had come out on top! Declared the grocer: "It's the realest thing I ever saw!" And Michael's sister, posted as scout one night, reported that an unknown woman who sat next to her had had hysterics.

The life and times of Michael were moving fast. Eddie and I were, so to say, part of the times. Adele's papa and mama came to see us. It was quite stimulating the way our wit and conversation became enjoyed. We had, it appeared, got to be clever people. I noticed, I'll confess, this of ourselves: round about generally we would remark casually that Michael had lived with us. He now took an apartment of his own, quite a natty place. Bought Eddie's luxurious bed off us. Would we have it sent over? Well, Eddie replied over the telephone, he would help Michael "carry it around". But this,

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it appeared, was an appalling idea — a Famous Man carrying a bed through the streets.

He informed us that Brady had been in the house the night before. Oh, yes — the Shuberts had seen the play, too.

He referred with a large air to "the English rights". And "the movie people", he implied, were "after" him. With all, however, there appeared to be a good deal of uphill going, too. Eddie and I were kept pretty active a considerable amount of the time helping to "paper the house", Michael continuing to telephone us on short notice to deliver ten couples, each, any friends of ours, for the next performance. And, as shown by Eddie's repeated visits of investigation to the ticket offices, the play did not "get off the cut rate", a very positive sign of a popularity that limpeth in coming.

The queer thing came in this. One point was harped upon by all commentators upon Michael's play. It was a "sincere" play. You were, indeed, led to believe that this author as a playwright was as rare almost as a unicorn. Said a card recommending it sent out by the Drama League "sincerely and uncompromisingly written". Etc., etc., etc., everywhere. Now when Henry Bacon designed the Lincoln Memorial the world did not rush about in great excitement at the discovery that he had done a "sincere" thing. Everybody assumes before hand that a good architect is a sincere artist. Nobody supposes that there is anything unusual and peculiar about a landscape painter being sincere. But a playwright without hokum — this, it would seem, is marvelous.

VI

The great blow fell. The play was to close. It had held on by the skin of its teeth for six weeks. Michael was sunk in abysmal gloom. The way of the artist is hard.

Hold! There were developments. Instead of being taken off, the play was going to a bigger house. How could such a preposterous impossibility as this be? Michael — remarkable and mysterious — had suddenly gone to Bermuda; from Harry we heard the story. A firm of very flourishing producers had bought the play. And, Harry observed, if we'd see it now we wouldn't know it.

We went. It was dumbfounding. The play I had seen was not here. Nor was this the play the reviewers had seen. Indeed, called uncannily by the same name, here was a *third* play. Poetic beauty had quite gone from it. Nor, on the other hand, could it have carried to any newspaper critic any conviction of verisimilitude. But, certainly, it got the gallery. A couple of fellows sitting behind us, you might have thought, from their rooting for the hero, were on the bleachers at a baseball game. This was melodrama, naïve and unrestrained. It was revealing how few changes had done the trick. As Eddie observed, these "play doctors" who had now got hold of the piece certainly knew their business.

What of Michael, our aesthete? Could this monstrosity have been unscrupulously put over on him while he was away? He'd have to create another masterpiece in short order to live down the disgrace. We didn't see him for about a week after his return; then one day dropped around at his new quarters to see if we could cheer him up a bit about the matter. He was talking with another caller when we came in.

"They say it'll be the biggest non-musical success in town within four weeks. Of course, you really have to work with a *show* some time to get it right. And it takes practical men like that to put a thing across. They certainly have done a great job of it. And what do you know! Got an advance of a thousand berries for another play — along the same lines: I've got experience now and know how to write a *hit*".

In a lump he paid us all the money he owed us. Announced that he was going to "pay up everybody". Sadly, we came away.

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WHERE ARE MY SKATES?

By Robert Benchley

IT was with no little apprehension that I fell down the stairs into the Parody Club to see Jimmie Durante and his mates for the first time this season. So many things might have happened since May.

In the first place, Jimmie might have been spoiled. By "spoiled" I mean improved. He might have been rationalized, assembled, and made into a fine figure of a Broadway entertainer. That would have been too horrible.

In the second place, he might have grown self-conscious. A great deal has been made of Jimmie Durante in the past two years, much to his surprise (if I may be so bold as to use the phrase) and he couldn't be blamed for pondering on the reason why. It would be only good showmanship for him, in working up new numbers for the coming season, to try deliberately to think up some more of the stuff which has made him famous. And the minute Jimmie Durante begins deliberately thinking up stuff along a definite pattern, Love will fly out the window.

So I sat at the table and waited to see what a summer at Saratoga and Atlantic City had done to the little band of madmen. I might not be able to bear it.

The preliminaries looked bad. Whereas in their old Dover Club, the sex-appeal of the entertainment had been entrusted to "that great international star, Mlle. Fifi", (a few stirring bars of "Madelon", boys, here comes Fifi!) we now are confronted by a rhythmic phalanx of ponies who threaten to stamp into your chow-mein at every turn. And whereas in the old nights the singing of sentimental ballads and blues was confined to a throaty tenor and the stupendous Julia Geraghty, we now have a succession of young ladies who might well be in any good show between Forty-Sixth Street and Central Park. It gave every indication of being a performance that has been what is known as "worked on", and my fork dropped from listless fingers into my Chinese viands.

And then the lights went low (a whole article could be written on the lighting of Jimmie Durante's acts, because it is unbelievably complicated and means absolutely nothing) and Mr. Clayton announced to the expectant orchestra that he had just received a wireless from Jimmie saying that he was coming home. A cheer went up from the little group (a whole article could be written about the orchestra, too) and, almost as if by magic, a spotlight on the door at the far end of the room picked up the approaching figure of the long-lost Jimmie, saxophone-case in hand and silk hat held aloft. With a beaming face the returning traveller pushed his way through the tables and rushed up to greet Lou and Eddie, missing them by only the fraction of a yard and passing directly on into the ante-room on the other side of the floor on his own momentum. The band cheered to reassure him after this miserable fiasco, and Eddie and Lou turned to welcome him again in case he should decide to come back, but Jimmie had disappeared. When he returned it was with another, and worse, hat on, the return from Europe forgotten and his mind full of a song about Daniel in the lions' den. Everything was all right. There was to be no more sense that evening. God was good.

I do not take the responsibility of recommending Jimmie Durante to you. A great many people are at first mystified and then irritated by his annihilation of the unities. As a matter of fact I would say, off-hand, that if you have read this article as far as this, thereby displaying a more or less conventional adherence to the theory that anything in print is worth reading, you will not like the show at the Parody Club. People who like that show don't read articles in magazines. They know before they start that the article is going to be just like other articles. And if you like things that are just like other things in their class, you won't like Durante, because there never was, and

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probably never will be, another entertainer like him. He is quite mad, not in the literary sense of the word, but rough-hewn out of the madness of childhood. The fact that there is a fine satire running through his madness should not be seized upon to elevate him to the rostrum among the cognoscenti. The satire is there because *anything* which distorts our modern orderly arrangement of *clichés* becomes satire automatically. We think so badly nowadays that merely to shuffle our thoughts around in a different order is to show them up as ridiculous.

I can be even more definite and predict that if you like any one of the following features of modern entertainment you had better stay away from the Parody Club: Fred Stone, Ted Lewis, James Branch Cabell, "The Command to Love", Belloc, Authors' League affairs, or Viennese operettas. This does not imply that to like any of these is a sign of anything more important than a probable dislike of Jimmie Durante. It does not even indicate an aversion on my own part to all of them. And certainly I do not mean to claim that a liking for Jimmie Durante is an indication of qualities more noble or desirable than any possessed by those to whom he would be anathema. In fact, I have known some pretty terrible people who raved about Jimmie Durante, and the more they raved the more terrible they became. Once or twice I have even wavered in my own allegience under a barrage of super-appreciation from determined Durante enthusiasts.

All that I am trying to do is indicate what you are likely to find at the Parody Club when you go. It is a mad-house, which includes not only Durante, Clayton and Jackson, but the entire orchestra as well. And if, when you go, you find that there is too much sanity in the proceedings and a Broadway quality which does creep in now and then to placate the unbelievers, just draw Jimmie aside and ask him to do "I'm Sorry, Dear", "The Prisoner's Song", "Annie Bohm", "Daniel in the Lion's Den", "The Shipwreck" or the "Little Revue". Tell him I told you to ask for them, and, if you don't like them, you know exactly what you can do.

* * *

Isn't that just like a dramatic critic, to spend so much time talking about something else when plays have been opening right, and sometimes left, all Fall!

There have been some good ones, too, I am sorry to say. Good ones are very difficult to write about, because the vocabulary of praise is so colorless. Good plays have to be either "interesting" or "powerful" or "vivid" or "poignant". What we need is a word of praise to correspond to "lousy", in the opposite category.

There is "Escape", for instance. "Escape" is what Mr. Galsworthy insists will be his last play, but I am sure that if I could have a few minutes talk with him he would write another. We boys who go to the theater get few enough compensations like "Loyalties", "Justice" and "Escape" without letting the chance for more slip through our fingers. Some people didn't like "Escape" because it is full of platitudes. This may very well be, but they are highly dramatic platitudes and somehow Galsworthy's platitudes seem much fresher than those served out by everyone else. I cried every time someone lied to help the escaped convict out of a jam, and as there were six scenes in which people lied to just this purpose, I was kept pretty busy crying. People really are very nice after all, don't you think so? Of course, the fact that it was Leslie Howard who was escaping and in five out of the six times a woman who helped him, the thing presented certain complications which prevented a perfect score for just plain Milk of Human Kindness, but even at that it was a very warming experience for one's heart-cockles. And even if you don't like platitudes, you should see Mr. Howard's acting.

Another importation from London, with another English actor to put it over, is "Interference", in which Mr. A. E. Matthews plays one of those agreeable English cads with such charm that you forget that the play is just another melodrama in which people are constantly taking poison in "diggings". The same breath with "Escape" would be no place to mention "Interference", but you might very well see it in the same week if you wanted to do the thing up brown. The only trouble would be that, if you saw

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both plays in the same week, you would be speaking with a decided British accent yourself — which, sight unseen, would probably be an improvement over your present accent.

But, lest this department be burned by spies from Chicago for having illicit amenities with King George, I will quickly specify several native products of high value. "Porgy", made from DuBois Heyward's novel by Mr. Heyward and his wife Dorothy, is one of the important things to be seen in town and is much more interesting than most "important" things. The cast of Negroes, under the direction of Rouben Mamoulian, shows for the first time (with the possible exception of Mrs. Hapgood's experiment in the old Madison Square Garden Theater) what expert training will do for the natural acting ability which most Negroes seem to have inherited from somewhere in the past. . . . Now — do you see how dull one gets when writing about a really fine play?

An even duller paragraph could be written about such worthy performances as those of Eva LeGallienne's Civic Repertory in Fourteenth Street, Walter Hampden's production of "An Enemy of the People", and the plain clothes version of "The Taming of the Shrew" which Basil Sidney and Mary Ellis are doing down at the Garrick. In spite of the suspicious literary flavor of all of these, they are all worth seeing. More than that I can not write because I have already used "interesting", "vivid" and "powerful", and "poignant" doesn't fit.

There is one musical show which certainly ought to go on any list, and that is "A Connecticut Yankee", the work of that superlative trio of young collaborators, Fields, Rogers and Hart, the authors of "Peggy Ann", "Dearest Enemy", the "Garrick Gaities" and practically everything that is much good in musical comedy. The Mark Twain book has been taken, and, if you ask me, made much better — Mr. Hart's lyrics are again in a class by themselves — and Mr. Rogers has written at least one melody — "My Heart Stood Still" — which, when played correctly, makes anything else in town sound like "The Haymakers' Homecoming" in "Twenty Easy Finger Exercises". It is at its best in orchestration, with plenty of good, ripe saxophone, and it would be worth your while to hire an orchestra to come up to the house just to run it over for you and give you the idea. Or, perhaps simpler, you can hear it at the Vanderbilt Theater, early in the first act.

* * *

The editors will have to get another boy to cover the skating-rinks. I can't find my skates.

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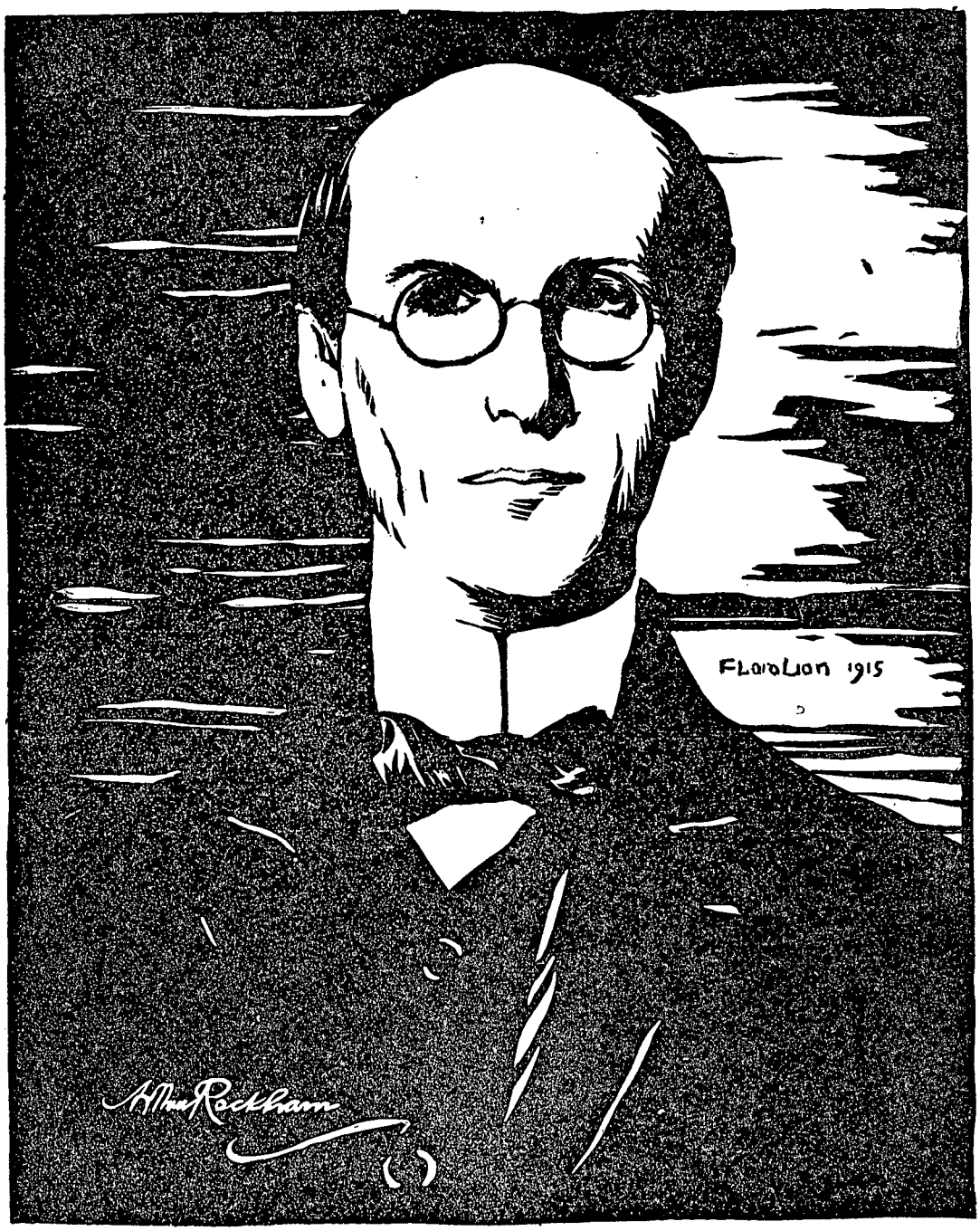

Arthur Rackham.

From a lithograph by Flora Lion. *Courtesy of the Ehrich Galleries.*

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"ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR RACKHAM —"

By Elmira F. Grogan

AND that was all that we knew about him. Not even the publishers told us more. It hardly seemed right that an artist who must have been born half-brother to a goblin should have illuminated all the literature of fancy for a generation, his brush magically catching things generally too poetic to be pictured, that his elves and moons and strange animals should have fluttered through the leaves of every Christmas morning's treasure, and that we should know no more about him than that he must be elderly, since his wicked trees stretched their arms into our dreams in childhood, and that he must be English, or America would have bragged about him long ago.

Who told him his first fairy-tale, and did he see then what he sees when he studies them now? If we could know why he feels as he does before printed pages perhaps we could understand better our feeling before his painted one. But these are things that must wait for autobiography, for the personal annals of a "touched" spirit. But there is still the Rackham-lover's "'Satiable Curtiosity" to know facts about the actual man's existence, and some facts can be found.

He was not a boy of the fields and hedges, as one might expect of a fairy-catcher. He was born in London, in 1867. He knew early what he meant to do, and studied drawing and painting in night schools until he felt his power strong enough to set out for himself. He served a hard apprenticeship in black and white on newspapers and children's magazines, but after an exhibition in 1902 he was immediately accepted by the Royal Society of Painters in Water Color, and he knew he had chosen the right path. Since that time he has steadily advanced in his own special work, line drawing with a delicate wash of color, and today he reigns at the top, alone. It is not only for his imagination that Arthur Rackham is unparalleled; without the faultless draughtsmanship in which he trained himself — knowing well that the painter of fantasy needs it more than one who works from life and has the measure of his failure or success before him — he could never have attained expression. His fellow-artists consider him greater as a draughtsman than as a colorist. He leaves brilliancy of dye where it belongs — to reality. In his half-world are the colors that may not see the sun, the gradations in grays and greens of dawn and twilight. He works without labored preliminary studies, filling in his idea as he goes, working from a model for the figure.

But this is not about the man as artist — that may be left to technical reviews — but about Arthur Rackham as the illustrator of books. And yet even bookworms can trace the artists who have influenced him: Rackham acknowledges the woodcarvings of Dürer, Holbein, Fra Lippo Lippi, and the Flemish school; and the sweet anaemia of Botticelli's women and the languid dream-women of the Pre-Raphaelites at least prepared us for him if they did not influence him for us.

After all, for the best way to know the man, one must haunt the peaceful Children's Room of the Public Library, where gray-bearded old men sit solemnly on the small chairs and read — Arthur Rackham editions, too, probably. Rackham managed by some magic to keep throughout his life the eyes of infancy, and with his adult hand he puts down for us the heaven that lay about us then. And that is the secret of his success. Men and women, as well as children, collect his editions, and it is because of just that magic by which he calls back childhood through the dusty trappings of everyday life. Adults have more need than any child for Arthur Rackham — and Edmund Dulac and Gustav Tenngren — artists with spirits so sensitive and so little egotistic as to leave them content to be illustrators of books.

The artist naturally has his own milieu

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in which he is likely to place all that he sees; it will date him and identify him in all he does well. But outside that inevitable expression of his individuality the artist is bound not to gainsay what the author definitely lays down. He may go farther, but he may not deny. From a few brief words he must visualize all — the light, the scene, the accessories, sometimes the hour and the atmosphere, sometimes the lay figures entire. His allotment may range from a detailed description in modern realism to one like the airy assignment in "Alice in Wonderland", in which the author says handsomely: "If you don't know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture". It is to Tenniel as well as to Carroll that we owe our remembrance of Wonderland. Later illustrators, even Rackham, have not been able, or have not dared, to make a Duchess or Gryphon or Mad Hatter differing widely from the man who saw them first.

Perhaps the briefer line suggests, as it certainly allows, more than detailed description to the artist rich in imagination. Such a mind as Rackham's saw a thousand things in a couplet from "A Midsummer Night's Dream":

> "Sweet Helena that doth engild the night
> More than all the oes and eyes of light",

and he painted them and her, glimmering pearl-colored and secretive in a veil of starlight, as lustrous and lovely a thing as he has ever conceived.

Between the special qualities of Rackham's mind, peopled no doubt from childhood with swarms of things unseen, and those same qualities — fancy, beauty, unreality — in literature, there must always have been a peculiar affiliation. Inerrant instinct led him to such things as myths, ballads, legends, to "Comus", the "Rhinegold", "A Midsummer Night's Dream", and, dearest of all, to "Undine", for these things he must have seen *entire*, and needed not to labor over. Page and picture compliment each other in conceits as graceful as might pass between courtiers; text and painting make one of a marriage.

All the terms that drown the name of Barrie rain at the first mention of Rackham — "wistful", "whimsical", "fantastic" — and in consequence those phases of his work need little emphasis. They are there, but more is there, beside.

First of all, there is the loveliness of his women. His nymphs are those any dreamer might see, tired of arms, ankles, bodies merely fleshly; women in flight, always, elusive on the page as in the minds of men, who dare not hold them still to study them lest they fade and leave a spot too tragically vacant. They have the appreciable skeletons of Botticelli's women, bones on which sweet flesh like melted ivory has been poured thinly; they have the longer legs of the ideal, the grace of slightly outset pelvic girdles from which the waist bends, like a flower, back. Their faces, chastely planed, gleam secretly. Theirs is the heart-catching quality of strangeness, of seeming to float up out of shadow to the eye.

There is more than perfect line work here; the shadings suggest, imply, heat and depth and smoothness; the water-chill feeling of mermaid's fingers are in them. In "Some British Ballads" Rackham paints cold Young Andrew robbing his love of her gold and her clothes and riding away. She stands, a nude, fear-chilled at her peril, and her body — roundly perfect in drawing as Degas's dancing-girl models in wax — gleams silverly in the wan shine of an hour that has sat up all night. You could set your watch by the slant of his stars. And feminine evil — evil in beauty — could hardly be better shown than in Rackham's women. In "Some British Ballads", again, is Lord Randall, weary at heart, as he sits at the table of his lovely poisoner, and she sits beside him, her cup to her demure lips; but her crafty eyes, sliding to watch his symptoms, are so baleful that they set you trembling. There is something in the thin lip, the sidling eye, as he draws them on the face of beauty, that brings to life those malignant, incredible forces in old tales of magic.

The women he has chosen to paint are in their names alone evocations of beauty. Sensitively, originally, he has seen Freia, "the fair one", Dame Lyonesse whom Sir Beaumains loved from afar, Sieglinde, "most sad and ill-starred of all true ones", and

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those nymphs and sprites of Comus, loveliest of all — "Sabrina fair, Echo and Iris". Somehow they take on the attitudes of air and spirit, not the crass assumptions of mortal materials; they walk like those in dreams who fade with morning.

The second conjugation of Rackham's charm is the presence, nearly always, of some detail, some background, of the grotesque. Though he is a painter of romance there is not an ounce of sugar, not a suggestion of sentimentality in all his imaginings. The quality of his romance is essentially Gothic. The spirit that set gargoyles to peer down from the turrets of God in the Middle Ages sets these witchy woods, these nests of gnomes, these sinister trees, into the corners and caverns along the road that Beauty takes. A feeling of wrought-iron work, that hardness with the deceptive delicacy of lace is in his every page, *imprimatur* of his special license. The weird tree arms and wizened tree faces that spy out on the unsuspecting traveller are symbols of cruelty — cruelty in life, in nature — the barb in the soul of the artist who has found beauty perishable. The etched manner of these background designs — never flowers, for his women are flowers enough — but the black outline of brambles and branches, have all the emphasis of grille-work on color; they contrast and define. His gnome-faces haunt the fairest landscape and the quietest stream; Jack Spratt's macabre shadow hovers over the happy marital table set on such sound economic principles; his Pomona stands in the attitude of archaic classicism revived by Paul Manship in his "Dancer with Gazelles" — but at Pomona's feet Rackham's elves garner her fruit.

And third, between the artist and the animals he portrays there is a subtle understanding. In the most brotherly way he invests them instantly, without clumsy impossible contortions, with all the airs and attributes of humanity. They connive and gossip, they wear spectacles and walking-sticks, they fiddle for fairies to dance, and they cut webbed steps themselves, when they please. And following the logically illogical primitives Mr. Rackham has come to the link between animal and man. The Little Folk lurk continually in his mind, folk-like as animals. They are shaped like men, but theirs are the animals' shy seclusions and wondering eyes, that presently grow disdainful and blink away. They are the intermediaries; their sage and elfin faces peer slyly at you — always one more face from some dim corner, ready to vanish as you glimpse it and dart back when you turn your head. . . . That is his spell.

For his perfect understanding of the three, man, elf and animal, nothing has suited Rackham better than "A Midsummer Night's Dream". That other earlier spirit saw the three also, and Mustardseed, Moth, Peaseblossom and Cobweb, "the rere mice's leathern wings", Puck's cornery face and Titania's Perfect Punishment, found their painter. Shakespeare knew — he was an excellent theater manager — that human actors, stout or lean, nimble or wheezy, would have to take the parts of the airy and insubstantial; he may have laid out the lines to be resonant "good theater"; but some late night by tallow candle, before measuring and apportioning began, I devoutly believe as I live that he dreamed what Rackham saw.

Give Rackham witchlight and a halfworld to people and no one comes near him; but real humanity, mere humanity, becomes a bit attenuated and ghostly under his hand. The gnomes at their nine-pins in "Rip Van Winkle" are perfection, but in the scenes of Rip's home-life the otherworld light is gone and reality has no such satisfactory light to substitute. The burghers of his Nieuw Amsterdam are unconvincing, the dames a trifle tapering for doughty Dutch vrouws.

Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" gave him less of his fairy bread than other myths and legends he has illustrated. These legends have magic in them certainly, but nowhere is it merged with the robust mortality of the men and women in them. It is superimposed on them, and by its very incongruity it seals them as human. Their admixture of carnality and the ideal belongs no less to men and women of this day; these legends were passed by rumor from mouth to ear, from harper to housewife. The magic was thrust in by tale-spinners too lazy to search for human motives, and because Malory catered

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to the tastes of the readers of his day. Rackham's Guenever is tallow-pale in her green Maying dress, and we know that she was a warm-blooded woman, jealous of King Pelles's daughter; and as for dark Isoud, Isoud the intemperate, Rackham makes her one of his flaky fair women, in the curve of whose throat alone, thrown back for the draught, might have stirred the beat of her ecstacy. Rackham's vision of Elaine on her bier left the watchers at Camelot gaping instead of anguished.

None of the glorious living three has taken him with her beauty as Brünnhilde did, or Echo or Iris, or Undine, or the ice-throned Snow Queen with her all-seeing, pitiless frozen eyes. To these the painter adds what the mythmaker forgot to tell.

Children whose eyes grow big and whose breath comes short, children who listen well to tales of magic, are children who lie awake and listen in the dark. Go slowly, then, before you place Rackham's haunted woods and clutching dwarfs before them. He made a frightsome thing across my nursery window in the night that was an ivy vine by day.

But dearest of all for the child's delight is "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens". No child sees incongruity in babies flying if birds can, in stars that are drowned, since he sees them in water. And Wendy's wee house! It brings your tallness down again to the height where eyes peer easily into tree roots, and rabbit-holes look large and explorable. The perfection of its minute detail! My mother told me once, passing busily above me as I stalked ants at their ant-hole, that the swarming creatures were not aimless, that they had systems of living as well as we, and "everything that we have". Poor darling! She never knew the long hours her child hung solitary over the biggest ant-holes thereafter and hoped with beating heart to be in on the moment when they were lifting or lowering their piano. An ant's piano! But I *heard* its sandy tunes. By magic Arthur Rackham hears such music with an older ear, for he has filled the little house with what ought to be there.

And quite as full of Rackham pictures as the books he has done are some of the books that he has not. That is his gift to those who love him. Many of us will never be quite happy in this life until we see "Illustrated by Arthur Rackham" in the books of Walter de la Mare. Those two! They occupy the same time in eternity, the same land in space! Malicious Fanny in "The Memoirs of a Midget" is a Rackham woman written down; a Rackham woman, sly, evil, perhaps, and so piercingly beautiful, I shall always see her from whose eyes "blinded angels stooped". And what of the Three Mulla-Mulgars in the Vale of Tishnar? What of the Water-midden sleeking her golden hair? What of . . . but you are seeing Arthur Rackham sights too.

After long seeking I found a portrait of Arthur Rackham himself, a lithograph by Flora Lion. It is a thinker's head, plain and ascetic, that might be called austere but for the lips that deny austerity with the rested, uninhibited closing of the dreamer, the questioner answered within. A tall man, you would judge him; probably as lean as Jack Spratt. Most artists have something of themselves in everything they paint; one discerns Rackham plainly in the amazed gentleman on the way to St. Ives, with wives, kits and cats about him. His glasses and his bald head shine, and he is twisted by just that grotesque turn of the screw from Rackham himself into a Rackham picture.

The eyes of the picture are very searching and resolute, they mean to look out at you quite practically. But the calm beauty of the lips' closing betrays that the inward man has escaped you, is away beyond here and now. Fortunately he brings back to us what he has eluded us to see.

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"Behold, This Dreamer!"

A Ballad of Blake at Peckham Rye

By Nancy Byrd Turner

They had sent him trudging to Peckham Rye,
Small and smudgy and errand-bent,
When — high on a hilltop in a tree,
A storm of angels, their wings besprent
With snow and fire, as wonder wove
Leaf over leaf! He could not move. . . .
And was beaten for it. Then, while he smarted,
Lo, in a harvest field of June,
Michael Archangel, eager-hearted,
Gathering sheaves in the high, hot noon —
The blades and barbs of the burnished wheat
Shining to Heaven amid the heat,
The scattered grain of the common oat
Lodged like pearls on his windy coat,
The same clear loveliness flashing high
That burned on the boughs at Peckham Rye!

But it's prison for dreamers. Soon a bar
Grates at their windows. They measure day
By the thin gold edge of the evening star.
The shadow of leaves along their floor
Has the shape of wings; in the twilight door
The dusty jailer is like to wear
An instant aureole in his hair.
When agues of beauty rack the bones,
A pillow of straw and a couch of stones;
For hunger by day and thirst by night,
The bread and water of pure delight.
There is that for dreams.
When you trudge, some day,
To do your errand in London town,
Keep well to the trail of the beaten way;
Beware of the hills. And hurry by,
Crossing your fingers and looking down,
At Peckham Rye.

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Anonymously — John Farrar

HOW strange it seems this year not to be sitting down and planning out a Christmas number of THE BOOKMAN. That used to be the most fun of the year. Several large sheets of paper before me, dreaming of all the articles I would like to have famous people write. I'd make a dummy of the magazine just as I'd like it, then I'd make another one. Then I would juggle them around. This was usually in the evening. The next morning I would trot in to Mr. Doran with the list of stories, articles, reviews, and illustrations as seen in visions only. "There, sir," I'd say, "is our Christmas number, if there is a Santa Claus." "Fine!" he would say. "Go after it!" Then there would be a scurry and a flurry. Miss Reilly and Miss Flashner, the genii of the office, would telegraph and write, and telegraph again. For me, a day at the telephone. Then, gradually, the actual number would shape up. Our friends would support us. Santa Claus was good!

This morning it is a temptation to go to the telephone, to call up Messrs. Rascoe and Collins, and to say, "Hey, youse guys, you gotta let me sit in on that there Christmas number". Well, what's the use of being sentimental, when there are lots of things to talk about. Incidentally, after asking for correspondence from readers of this column, I am abashed. I have received nothing but letters reviling me or reviling Burton Rascoe. Haven't you anything else to write about? What, for example, do you think of "The President's Daughter", a vile performance which I trust you have not even seen. Incidentally, that's one way to test a man's breeding these days. There's one kind of man who doesn't know of the existence of the book. Perfect Score. Another who believes that it violates all the codes laid down by society. Another who defends it as part of the freedom of new morals or something like that. Well, well, there you are. From the depths of my beard, I murmur, "Let the children play!"

Before I go any further, let me do my duty by listing some books and plays I fancy you may enjoy. Then I will not have to mention another book or play if I don't feel like it. Of books, I would keep on a convenient shelf:

"The Story of Geology," by Allen L. Benson. (Cosmopolitan, $4.00.)

"Flamingo," by Mary Borden. (Doubleday, $2.50.)

"The Grandmothers," by Glenway Wescott. (Harper, $2.50.)

"Jeremy at Crale," by Hugh Walpole. (Doran, $2.00.)

"The Woodcutter's House," by Robert Nathan. (Bobbs, $2.00.)

"Men Without Women," by Ernest Hemingway. (Scribner's, $2.00.)

"Over the Boat Side," by Mathilde Eiker. (Doubleday, $2.50.)

"Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche. (Little, Brown, $2.00.)

"Steel and Jade," by Achmed Abdullah. (Doran, $2.00.)

"The Man Who was Born Again," by Paul Busson. (John Day, $2.00.)

"I Know a Secret," by Christopher Morley. (Doubleday, $2.00.)

"Twentieth Century Crimes," by Frederick A. Mackenzie. (Little, Brown, $3.00.)

"Little Henrietta," by Lizette Woodworth Reese. (Doran, $1.50.)

"Mind Your P's and Q's," by Jerome S. Meyer. (Simon, $1.50.)

Of these books I may say that "The Story of Geology" presents in easy and graphic prose one of the subjects most fascinating to this writer because it was the only one he nearly flunked in college. "Flamingo" works up to as satisfactory and tremendous a climax as could be wished. Mary Borden, as always, essays a most

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difficult technical feat. She presents varying groups of characters, representing varying forces, and joins them in sure, graphic strokes to show the cataclysmic whole that is New York City. In "The Grandmothers" we find a piece of beautifully organized prose, which, if occasionally dull, is also occasionally notably brilliant. This young man is an artist, determined, and worth while. Mr. Walpole tells a story of adolescence and of his "Jeremy" at school. He has achieved his effect with such drama and skill that the result is a school story with universal appeal. Mr. Nathan, like Barry Benefield, is becoming dangerously whimsical. Nevertheless his latest novel is decidedly worth the tasting. Mr. Hemingway is still brutal, still savagely interested in punching the veils from mankind's raw face. Don't consider going out to a dinner where books will be discussed without reading "Men Without Women"; it would hardly be sage. "Over the Boatside" is fresh, captivating, a book that places the author of "Mrs. Mason's Daughter" in the growing ranks of important women novelists. "Jalna" won the Atlantic Monthly Prize and, so far as can be judged, deserves it. Achmed Abdullah's short stories are, in the opinion of this reviewer, masterpieces. He writes in this form better than most writers since Kipling came upon the scene. His latest collection has appeal and, better still, merit. "The Man Who Was Born Again" is something of a literary curiosity. Its pages of glowing description, its adventurous touches, its combination of the macabre and the mystic, make it a book to be read in sunlight rather than by the light of the flickering candle. "I Know a Secret" is a gem. Its appeal is to both adult and infant. I saw Mary Roberts Rinehart 2nd deeply absorbed in it the other evening. I found it deeply absorbing myself, and so has everyone else with whom I have happened to talk. I speak as one who has not enjoyed every book Mr. Morley has written, and who expects not always to enjoy every book he writes. "I Know a Secret" is a volume which one can admire as well as enjoy, a combination for which only the highest praise can be recorded. This is a year for murders. My hostess, the other afternoon, informed me that she had been spending much time recently in contemplating the perfect crime. She should read "Twentieth Century Crimes"; for they were far from perfect, from the Loeb-Leopold Case to the murder of Rasputin. "Little Henrietta" should be owned by every lover of poetry, every person who holds sentiment in his or her heart, and every lover of children. It is Miss Reese's first long poem, and it is worthy to rank with the best in English verse. After a few hours with "Mind Your P's and Q's", which bares the soul by an analysis of handwriting, you will thank heaven for the typewriter. It is the best of the season's crop of entertainment books (with due apologies to the editors of Cross-Word Puzzle-Book Number Eight).

Right here, as I approach plays, and step lightly upon my colleague Robert C. Benchley's preserves, I should like to leap to the defense of Mr. Louis Bromfield. The critics have treated him badly, and several bitter *mots* have appeared here and there which seem to say that success has gone to the young man's head. Now, what's the matter with this crowd of harpies, anyhow? Mr. Bromfield has suddenly leaped to the head of the best-seller class. This means that he is successful, that he is having cash reward for the years of writing novels, tearing them up, writing again, writing nights while he worked day-times in a job that would take any dramatic critic's entire energy. More power to him! But the New York wits cannot stand this affluence. Louis was all right as long as he was young and moderately successful and could be patronized. He writes a play. He dares to invade Broadway. It is a good play, too, although it has faults. It is absorbing, interesting and certainly a fine first effort, worth seeing and more than worth seeing. Louis Bromfield is young, attractive, successful. He has a wife and family and behaves himself. He is interested in his own work and talks about it. If he has not yet learned that it is necessary to conceal any interest in one's efforts, to appear to be utterly devoid of interest in one's job, that seems to me

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entirely creditable. Success has not gone to Louis Bromfield's head! His success has simply turned jealous heads against him. If anyone doubts my word, let him go to hear Louis lecture. You will find him as I have described him; brisk, volatile, interested in you and, as any healthy young writer should be, in himself!

The plays that have seemed most entertaining in the experience of one theater-goer are as follows:

"The Trial of Mary Dugan," by Bayard Veiller.

"Porgy," by Du Bose and Dorothy Heyward.

"Interference," by Ronald Pertwee and Harold Dearden.

"The House of Women," by Louis Bromfield.

"The Letter," by W. Somerset Maugham.

Mr. and Mrs. Heyward, in town for their rehearsals and the debut of their play, have returned to North Carolina, where Mr. Heyward will finish his new novel, "Mamba's Daughters", and Mrs. Heyward will write another play. Having followed "Porgy" from the days before it was even the complete manuscript of a novel, when John Bennett down in Charleston told me that a young man named Heyward was writing a book about negroes off in the Carolina mountains and I'd better have a look at it, having published parts of it first in the pages of this magazine, you can forgive my enthusiasm for the glowing, atmospheric picture that unfolds on the stage of The Guild Theater today.

The Forum dinner to André Maurois was one of the most successful of literary functions. It was a pleasure to see two such distinguished figures as Claudel and Maurois received by a group of American writers, publishers and editors that looked as though they knew their way about a drawing room. M. Maurois is slight and active and pleasant. Here, too, were Agnes Repplier and John Livingstone Lowes, writers of high distinction, not usually mentioned in the literary chit-chat of the day.

A tragedy was narrowly averted at our table. It is difficult at a dinner to glance quickly enough at the place-cards of your neighbors. This time, the six at table took each other for granted and didn't do the proper peering. In the midst of soup, Mrs. Hewitt Howland leaned forward and said: "Have you read 'Jalna', and how *do* you pronounce the name of the author?" I vowed I had, and boldly pronounced the name, just as though I knew how. Suddenly I saw the stately, quiet lady next me tuck her place card under her plate. Mrs. Morris of Philadelphia saved the situation. "You are Miss de la Roche, are you not?" she said. "I am," said that author with a nervous laugh, "but why did you spoil it? I thought, for once, that I was going to hear an honest criticism of my book!" This rivalled in near-tragedy the real tragedy of the time I introduced Floyd Dell to Philip Dunning at the beginning of what was going to be a happy week-end. Floyd was thinking of his next novel and did not hear the name. I was trying to warm things up with my usual obtuseness. "Floyd," I said, "You *have* seen 'Broadway', haven't you?" "Yes, and I didn't think so much of it, did you?" Mrs. Dunning was there, also. The results were proof that authors are not always as egotistical as they are claimed to be; but the moment was a bit trying for a host. For no reason at all this reminds me that Stanley Rinehart's boot-black recounted a tragedy to him not long since. "I spent two hundred dollars getting my son out of the army," he complained, "and now he has enlisted in the navy!" Nor has tragedy recently been lacking in my own life. Mrs. Will Irwin, the charming president of The Author's Guild of The Author's League, put a group of writers on exhibition at the opening of the new Wanamaker Librarium. One was given a button with a name printed upon it, Rotarianwise, and one shook hands and received the verbal thrusts (some of them actually poked you, too, to see if you were real) of the visitors. Now, I am not a writer, and I really had no place there, and it puzzled the kindly visitors. Many remarks were made; but among those made to me, two will always stand out in

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memory. "Let's see," said a nice fussy old gentleman, "You wrote that novel, 'The Bad Woman', didn't you?" The other one, unless I was taken for the sturdy Mr. Barton, is puzzling, for a young lady, looking me straight in the eye, said as she passed on to Blair Niles, standing next me and being constantly mistaken for Cleopatra, "I *did* so enjoy your 'Life of Christ'!"

Miss de la Roche, fresh from Canada, told me a story which she says I may repeat. It seems that a nice Canadian gentleman was coming into the United States with his twelve-year-old son. He also had with him a much more important item, a suit-case in which reposed six excellent bottles of excellent Scotch whiskey. "Sonny," he said, as he started for the smoking-car, leaving the boy on guard in the compartment, "you take care of that suit-case, and don't let anything happen to it." In the smoker, he encountered a friend who delighted in practical jokes, and who suggested that, not knowing the son, he would go into the compartment and pretend that he was a revenue officer.

The boy showed no signs of perturbation. He was calm as the man examined the luggage and found nothing.

"What's that big suit-case under the seat?" he asked.

"There's nothing in that. You can't open that!" said the boy.

"I must," said the friend. "It is my duty."

"Where's your badge," demanded the boy.

"I haven't it with me," said the friend.

"Then you can't open the suit-case," said the boy firmly.

"Well, sir," growled the friend. "Just you wait until we get to the next station!" He found the father and congratulated him on the possession of a manly and intelligent son.

Glowing with pride, the father returned.

"Well, how did things go?" he asked.

"A revenue officer came," reported the boy, excitedly, "but he didn't have his badge, so I told him that he couldn't open the bag."

The father congratulated him. He felt more than ever how fine it was to have a son who inherited the family good sense and bravery.

"What do you think will happen now?" he asked.

"Well, father, he said he would make trouble at the next station."

"Do you think he will?" asked the proud parent.

"Oh, don't worry, dad, we won't be arrested. It's quite all right. I've fixed everything. Just before you came in, I threw all six bottles out the window!"

And there was Frank Sullivan growing larger to fill Heywood Broun's chair as columnist on the editorial page of the world, bigger than life, so to speak. This encounter was at a tea given for the début of a humorous novel, "Just Between us Girls", written by Lloyd Mayer, once of *The Yale Record*, and more recently famous for his perfectly groomed moustache. Here, also were the world's most famous humorists, especially Dr. Canby and Will Cuppy.

John Erskine, deep in his contemplation of the eternal woman, looks well and slenderer than is his wont. Have you been reading the installments of his "Adam and Eve" in *Collier's Weekly?* It is almost as good a text-book on sex relations as Judge Ben Lindsay's "The Companionate Marriage", a book which has a deal of sound wisdom in it, but is calculated to make anyone with firm New England bones either outraged or, shall we say, disturbed. I told John Erskine of my busy hours being spent in writing "The Private Life of a Modern Tabby Cat, With Enough of Tom's Life to Explain Her Reputation"; but he took no notice. Emily Newell Blair came to town the other day, and proved to be far too charming for a famous reviewer of books for the millions, and far too disarming for a politician. Incidentally, it just occurs to me that the ideal woman in politics will be disarming. The picture I had conjured up in my mind of a woman senator or representative, was a sort of combination of Al Smith and Gloria Swanson; but I fancy the ladies will go at it in their own way. I heard Clare Eames say once that she thought Mary Pickford would make an ideal President of the United States. My own candidate for that

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office would be Edna Ferber. That lady, by the way, I saw for a delightful moment, between rehearsals — among rehearsals would be better. She was, then, in the midst of seeing "The Royal Family", which she has written with George Kaufman, and the musical version of "Show Boat" through the press, so to speak.

As I sat listening to Beverley Nichols talk the other afternoon, I could not help but compare that afternoon with an evening spent with Colonel Ralph Isham and his extraordinary Boswell papers. Mr. Isham's purchase of these amazing documents, many of which are unpublished, is a literary event of consequence. The thrill that comes once in a life-time comes from hearing that gentleman read an original letter of Voltaire's, Boswell's love letters to his wife, or an epistle from the charming Zélide. Nichols reminds me, somehow, of Boswell. He writes notes to authors and asks them how they do it. They reply, for some curious reason, just as Boswell's trained lions replied. The fact that George Moore and Noel Coward seem to be Mr. Nichols's chief literary admirations should not be held too long against him; for he plays the piano well and is still young.

One of the most interesting moments in judging the Lindbergh prize poems together with Mitchell Kennerley and Christopher Morley, who is also thinner than when he went to Europe, was the discovery that one of the hundred poems selected for the book was written by Richard Harding Davis's little daughter. It was a good poem, too. Speaking of children, if you want an hour of complete amusement, read the introduction to "The Romantick Lady", Vivian Burnett's autobiography of his mother, the creator of "Little Lord Fauntleroy". I can think of no better example of unconscious humor. Mr. Milne had better watch out, or Christopher Robin will turn into the modern Fauntleroy. Already hundreds of children are being named Christopher (including Henry Pringle's only and Floyd Dell's youngest son).

Edwin Balmer's new novel is a good one. It is also terrifying. It pictures groups of people madly living for business advantage. It is a true book. It is a true phenomenon; but I wonder if it is any truer today than ever before. Were friends not always friends of convenience — some friends, I mean? Isn't it because we live faster and must utilize our time more carefully that the phenomenon, like so many others of life, seems more striking, practised, as it is, at a more rapid rate. Anyhow, it's a detestable thing in human nature. I expect, however, that one can get around it by having a genuine liking for most kinds of people; then one can find it in him to like business friends as well as purely social ones. The only unforgivable sin is to pretend that you like a man, use him, and then talk about him behind his back. However, that trait is probably not confined to the twentieth century.

Perhaps I have gone too far without doing something about Christmas. The best part of the season this year is the fact that we have an excuse now to have a Christmas tree. Some night before long we'll go out on Lexington Avenue and pick one that reminds us of Vermont, or the evergreen garden at the Country Life Press, and we'll buy baubles for it, and lights, and we'll fasten a star at the top, and we'll sing a few carols, and weep a little for memory, and laugh a little for hope, and take advantage of the one time a year when a sentimentalist can really afford to be sentimental.

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FLORENTINE JOURNAL

By Arnold Bennett

IN TWO PARTS: PART TWO

Sunday 17th April 1910

A general wet day. The scavengers' strike settled and even the back streets clean. This morning I got past the 5000 word mark of the third part of "Clayhanger". I went to the Chiesa S. Felicità, and thence by the Ponte Vecchio to my *café attitré* for an *apéritif*. It rained most of the time except when I made a sketch of the bridge. I did a sketch of the column from the shelter of the loggia of S. Felicità. I read some Leslie Stephen and decided that he is tedious and that *The New Age* must say so. Still in the first volume of the correspondence of Flaubert; but I must get the next out and sample it, or I shan't have the value of my subscription to the lending library.

Monday 18th April 1910

Sunday evening 6 p.m. In a quiet street a postman was ringing several bells at the right hand of the main entrance to a big palace now divided into apartments, and then going under the *porte-cochère* or even into the courtyard and shouting "La Posta". No answer, and as you move off you can hear him shouting more loudly and more impatiently. This is very characteristic of Florence.

Then tonight. In a busy street near Duomo. 5.30 p.m. Cinema show. Open door. Crowds going in. View of crowds within. A bell (like a French railway station bell) continuously ringing outside to indicate that the performance was about to commence; sound of music from within. General effect as it were an intensification of existence within a radius of a few yards from door (as at the petal-cup of a blossom), leading to a terrific vitality far within. Perhaps I shan't remember how curious this is.

1500 words of "Clayhanger".

1300 words of *Chronicle* article on "The Arrogance of the Artist".

Tuesday 19th April 1910

By dint of taking one room in the Uffizi and resolving to look at every picture in it without exception, I saw things I should never have seen otherwise. Including an Adam and an Eve of Cranach, not specially remarked in Baedeker, and skied. In another room I discovered for myself the exceeding beauty of the small Dutch pictures.

A complete change in the weather. Sunshine quite blinding, and yet wind chill in the shadows. I did three full hours on "Clayhanger" before breakfast, and was then exhausted for the day. Disgusted with my sketching. I saw the town between 5 and 6 and had a drink in the Piazza Signoria. It is agreeable to be able to contemplate the Perseus of Cellini while drinking a quina-vermouth. At Viesseux's library, on changing my book this afternoon, the attendant said it was known in Florence, Florence being a cosmopolitan place, that A. B., the author, was staying in the town. He then became enthusiastic about the demand for my books, and lyrical about the number of Tauchnitz copies of them that Viesseux possessed. He said he knew them all from the first "The Grand Babylon Hotel", and to prove his *bona fides* he began reeling off the Tauchnitz series-numbers of them. So I rewarded him by shaking hands with him, whereat he was well content.

Wednesday 20th April 1910

Holiday of one day. I went out at 7 a.m. with the intention of arranging an elaborate drawing in the Piazza S. Croce; but I soon saw that I have far too much to do here to

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undertake elaborate drawings. So I gave up the idea.

Archaeological Museum with Mr. M. These Etruscan tombs of 7–4 centuries B.C. are very disconcerting things. While examining them I could believe that I was living in those times. And there was the figure of an Amazon on the side of a funereal monument, fresco, something B.C., that was so graceful and so modern that it positively made me feel queer. I daresay I caught these sensations from Grierson. Also the symbolic chimera, 3 beasts in one, expressing the ideas of *forza*, *scienza*, and *modesta* was the most finely naif thing I ever saw. This museum would grow on you enormously. We then had drinks in the Piazza del Duomo, and, having found a charming little second-hand bookshop, I bought a good old binding from an agreeable young man. There was an incunable of S. Augustine's "City of God", coloured, for sale at 70 lire.

I seemed to spend most of the afternoon at the barber's. Italians certainly have a natural genius for barbering. Perhaps that is why there are so many barbers in Italy.

Sitting on a crowded piazza, with a drink and a strange newspaper just out, as fresh as fruit, with news of Rome and Milan etc., and glancing at women most assuredly got up purposely to be glanced at—this experience wants a lot of beating, especially when you take a day off and have the consciousness of plenty of work behind you and plenty in front.

Apollo Music-hall after dinner. It was slightly better than the Alhambra, the appallingly tedious place to which Mr. M. and I went last night. If there had been a few women in the audience it would have been passable. But except for about a couple of female tourists in front expensive seats there wasn't one. In the one-lira places, fairly full, there was nothing but a crowd of men sitting at a crowd of little white tables, too close together. The idea of women being practically forbidden in auditorium and encouraged to make spectacles of themselves on the stage is oriental and southern. One of the singers was extremely graceful, pert, and attractive, a woman of about twenty-eight.

To walk about Florence at night, and look into the *porte-cochères* of the palaces — that is the way to get an idea of the palaces. You may see an old woman with a candle closing one iron grille behind another. Vistas of archways and groined roofs everywhere.

Saturday 23rd April 1910

X went to "*Chantecler*" at the Pergola on Thursday night. Crammed, fashionable. Students making a great noise the whole time. Second performance last night, and, according to the papers, scarcely anybody there. Stalls empty, boxes half empty. And of those who were present many left after the second act. Curious! However, there is no doubt that the first performance stirred the hotels to their depths. Eight or ten people went from this hotel alone. None of them stayed after the third act, I think. On that night I just walked about, in search of anything I could see, and saw naught.

Yesterday I went to the Bargello in the morning. On the previous morning I went to the Pitti, and also to the Boboli Gardens, unaware that a ticket was required for the one, and that the other was not open till the afternoon. In each case I was corrected, after I had got a long way, with the utmost politeness. My opinion of the Pitti is going up. The courtyard is magnificent. I was in S. Spirito again. It is the exterior of this ("purest baroque", as an expert told me, whom I met there) that I ought to paint, in sunshine, from the S. E. corner. It would be a wonderful composition.

Yesterday I tried a mixture of ink on aquarelle, and a mixture of symbolical figures with Florentine architecture.

1800 words today of "Clayhanger".

Most curious new visitors are a brother and sister, very fair, she about twenty-seven, he about thirty, very much alike, timid, graceful, twisting themselves, etc., when addressed. Always together. They go out together, getting up fairly early, with two stools, and sit close together side by side and paint the same view, he in oils, she in water-colour. Ponte Vecchio and hackneyed things like that. She wears linen dresses with white collars, etc.

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Wednesday 27th April 1910

Munich orchestra, conducted by F. Loëwe, at the Teatro della Pergola Saturday evening. *"Til Eulenspiegel"*. I began to understand it. The intense vivacity of the thing proclaimed itself. The performance was magnificent. On Sunday I was ill, but I had determined to go to *"Aida"* at the Politeama Fiorentino, and I went with Mr. M., in a shower of rain. We saw three acts, and I enjoyed it very much, though ill. Vast interior. All the cheaper seats crammed; heads stretching away into distances further than at Covent Garden. Then I spent Monday and yesterday in bed. I could not read on Monday, but yesterday I read I don't know how many newspapers, all *"Ce Cochon de Morin"*, and a lot of a new French novel by Jean Canora, sent to me for review. This morning I wrote my *Chronicle* article in bed before 8.30. So that the seeing of Florence has stood still for a time. Also "Clayhanger". The more I think of that accursed book the more complicated and undo-able it seems to be.

Saturday 30th April 1910

After being laid aside I resumed work on Thursday, and wrote 5,000 words in two days. During all this time — that is, for a week — no sightseeing, and almost no sketching. But on Thursday I began a water-colour. All I could really do was just to walk about and buy the *Corriere della Sera*, and gaze at fine women. And I studied somewhat the activities of the men who take gravel out of the bed of the river. Some of them work in their boats with nothing but a shirt with a scalloped edge that comes down a few inches below the middle. I should say that one dredging machine could do as much in an hour as all this sweating does in about a week. The day of the labourers appears to begin before six, and to finish after six.

I got Gebhart's book on Florence out of the Library. They said it was good, but it isn't. Rotten photographic illustrations, and a lot of prettiness in the feeble writing. I haven't yet come across a good book on Florence.

I suddenly discovered that I had never properly examined the doors of the Baptistery, which seem to be regarded as the *clou* of Florence. and I could not remember whether I had seen San Michaele. But when I looked it up on the map I remembered that I had just given it a casual glance.

Rickards * walked casually in on Thursday evening, twelve hours in advance of his warning postcard, and he took up residence here yesterday morning for three days. He said the Duomo was chiefly a feat of great engineering, and not really beautiful.

We went up to Fiesole in the afternoon. Crowded, wheel-shrieking, jerking tram to go, and the same to come back. Mrs. M. introduced us into an old convent or something, a home for women-convalescents, kept by English and Irish nuns. Extraordinarily beautiful garden, perhaps a shade "Robinson-y" here and there. (English influence.) Cheap little statues of Virgin and J. C., with a cup of fresh flowers suspended before him. But the whole effect, with the views of Florence and all the Arno plain, and the Arno far off flashing like gold, and the hills towards Siena — perfectly enchanting. Rickards instructed me in the excellence of drawing roofs seen from above, and then set me to trees. But I did a composition of Fiesole architecture in ink that annoyed him less than my trees. He would not let me draw in this journal, insisted on something larger and "freer". We had tea up at Fiesole. Then he and I, after the grinding slide down, had *apéritifs* in the town.

In the smoking-room Rickards gave such a violent and feverish description of Venice to us that both Mr. M. and I wanted to start out at once for Venice. "It nearly broke my heart to leave it on Thursday morning," said Rickards in a tragic tone. He said this several times.

Sunday 1st May 1910

Rickards, talking about a present of flowers, said it was a very serious thing to give flowers to a woman, "especially in these hot countries". He related how upon giving flowers to a young French lady her family had immediately asked him to stay with them in the country. The flowers cost 20 francs. Each day for a fortnight she wore a different

* The Architect. Died in 1920.

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one, and said: "*Vous voyez, M. Rickards, que je porte toujours vos fleurs*".

He also related, apropos of accidents at table, how one night at the Carlton or somewhere he leaned his elbow on the table and began a long confidential argument, which a friend interrupted with: "Excuse me, but your elbow's in the mayonnaise".

The funniest thing he told us, of himself, was about his taking a taxi off a rank, getting in, and then getting out for a moment, whereupon the taxi went off without him. He came back and saw it in the distance. The whole rank was convulsed. Another driver offered to drive him to overtake the first one, and after about a mile (?) they met the first one returning. He then got into the right cab. Before re-starting the driver turned on the electric light to see if he was there. They laughed. The driver laughed. The driver said: "That was funny". R. said: "Yes, it was like going to a funeral without a corpse".

Yesterday morning he and I went chiefly to La Badia, where he showed me in some detail the tomb sculptures of Mina da Fiesole. He was not much struck with the cloisters of S. Marco. In the afternoon we went to the royal villas of Castello and Petraia. Sensations of heat, quiet, and cypress-effects that really were worth having. From the terraces you have a fine view of the perfectly flat plain. Curious furnitures at Petraia: a mixture, but some rooms very original and beautiful. You can't forget the reflection of pale chairs in a dark marble floor. The fatuity of the life there must have been excessive. The games-rooms, etc. The horrible little private chapel. Two of the "finest fountains in Italy", it seems, by John of Bologna and Tribola. But after all it was the cypresses and the roofs and the distant hills, and the cloud and sky effects against the cypresses that were the chief things. For fatuity, the glass case with singing, fluttering birds, and the play of floor-jets of water in a silly ugly grotto must be remembered. We had guides of some individuality, decent, quiet, and open to suggestion; otherwise the guide business would have been very trying. We came and went in a dusty tram, and while waiting for it, to go back, sucked oranges in the narrow and tedious, but *watered*, main street of Castello. In this street I saw a notice of an Italian opera called "Sullivan", of which the scene and characters were London, to be done today at the Castello Theatre. (Box-office open first on such a day at such an hour. It must therefore be a stock piece.)

In the evening we went to "*Monna Vanna*", at the Verdi. Georgette Le Blanc, Jean Froment, Séverin Mars. This was the worst dramatic performance, without any exception, that I have ever seen anywhere. The whole conception of the interpretation of the play was fatuous and vulgar. Poorish fashionable audience. Reception cold. Tonight I learnt for the first time that the galleries of this theatre are faced with white marble. I had taken it for Aspinall.

Monday 2nd May 1910

Yesterday, Labour Day; no trams. Processions, with fine effect of banners against the walls of the Palazzo Vecchio.

We went to the church of S. Lorenzo, which Rickards said was as beautiful as S. Spirito. He certainly is one of those who explain why. We heard the end of a fine high mass. It must have been modern French organ music, but it was fine. Coming out, Rickards saw a woman going in, and said to me: "Can you keep calm and see that? . . . Most of my married friends couldn't, I know. . . . There's something Roman about that woman. If I was alone I should go back and look at her . . . I'd give anything to see her at her devotions".

Boboli gardens in the afternoon. Rickards raved about an Italian woman whom we kept meeting, but he raved more about the gardens. "An enchanted land! An enchanted land!" he kept saying. He did two fine sketches.

Wednesday 4th May 1910

I sat an hour in the sun sketching on Monday morning. Yesterday morning: the Gothic Palazzo (? Davanzati) which Professor Volpi, the owner, has fitted up as a museum. The most complete show house I ever saw. The Professor even has the generosity to leave incunables lying about.

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What amused us — I met Mr. M. therein by accident — was the holes in the floor of the drawing-room through which enormous stone balls (specimens handy) could be dropped on to the heads of hostile visitors in the hall below. There is something exquisitely cheerful about this device.

Por called in the afternoon and stayed an hour though I was ill. He said that all progressive periodicals in the U. S. A. had suffered a set-back, and were either paying their authors half-rates, or had been bought up by reactionaries, or something else had happened to them.

This morning, fired by a letter from Martin: Palazzo Riccardi. Yes, the Gozzoli frescoes quite came up to my expectation; but it would be quite impossible for me to enjoy them under the actual conditions; a man flickering a portable electric light around all the time, and the Wild West accent in the back of my neck. The other show parts of the Palazzo are not worth more than the half a lira charged. But of course I was unwell.

Thursday 6th May 1910

Outskirts, Settignane way. A well-pump actuated by a horse that walked round and round. The cog-wheels and all the machinery were of wood, except the pans which, fastened to the circumference of the big wheel, brought up the water and tipped it out as they approached the top of the circuit. Market gardens, in which two women were working about a dozen yards off; but no one was in charge of the horse. The horse would make a circuit, then stop a few seconds — always at the same place — and then begin another circuit. The water therefore fell into the tank irregularly. The horse's eyes were covered with leather patches so that it could see nothing at all.

Coming along the main street from Settignane, beyond the City gate, I noticed either three or four butchers' shops, all busy and all arranged in exactly the same way. Namely, walled with marble, and a very high massive counter of marble. The butcher and his assistant behind the counter were very much higher than the customers, and had to bend down to them over the counter like an auctioneer from a rostrum.

This morning, I did not go to the Cascine, where all the *populo* goes today — bicycle clubs were noisily passing our windows at 7.30 a.m. But I saw a number of people with the little cages containing live crickets or grasshoppers which, I am told, are on sale in hundreds or thousands in the Cascine on Ascension Day morning.

I went as far as the Carmine, to see the Masaccio frescoes, which did not powerfully impress me. What did strike me was the gestures of a young priest officiating at what I suppose was a high mass. I was able to stand close by him and watch him through a grille. The complexity of the gestures, hand-wavings, signs, kneelings, etc., was really very surprising to me, and he handled a silver cup, that had a paper or something laid on the top of it, exactly as though he were doing a conjuring trick with it. His grimaces, eye-closings, glance-liftings, and puttings-out of longing lips towards the silver cup, were perfectly grotesque seen close at hand. He must have been a neurasthenic.

Saturday 7th May 1910

Said the Colonel: "I think I shall go to the Belli Arti this morning. My wife doesn't care to go. She's not in love with these primitives. Of course one does not go there to see beauty; one goes there to *study*".

This morning, news of the death of the King. The moved silence in which it was received in the coffee-room was most remarkable. One middle-aged man had apparently some difficulty in not crying. A good thing I had postponed doing my *Chronicle* article. If I had done something humourous there might have been difficulty. This afternoon I wrote a pretty fair article on the "human nature" of the reception of the news here. I used mostly real incidents, but they had to be arranged.

Last evening I received the proof of my *English Review* article, "Night and Morning in Florence". I devoured it. I found it even more brutal than I expected. It is good.

Yesterday I wrote 2,700 words of "Clayhanger". Then I walked all over the town to find a subject to sketch, and found none, till in despair I sat down in the Loggia Lanzi.

This morning I had written about 1500 or

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1600 words of "Clayhanger" by 8.30, though I only went to bed last night at 11.30. Then we went up to San Miniato and I sketched. An ideal morning. This afternoon, after my article, I sketched again; and on the way home bought for six sous the first edition of R. H. Dana's "To Cuba and Back".

No museums for a long time now.

Tuesday 10th May 1910

We ought all to have gone to Vallombrosa today, but were prevented by the weather. Moreover P. is ill again, and under the doctor.

Sunday afternoon we went to the Boboli gardens. It was too chilly for elaborate sketching. Rain threatened all day, but none came till 7 p.m. We met Jowett in the gardens, and with him savoured the sculptures and the vistas. Then we all three went to the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele and drank, and listened to "*Zampa*" and such things. Heavy sky, but swifts flying high. The Square was a great party of families.

Yesterday morning and this morning I wrote 3,600 words of "Clayhanger".

Most of the women are wearing half-mourning in this hotel. Gaiety, however, is unchecked, though many people are ill. I think that one of the things that have most struck me in Florence and Brighton is the unpleasant expressions and the ungainliness of the Anglo-Saxon women, their extraordinary unattractiveness. I saw three middle-aged American women meet and greet each other this morning, and the sight and sound of the spectacle were rather trying. (It is true I am slightly unwell.) What looks, what gestures, and what voices! But then I often feel that I myself, when alone, go about with a fixed unpleasing expression of disgust. I don't know why. Yesterday morning Mr. M. and I went up to San Miniato again, and I finished my pastel. *Raté!* In the evening we went to the Teatro Verdi, and saw two acts of Suppé's "*Boccaccio*". The house was not a sixth full. We have never seen this theatre even half full. I doubt if we have seen it a third full. It must be a sort of Chat Moss for burying money. The first act of "*Boccaccio*" was amusing (3 encores for a comic trio, and the audience *would* have the third one, stopping the performance and defeating the conductor in order to get it), but we got tired of not understanding in the second act. The music was really much better than I expected. It always had a certain vague distinction. Rain all the evening.

This morning, being *desorienté*, I went to the Pitti. In the main it left me cold. It is an unpleasant and difficult place in which to see pictures, and quite half the pictures are n.g. Crowds of people in the place.

Thursday 12th May 1910

P. now seriously ill. Nurse at nights, and a specialist coming in consultation today. This is the ill-luck of a girl with no constitution and a lymphatic temperament. She came here on purpose to write her novel under my nose, and she has been continually prevented from working. And instead of getting better she gets worse. Impossible to do anything except work. So this I do. 2,500 word chapter — the last but two — of "Clayhanger" yesterday, and two articles for *The New Age* this morning before breakfast. Then I walked up to S. Margherita in Montici, and it began to rain and it stopped.

I have read some of the important parts of Wood Brown's "Builders of Florence", and despite a certain inflation and pomposity of style it is a real book. I now look on the streets of Florence differently, and therein I give lectures to X and others on Florentine architecture and its evolution.

Friday 13th May 1910

Today P. was driven off to the Nursing Home of the — something — Nuns. Fairly complete failure of the English nurse that cost 36 lire for two nights. She was charming, and a "lady" I was told; but she bathed the patient at night after a sleeping draught, and gave her a cold in addition to stopping the effect of the draught; she put on poultices in a manner that made them useless; she was very untidy, and in the morning matches were found all over the floor, and she opened the windows and shutters so that the light fell crudely on P's face, and the poor patient had to shade her eyes with her hands.

I began badly this morning, but at 3.45 p.m. had written the worst chapter of all of

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the third part of "Clayhanger", 2,800 words, not a bad day. No sketching. Not well enough and not interested enough. No reading except Conrad and newspapers. I bought 70 postcards yesterday, chiefly of sculpture in Florence, and today I bought a few photographs of nudes by Cranach and Dürer. They cost 50c at ordinary shops and 75c. at Alinari's. X and I went tramming and omnibussing about after tea, and got to the Porta Romana and walked in the avenues without. It was affrighting to see people sitting on stone seats. A quarter-of-an-hour of that accounts for my indisposition all this week — now practically cured. Still much illness in the hotel, though people are leaving; the end-of-season feeling has begun to show itself in the fatigued nonchalance of guests. Talk of trains and routes, etc.

After the rain the day before yesterday the Arno rose at once and became yellow. It has now fallen again, but is not cleared. It is a stream of many colours.

Saturday 14th May 1910

Curious the nervousness with which the Tory Colonel spoke to me about the chances of the Government forcing on the new King an early decision as to the creation of peers. At one moment he could not enunciate clearly. He began by asking me what I thought would happen. Before he had finished he entirely contradicted himself, without perceiving it, and said he would prefer a straight fight at once. There would have to be a fight, etc., and it was best to get it over.

Today the washing comes home, piled in little carts, and a girl or a man or several persons balanced on the top of the pile. Red carts, with mules or ponies. Jingling. The sacks are noticeably much smoother, and their contents better arranged, than when the stuff goes out to the washing suburb, up the river, on Monday or Tuesday.

They collect in the Square near the north end of the Ponte della Grazia.

This is evidently removal week in Florence. Plenty of flittings to be seen every day. Many of them without horses. A large handcart drawn by one man, with a chain across the shafts chaining him in and pressing against the middle of his thighs; pushed behind by one or two others. And perhaps a woman walking alongside with a small chequered bundle and giving a poke now and then to the insecurely balanced goods to keep them safe. The furniture seems to consist chiefly of beds and bedding. I haven't noticed any august removal.

I was on the Ponte Vecchio this morning when children were going to school (8.45), and I noticed more than ever how Italian little girls have the look and the form of women. X and I have been noticing them in their short skirts for weeks. They look just like women unsuitably dressed.

Chronicle article this morning on colliery disasters. I haven't received a single letter for two days.

Sunday 15th May 1910

This is a curious instance of how women, when they are afraid, will argue in general, instead of in particulars, as usual. P. may have to have an incision behind her ear. It is called an operation. If the doctor and the specialist say it ought to be done, of course it must be done, and at once. Supposing I telegraphed to P.'s mother, she could only reply that she left it to us who are on the spot, and if she replied against an operation, the operation would still have to be done. Any other course would be absurd. Yet when all this is arranged and understood and agreed, a lady comes to me and puts this abstract question: "Have you the right to let a girl be operated upon without obtaining her mother's permission?"

We dined with Mr. M. at Lapi's, a cellar in the Via Tornabuoni. Here the cooking is done in full view of the audience. Each dish prepared specially for each client. All by one man. About thirty-five, dark, personable, extraordinarily quick and graceful. If he left his recess for a moment to go upstairs he would slide down the rail to come back again. Charcoal stove. He blew it up constantly with a fan. Sparks fly. He put on charcoal with his hand. Everything goes through that hand. He would fan with one hand and stir with the other. He made an omelette in a moment: very quick his gesture in turning it over, like a pancake, in the pan.

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Very careful and slow in making our coffee. Orders called out in a loud voice by the landlord or the boy waiter — who was not dressed as a waiter. All professional conversation very loud, and constantly going on. Things not in stock, such as ham, sent for and brought down in a paper. When a dish is ready the chef planks it down on a ledge, and whistles, or calls out the name. As we arrived the landlord was finishing his dressing in the further salon, which was darkened. Later the boy waiter — perhaps his son — took a pair of loose cuffs from a hat-hook and slipped them on, at once giving himself an air of *grande toilette*. Still later the landlord, evidently bethinking himself, did the same, from another hook. About 10 or 12 or 15 customers, and all cooked for by one man. Arched roof papered over with coloured posters of every sort. Graceful leave-takings from all the personnel as we left. Bill and tips 8½ lire for 3 people.

"*Lohengrin*". We saw 2 acts. Italian audience still the worst I have encountered.

The night effects on the lower reach of the Arno are unlike anything else I ever saw.

1,000 words of "Clayhanger" today.

Monday 16th May 1910

I began the last two sections of the third part of "Clayhanger" this morning at 7 a.m. and finished the part at noon. About 37,000 words in all in this part. I have now written over 200,000 words this year, which is a record. If I kept on at the same rate I should do half a million by the end of the year, but I mean to do only 350,000 at most.

Commission from *Cassells* to do an article on "The People of the Potteries".

This afternoon I found a quiet piazza on the hill, south bank, somewhere near S. Maria sopra Arno, where I could sketch, and I did a little watercolour that took me two hours.

For the first time better news of P. this afternoon, by X, who went to the Home. When the doctor, having arranged a consultation with the specialist, cries it off, on the ground that there is no need for it, we can begin to think about going home. P.'s sister arrives at midnight.

I took up "Dombey & Son" last night by caprice, and read the opening of it in bed. Appallingly vulgar—there is no other word. I fell back on Joseph Conrad.

Not a very inspiring Whit Monday. Close, and a few showers. The only sunshine came straight on to my watercolour, of course, so that I had to fix up a shade with my umbrella in order to continue. When I had finished, the sun finished.

Yesterday afternoon X and I went over to the Settignane quarter to see Odon Por and the Vedras. His wife more beautiful than ever. All of them have the most extraordinary charm. We saw the *mère* Por, a charming, middle-aged woman. She and her daughter spoke quaint, broken English. We arranged a restaurant dinner. Most of them had read and enjoyed "What the Public Wants", and Odon Por said that "The Old Wives' Tale" had kept him off pressing work for two whole days.

Thursday 19th May 1910

Church of S. Miniato yesterday morning, in intense heat. I find that after seven weeks of sight-seeing I begin to discover beauties for myself, and to be quite sure that they are beauties. For example, the pavements and some neglected bits of frescoes at S. Miniato. Before that I went to Cook's and got tickets and money for Paris. The place was crowded with tedious and long-winded persons. Before that I bought bindings and a Galsworthy book. In the afternoon we went up to see P. in her nursing home. Up a dusty hill that autos thundered down, and horses were thrashed up. Most satisfactory Home, though the service of tea was interrupted by benedictions in the chapel, etc. I had a fearful headache, owing to dinner eaten at the Restaurant Lapi with the Vedres and Por on Tuesday night. By bits I wrote a *Chronicle* article yesterday and today. This morning I saw the awful sight of groups of tourists doing the Loggia Lanzi under Italian guides who spoke English. It was positively a revolting sight. I solaced myself by getting more money from Cook's and buying an ebony stick.

Saturday 21st May, 1910

Undoubtedly there has been more evidence of superstition about the comet in Italy than

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elsewhere. On Wednesday the papers were full of the "incontro" of the earth and the tail — on the posters — and some of them had had articles *rassurants* by, for instance, Camille Flammarion, explaining soothingly that no harm would occur. Vast numbers of people stayed up on Wednesday night to see the comet, and were *deçus*, as there was nothing to be seen. The Italian landlady of the pension went up to the Piazza M. Angelo at 2.30 A.M. and stayed till four. Crowds of people singing and making a row. I had heard noises and had wondered what was up. Madame S. reports the same thing from Toulouse, going out to a certain point to see the comet, and seeing it *en masse*, as if for the end of the world. Same thing in a lighter vein in Paris, where people thought the violet colour of the lightning in the tremendous storm of Thursday night meant the end of the world.

We left Florence at 2.45 on Thursday, and arrived at Milan at 9.45 p.m. Headache all the time. Three hours sleep. We left Milan at 8 a.m. on Friday and Italy about 11 a.m. No proper seats in the through carriage till we got to Montreux. Terrific storms in the Jura and further on. We reached Paris at 11.25 p.m., half an hour late, and the hotel at 12.30. I found a large post, including a request by the *Chronicle* to suspend articles, as they were crowded out, and a letter from L. M. about George Alexander's notions for a play from me. We went to bed about 1.30 or 2, and I had four hours sleep. Beautiful morning, but heavy. My first act was to go to my artistic barber in the Rue de Sèze. Then to buy *La Nouvelle Revue Française*.

New Salon *cet après-midi*. I saw one or two *aquarelles* that gave me ideas. But for the most part I found the thing more tedious than usual.

Sunday 22nd May 1910 (Paris)

Place du Havre, at 6.45 A.M. to 7 A.M. Sunday. Long time taken by grey-headed man to wind up shutters of the Duval restaurant. Interminably slow.

Rag and bone man at refuse-boxes. Square sackcloth on ground, old slop-pail to left. Big basket to right. He pulls box over on to the cloth, puts paper into basket, and peel and food refuse etc., into pail, ramming it down. When he has done there is not much left of the original contents of the box. He then picks up sackcloth by corners and empties the remains back into the refuse-box. Then empties the contents of the pail into a sack of his own. Then he begins the whole process again with a new box. Half a dozen boxes in front of the Duval restaurant. Young man sweeping. The rag and bone man talks to the policeman. Note. The two storeys of the Duval restaurant are not perpendicularly conterminous.

Passing:

Ice man staggering under load of ice, which he carries in a special receptacle fitted to his back, into side door of restaurant.

Working woman in a cab filled with flowers. Also couple in another cab with trunk, and the woman with a tennis racket in its stretcher.

Girl in white sleevelets, and butcher boy, coming out of the hotel, having delivered some things. They cross the *Place* together. You can see even from the fifth storey that they are interested in each other.

Note how from high above people visibly have to lift their legs and put them forward in a new place in order to "walk". The legs have the air of being separate from the body; showing a desire for movement, rather clumsy.

Place St. Lazare. 7.15. Muck cart comes along. A huge thing. Two wheels, shaft horse and leader. All the weight on shaft horse. Four men and a sweeper woman in blue apron with black caraco.

Ice cart still delivering. Huge cart. Two wheels. Man staggering with ice across *Place* to another part of *Place*. Then both carts go. Caraco woman discusses something in distance with one of the men, holding her broom high up on its long handle as if to rest her arms.

Chez Georges Petit. "*Exposition des XX Grands Peintres du XIX siècle.*" *En voilà* an exhibition of the highest class. The finest Dupré I ever saw: "Environs of Southampton". A magnificent landscape, evening, with yellow clouds. Rousseaus very fine. And I liked the small Daumiers as well

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as anything. In fact a whole mass of really great stuff. Delacroix was holding his own splendidly, but I must say I think his greens a bit trying. Décamps was outclassed. Plenty of people. All nice and quiet, except one couple who went noisily about, the woman saying "*J'aime ça. Oui, c'est très bien. Oui, oui! Non, non!*" Etc. Classing everything with positive certainty and with a most odious unconscious condescension.

A motorbus rattled our bones over the stones at a terrific rate to M's, where we lunched and stayed till nearly 3.

Monday 23rd May 1910 (Paris)

On reading the account of the King's funeral this morning, the two things that struck me as really remarkable were (1) the fact that it was exclusively a military funeral, and (2) the impressiveness of the sight of the vast crowds, for instance, at Hyde Park Corner — seen from upper windows; the mere mass of people. It is a tremendous relief to a newspaper reader to have that funeral done with.

One of the most beautiful things I see in Paris is the reflection of the rich red curtains of this hotel bedroom in the gilt Louis Philippe wall mirror; the morning light showing through the curtains. It is tremendously rich. In the morning, 7.30, if you open the windows wide the noise of traffic is deafening; leave them ajar and you can stand it.

Tuesday 24th May 1910 (Paris)

I forgot yesterday to put down two tales of philistinism that I heard on Sunday night. One. Tombs of the Medici, Florence. A tourist took a gold coin out of his pocket and going up to Michael Angelo's "Night", rang the coin on the statue, and said: "Listen to the sound of the gold on the marble". Two. Pinacothek, Munich (?), while looking at a Ghirlandajo someone said to some one else: "Where do you put the accent on the word 'Gorgonzola'"?

Yesterday morning I cut a lot of time to waste in walking about. Very hot. Noticed that on first nights the poster of the Français doesn't reveal the name of the author. Lunched with C. at the Restaurant Italien, and then went with him to Marie Mielle's theatrical *costumière*, 2, rue de Provence, and helped him to copy out the measurements of each member of the Russian ballet. When we came to the women C. said: "*Elle marche*" or "*Elle ne marchera pas*", as the case might be. Evidently there were only about four of them who were prepared to "*marcher*". The individuality of the stout, middle-aged *costumière*, who refused to make any definite promise about anything, was rather interesting. Then we drove to the Opéra, administration, and I wandered up into the bureau and messed about. There is a great deal of clumsy planning in that building. G. came out with me and we drove to Druet's in the Rue Royale, and took Druet along to his other place in the Faubourg St. Honoré and I chose 89 francs worth of photographs of impressionist pictures. Druet is certainly in the way to become a celebrity of *tout Paris*. He already has 20,000 photographs of modern pictures. He began as a *marchand de vins*. Then I took G. back to the Opéra, — girls Russian and others waiting about to see C.

This morning I went to the new *magasins du Printemps* to get a hat. I thought of making an "impression" of one of these shops for my *English Review* series. Then to Druet's to spend more money in photos. And then to Dauphin's, chiefly to pay a bill. Three days of Paris have completely exhausted me.

Wednesday 25th May 1910 (Fontainebleau)

We reached home yesterday at 5.30 after an absence of six months, and found the garden like a jungle.

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A Bookman's Notes

LECTURERS AND ENTERTAINERS

FOR a long time I wondered what crazy sort of vanity it was that prompted the people who talked as though they had hot mush in their mouths, who lost all sense of vocabulary, syntax, unity, mass and coherence the moment they got up to speak, who had minds like statisticians or quoted Shakespeare with such slowness that before they got from one word to the other the Bard would have time to rise up and do a Black Bottom in his grave. I wondered if it was because they wanted to be gazed upon, but I reflected that the average after-dinner speaker is not ever of any such fairness of feature that you'd think he would want to kiss himself every morning as he looked into the shaving mirror. In fact many of them, I should think, would, out of sheer discouragement, always get shaved by a barber. It did not seem like complete incapacity for boredom for I have seen them fall asleep over speeches at dinners where they were on the program. It couldn't be because their intelligence quotients stood about ten degrees below zero; for most of them held positions requiring insight, ability, training, judgment, character and tact.

Tact! Ah, that was it! The word no sooner slipped out of my mind than I knew what was the matter. *Tact*, what horrible things are done in thy name! What cruelty, what misery, what snores at tables that word has caused me when I was a guest, and what an anaesthetic, lethal, slow-death pain-in-the-neck it has given others when I have spoken!

For I have spoken. The secret is out. I have spoken. And why? Because I have the impression that I speak with the tongue of angels? Not much. (I stammer in excitement and go completely dumb in the midst of a sentence.) Because I like the looks of my mush? Not much! I broke my nose in a football game in my youth and if I had his weight I could double for Louis Wolheim, unless Wolheim has got his nose made beautiful by now: (I heard he was going to). Because I am a low-grade moron, a cretin, the village half-wit? Well, that I simply can't admit; my half-witted enemies may say so but treat them gently; lead them quietly down an alley and tap them on the head with the pacifier. I, at least, know as many buck-and-wing dance steps as Walter Winchell who used to hoof in vaudeville, and you can't do that sort of work if you haven't physical and nervous coördination and are'nt intelligent enough not to let a booking agent rook you.

What was the trouble then with me and the others? Tact — and a kind heart; that's the answer.

When people want to get up a dinner or a banquet and have speakers they usually gather a number of their crowd together and ask whom they would suggest for the program. The people are tired and can't think; they came to see what dresses the others are wearing or have a cup of tea; so they suggest any name, connected with the interest of the club in session that happens to come into their minds.

For instance, say, it is a study club. Maybe some one thinks of me (that's sweet of that person, but —); and up comes my name. The person who threw my name into the arena never saw me, she probably thinks I am a Santa Clausy person with long white whiskers, a nice voice, who lives with his nose buried in a book (they usually do). No one there ever heard of me, and so all are over-powered by the suggester's erudition. No one knows whether I can make a talk or not. But my name goes down as a speaker. I am written to as Berton Rosco; but I put that down as a typist's error.

I am kind; I have tact. Heaven help me, but I am kind and have tact! I tactfully turn down the invitation on the ground that I don't speak well, that I look like a tramp,

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that I would bore them all to death, and that they would probably step on me because I look so much like Lon Chaney. However I am not talking over the phone to the club as a whole, but to the distracted woman who has charge of notifying the speakers. She says she has already received from the others notifications of five nervous breakdowns, telegrams of the death of a dear relative, previous engagements or water on the knee, and her program will be a flop if I don't show up.

It will be a flop anyhow; but I am kind and I have tact. I can't hold out any longer, even if for her sake and the club's sake. I give in. I give in; I show up; I wander onto the stage and begin my remarks in a species of language I couldn't interpret myself if I had to listen to it. I become conscious of my looks; I wonder if the way my hair sticks out like little horns on the sides is acting that way again and causing those titters. Suddenly I lose consciousness altogether, though not the power of balance and locomotion; I make a mechanical bow and a mechanical smile and some kindly Providence gets me into the wings of the stage or into a chair before I come to. I hear, through the ringing in my ears that awfully sticky sound (so well meant) of palms slapping together. American audiences have the viciously uncritical habit of slapping their palms when they would really like to throw a ton of bricks. If they threw them, it would be merciful: I don't kid myself that they mean that smacking sound as an encouragement to me to do it again.

So much for public speaking. I wrote in the present tense but that is all in the past. I haven't offended lately. I presided as a chairman one day during Wanamaker's Book Week; but that was about the extent of my activities: I sat in a chair. Every now and again, I would uncross my legs when Mr. Lane handed me a slip telling me who was to be the next speaker and when the last one had got off the stage I would arise and say, "The next speaker will be Mr. ——, he is the author of, '———', published by the ——— company". They tell me that I did very well. They always tell you that. But this time some of them didn't seem to be

H. R. H. Prince William of Sweden is the author of "Roaring Bones", a book of traveler's tales recounting his wanderinge in various parts of the world.

having the time of their lives up their sleeves when they said it. That gave me a hunch. If I ever, through tact and kindness of heart am called upon to speak, I will make it so snappy they won't know what, if anything, I have said. They don't, anyhow, if you talk two hours.

Now, take me as a listener. I attended that dinner recently for Henry Wickham Steed. It was a fine dinner. Dr. John Finley of *The Times*, who was the toastmaster for the occasion, added a bit of piquancy to the event by arriving there all out of breath from his office, attired in a blue shirt and a blue suit, while all the rest of us were in dinner-coats or swallow-tails (it was a stag) and, of course, the other accessories of dress. Mr. Steed himself, a slim and handsome gentleman, was in white waistcoat, white tie, white hair, white mustache and swallow-tails and he looked every inch the ambassador of good-will, except that I am sure of his character, and most ambassadors of good-will between America and foreign countries, as some speaker said at the table, are gentlemen with their hands in each other's pockets.

What I was about to say was that, with the exception of Dr. Finley and Mr. Steed, the speakers talked with somewhat the same lethal effect on me and the rest of the audience that I used to have on some good-

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looking girl when I had snared her into a corner at a high-school Junior Prom and had begun to tell her what my plans were for the future. During one speech I fell soundly asleep while I was sitting at a table with former-Governor Silzer of New Jersey (a most charming and amusing fellow, now out of politics and making more money), Mr. Marcus, a wealthy Wall-Streeter of a most kindly and attentive sort — he listened to me while I was talking about stocks and bonds — and, among others, Mr. Otto Kahn. Mr. Kahn, the Lorenzo the Magnificent of New York, asked in a loud and flattering whisper "Is that Burton Rascoe?" while I was talking, which fussed me so much that I could hardly go on, especially since the others whispered, "Yes, yes, yes!"

Don't jump to wrong conclusions. Mr. Kahn had looked over the seating arrangement. There were only a posy of us at our table. He knew all the others by sight; of course I was the other one. I don't flatter myself. Roosevelt had the same trick. That's probably how he got his reputation for a phenomenal memory for names and faces. At the inauguration of the Bull Moose Convention in Chicago on the evening after his break-away from the Republican National Convention in 1912, I, as a young reporter, was stationed in the outer office of his suite of rooms. He had an efficient secretary who kept away the obvious morons among the delegates to the Conventions; but now and then he admitted someone. The secretary gave the name to Roosevelt after collecting all the available data he possibly could from the delegate who just wanted to shake hands with the man he had served under at San Juan Hill, or had broken a bronc' with out in Montana, and then Roosevelt would come out, smile, grip the bird's hand, and say, "How are you, Joe, and how are the wife and kiddies, I heard you got married and all about you, you sly old rascal! Remember that time, Jim, we all had the itch and it was hot as blazes down there in Cuba, and you had the only box of ointment in the outfit? Great old days, eh? Well, it was nice of you to call on me, and if you can round up the boys that will be fine; good bye, Joe". The chap may have been named Francis Aloysius, never been in the San Juan encounter and may have known Roosevelt only as a cowhand, but down in the Auditorium bar, later on in the evening, he would be telling the other bar-flies what a remarkable memory Teddy had and how they were just like this — holding pointer and second finger together. I have no illusions about how these fallacies grow; so I am not boasting that Mr. Kahn asked "Is that Burton

S. S. Van Dine

Much speculation has been indulged in regarding the identity of "S. S. Van Dine", which is admittedly the pseudonym of the author of "The Canary Murder Case" and of "The Benson Murder Case". Pressed to give an idea of what he looks like, the mysterious Mr. Van Dine drew the above caricature of himself. Having been sworn to secrecy, we were admitted into the secret and privileged to look upon the countenance of this new contriver of thrillers. And we must say that the self-portrait in caricature is a rather startling, if not exact, likeness and that from all we know of the fellow he seems to have caught the character of his own inner personality in the drawing above.

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Rascoe?" (although I have mentioned him several times in my writings — who can avoid it — and dined one night at his house along with about sixty other scribblers).

Well, to get back to the subject: I don't even remember what Mr. Steed said. That is, I don't remember the exact words. He had an electric quality about him that almost made you miss what he said and dwell on the man's cool, shrewd, intellectual qualities, his courtesy, his common-sense. He didn't flatter America and he didn't boost England. He said some things about the financial obligations between England and America which sounded to me like "I borrowed five dollars from you when we were on a bust the other night, old chap; here it is. Thanks!" . . . All in all a pleasant evening.

This is all leading up, however, to an occasion of speeches of another sort. I really had a grand and gorgeous time at the dinner Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach gave for André Maurois. I had no idea I would have. I had to dash into town from Mamaroneck, change into black clothes at the office, dash to the dinner and get back to get some stuff done that had to go off to the press. I arrived out of temper, but I was seated between Mrs. Thomas B. Wells and Mrs. Mateel Howe Farnham, both of them the most stimulating sort of persons — Mrs. Wells the wife of the editor of *Harper's*, and Mrs. Farnham daughter of Ed Howe and winner of the *Pictorial Review* prize novel contest — and my bad temper disappeared in fifteen seconds.

At a table near me I saw a woman I recognized as Mazo de la Roche, whose profile made me think of a line in "1909":

"Mine is an eaglet's attitude, a cold
Survey of all that lies adrift upon this sea
Against the darker sea of sleep."

At length, after food and talk, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby arose and explained why he looked so funny in his clothes. As a commuter with an office in New York he has a locker at the Yale Club where he keeps clothes and his supply of linen for just such occasions as this, but when he came into town that night he discovered that he had left his key to the locker at home. He assembled a black suit by getting a pair of trousers from a Yale Club waiter, a jacket from the closet of a friend who had worn out the trousers that belonged to the jacket, and dress-shirt, shoes, socks, tie, waistcoat and aplomb from other helpful persons about the club.

The French Ambassador, Paul Claudel, read a speech from a sheet of paper. He looks amiable, good-humored, wise and good-tempered, with a round face and clear blue eyes. I am glad he did not read his address in French because I should have understood it much better if he had, and because his accent was charming. I understood the first words: "Laces and Zhentlemen ent Meestair Prasident ent our 'onored guest! Eet ees a grrreat plaiser . . ." After that it did not matter. I will never be self-conscious about my French again.

Miss Agnes Repplier talked and her brief remarks sparkled with wit — every sentence, almost, an epigram.

Mr. Maurois, a slim and dark fellow, who looks like a chemist or a manufacturer's clerk (whereas he is a well-to-do silk manufacturer and writes only on the side), arose and made a delightful talk in English that was all the more delicious because of the accent. His words were understandable and so they did not afford that fascination of guess-work we all had when Mr. Claudel was reading his speech; but he did keep on saying "supper-man" when we knew he meant "superman". And he pulled a grand gag. He said he could not presume to comment upon America because he had been here only three days and during that time he had only "learned the difference between an appointment and a date".

* * *

Stanley E. Babb, Literary Editor of *The Galveston Evening News*, has dug up a most incriminating deadly parallel. In Countee Cullen's anthology of Negro poetry, "Caroling Dusk", just published, there is a poem by Albert Rice, entitled "To Certain Women". Rice's poem reads:

I see in your eyes
Black diamonds
Of Hindustan
Figured silks
Of Lahore

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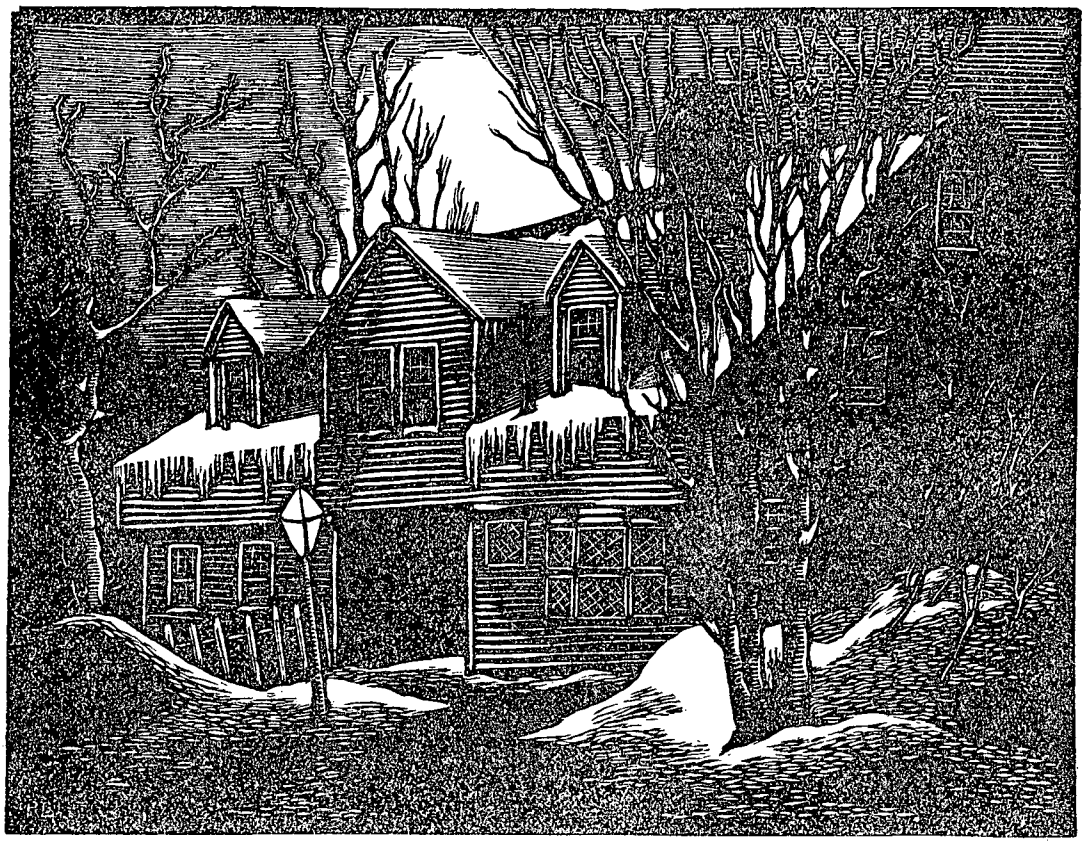

The Old Coach House. A Woodcut by Richard Bennett.

Scarlet flames
Of Fuji-Yama
And the flames are there
Brightness
The figured silks there
Dusk
The black diamonds there
Color.

I see in your heart
Yellow cobras
Of Burma
Deadly fungi
Of Bengal
Poison flowers
Of Nepal.

And the poison flowers
Are your vows
The deadly fungi.
Your kisses
The yellow cobras
Your deceits.

Mr. Babb points out that in "Colored Stars", an anthology of fifty Asiatic poems in translation by Edward Powys Mather, published nine years ago by Houghton, Mifflin, there is included a poem entitled, "Song of Nepal", which reads:

Oh! Leila!
In your mouth are three things
A range of Bahrian pearls,
A goblet of Shiraz wine,
The musk of Thibet;
The musk of Thibet is your breath.
The Shiraz wine the water of your
mouth
The Bahrian pearls your teeth,
Oh! Leila!

Oh Leila!
In your eyes are three things,
Black diamonds of Hindustan,
Figured silks of Lahore,
Flames of Fuji-yama;
The mountain flames are their
brightness,
The figured silks of Lahore their
dusk,

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The black diamonds of Hindustan
their colour,
Oh! Leila!

Oh! Leila!
In your heart are three things,
All the yellow cobras of Burma,
All the deadly fungi of Bengal,
All Nepal's poison flowers;
The poison flowers are your vows,
The deadly fungi your kisses,
The yellow cobras your deceits,
Oh! Leila!

* * *

THREE LETTERS

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

In your October number, in "A Bookman's Notes", under the title of "Ghost Writing" you print this paragraph: "It will be recalled that Mark Twain was the 'ghost' who prepared the autobiography of General Grant".

If ever a man wrote his own biography Ulysses S. Grant was the man. Let me set down the story briefly. I was connected with The Century Company at the time and it was for *The Century*, at the suggestion of our editors, that General Grant wrote four articles for the "War Series", the story of the battles of the Civil War, told by the leaders on both sides. General Grant's book grew out of these articles, as stated by General Adam Badeau in his article on "The Last Days of General Grant".

When the articles were suggested the General was in good circumstances, resting from a busy life and not inclined to undertake an unfamiliar task. But a little later, when financial ruin overtook him, the possibility of earning something had its effect and the General wrote a few pages, too laconic and compact for an article. He was urged to expand it by General Badeau and by one of *The Century* editors. This he did, and he at once became interested in the work, the occupation distracting him from his misfortunes.

Then came the knowledge of his fatal illness, cancer of the throat, and work was stopped for a time. General Badeau says: "He was in no way dismayed, but the sight was to me the most appalling I have ever witnessed; the conqueror looking at his inevitable conqueror; the stern soldier to whom armies had surrendered, watching the approach of that enemy to whom even he must yield.

"But the apathy was not long-lived. Before long he went to work with renewed vigor. He worked, for the most part from ten or eleven o'clock in the morning until two or three in the afternoon and sometimes again later in the day."

One night early in November, 1884, coming out of Chickering Hall, Mark Twain heard Richard Watson Gilder say to his companion: "Do you know General Grant has actually determined to write his memoirs and publish them? He has said so today, in so many words".

Gilder told Mr. Clemens more about it, and as Paine says "Clemens was in the habit of calling on Grant, now and then, to smoke a cigar with him, and he dropped in next morning to find out just how far the book idea had developed and what were the plans of publication".

The story of Mark Twain's getting the book away from The Century Company for his own firm of Charles L. Webster & Company has been often told, — sometimes correctly and sometimes not. There is no hint or suggestion anywhere that Mark Twain ever wrote a line of the book. On the contrary he was most appreciative of the remarkable piece of literary work which he saw being constructed. I quote from Paine's biography: "Grant wrote as he had fought, with a simple, straightforward dignity, with a style that is not a style at all but the very absence of it, and therefore the best of all literary methods."

When General Grant was spending nearly every waking moment writing against time that he might have something to leave to his family, Paine reports that he was cheered and comforted by the society of Mark Twain, who at one time made this memorandum: "It is curious and dreadful to sit up in this way and talk cheerful nonsense to General Grant, and he under sentence of death with that cancer. He says he has made the book too large by 200 pages — not a bad fault. A short time ago we were afraid he would lack 400 of being enough".

Soon the General could no longer speak

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but wrote on little slips of paper what he had to say to his family and friends. Paine tells us that Mark Twain had "a little package of those precious slips". On one of them was written: "There is much more that I could do if I was a well man. . . . If I could read it over myself many little matters of anecdote and incident would suggest themselves to me". On another slip: "Have you seen any portion of the second volume? It is up to the end, or nearly so. As much more work as I have done today will finish it. I have worked faster than if I had been well. I have used my three boys and a stenographer".

And he finished the book and died, his family receiving more than $400,000 in royalties. It was one of the greatest literary feats ever undertaken by a human being, and it is good that the world should recall it sometimes; but it is to be hoped that the idea that Mark Twain or anybody else wrote it or even helped to write it will be consigned to the oblivion where it belongs.

Respectfully,

William W. Ellsworth

New Hartford, Conn.

* * *

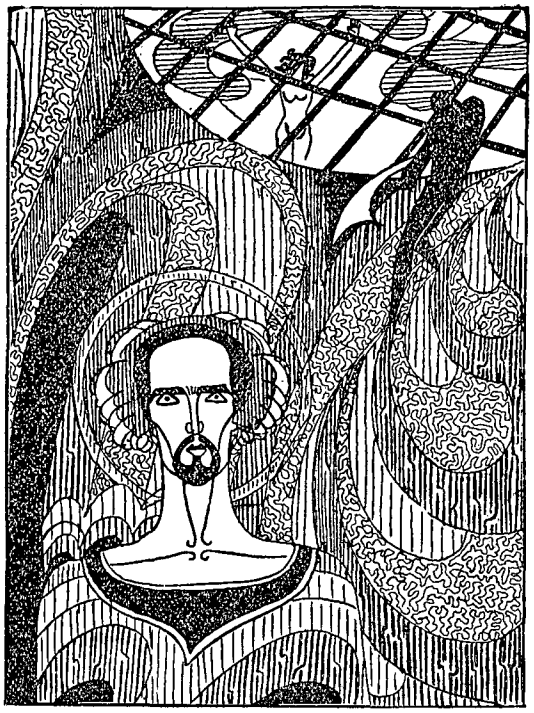
Dear Mr. Rascoe:

On reading your interesting article about James Branch Cabell's books in the October issue of THE BOOKMAN, I came across this statement in the end of the Notes:

"Anaïtis is anagram for Insatia; but it is on record that while looking for a name under which Aphrodite appears as a goddess of Love in the myths of other languages beside the Greek, he was captivated by the umlaut in Anaïtis who was the Aphrodite of Armenian folkore, and so chose it."

I am an Armenian writer and I should like to call your attention to the fact that this statement is wrong. Anaïtis or Anahid, as she is called in the Armenian mythology (not in Armenian folklore, as you say) is not the goddess of Love. In the Armenian myths the goddess of love is Astghig (star-astric) who was not, however, so much sensual as the Greek goddess of Love — Aphrodite.

Anaïtis, whose golden idol was erected in Yerzingia, a city in Armenia, was the goddess of domestic life — the goddess of the Armenian home — typifying all the moral virtues of the Armenian womanhood, as wife and as mother. She was the lovely symbol of all feminine qualities which constitute the foundation of the family in a patriarchal society — virtuous, faithful, fertile, vigilant and docile. The Armenians in ancient times glorified all these moral qualities in womanhood by a divinity which was embodied in Anahid or Anaïtis.



Above is one of the illustrations by John Vassos for the new edition of Oscar Wilde's "Salome", just issued for the Christmas trade by Dutton. Mr. Vassos's art is described as "futurism based upon the curve". He has put into black and white of pen and ink drawing, it is said, "the over-ripe beauty, the subtle fragrance of decay, the luxuriance and ferocity" of Wilde's tragedy.

N. Desdegule

Medford, Mass.

* * *

Dear Burton:

In the November BOOKMAN you reviewed Henry F. Pringle's book on Governor Alfred E. Smith — which Mr. Pringle has optimistically misnamed a "critical study". Quite reasonably, you took the objective content of this volume at face value, assum-

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ing that Mr. Pringle knew what he was talking about. In one sense, perhaps he does; that is, on matters of fact; I would not dispute those, not being particularly well informed about Smith's career. But as a critic, or at least a professional writer, I should like to invite your reconsideration of one paragraph in your review, which gives the gist of Mr. Pringle's ideas about Smith's intellectual ability — his speeches and public documents.

"He has an advisor who makes up for all he lacks in education, culture, and general knowledge. . . . Mrs. Henry Moskowitz. (She) has practically made him. . . . She writes or rewrites most of his speeches, she tells him when to talk and not to talk, she has drilled him in the use of good grammar and smoothed some of the Oliver Street atrocities out of his vocabulary and accent. . . ."

What I wish is that you'd look up some of Smith's speeches and writings — take his article in the Atlantic Monthly, along with some impromptu or at least some less crucial utterance on a matter which could be touched humorously — and see if you don't agree with me that Smith is the first American politician since Lincoln to achieve a style; and consequently, that nobody *could* either write or rewrite his speeches for him. Though I don't need to explain it to you, perhaps I had better say here that I am not instituting a comparison between Smith and Lincoln, nor implying that Smith's style is like Lincoln's. The only thing that stylists have in common is their difference. Smith's is not a classical rhetoric; it is colloquial, but you are quite aware that mastery of the vernacular is rather rarer than the accomplishment of "sound prose" of a traditional type. Roosevelt and Wilson may be cited against me as stylists. I cannot admit that they were. Roosevelt's energy and his journalistic sense of what was timely imparted a momentary distinction to his words, and his real achievements in action gave them authority. Intrinsically, they were commonplace. Wilson's academic phrases fell gratefully on the ears of the editorial writers; they were flattered, because they could write a good deal like that themselves. But Smith has his own unmistakable accent, and it's not the accent of Oliver Street that I mean. You would discover it easily by making the comparison I suggest, of two different kinds of speech or paper by Smith. A style comes from an individual way of thinking. It can't be "applied" by some helpful friend, like a coat of varnish; it isn't even a haircut; it is rather the cerebral convolutions. Could anyone write or rewrite your reviews for you? I do not doubt you have encountered editors who were willing to do so, but somehow I can't imagine that the suggestion worked out very well.

Governor Smith can hardly issue a denial of this absurd legend. It would seem impolite. And Mrs. Moskowitz, I notice, has not done so. Possibly, even probably, she believes it! Many persons of "education and culture" believe that grammatical correctness is the secret of good writing; they would complacently re-unite a split infinitive or substitute a comma for a semi-colon or excise some homely figure of speech in favor of an erudite allusion, and feel that they had done the most important part of the work. But for a test of this particular case, glance at another life of Smith (they are falling in showers lately): "Up From the City Streets", by Norman Hapgood and Henry Moskowitz.

From the first page to the last it is "smoothed out", banal, and dull, considered as English prose. If Mrs. Moskowitz could "make" Governor Smith why could she not do some writing or rewriting for her husband? Why did she give no help to Norman Hapgood?

You may deduce what the Moskowitz-Hapgood influence would tend to, if it exists, by looking up Smith's short and not particularly polished speech to the last Democratic convention. Form your own opinion of it, simply as Smith's way of saying what he had to say. Observe, then, that Moskowitz and Hapgood disapprove of this Convention speech — of its manner. It was all wrong, according to them. Presumably they had neither written nor rewritten it. A few months ago, in *The Nation* Hapgood reverted to that speech, in a pained paragraph. He said it made a bad impression. I asked a hard-boiled old-timer who has sat through many conventions, including that one, what

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Hapgood meant? Did the speech make a bad impression? He said:

"Yes."

"On whom?" I asked.

"On McAdoo," was the answer.

Do look into this, in the interests of American literature, and give us your own views on it, as a critic. I want to know if I am holding this position all by my lone.

Isabel Paterson

* * *

Frank Sullivan wrote not so long ago about a man who had difficulty in making the words come out of his mouth with any cogency or order. Whatever he did manage to say was puzzling. One time he met Wilson Mizner on the street and told him about a show, adding as they parted, "Don't miss it if you can". Poor Mizner, according to Sullivan, walked around for hours saying "Don't miss it if you can" and trying to figure out how he was not to miss it if he could.

In "Move Over", a new novel by E. L. Pettit (the pseudonym, by the way, of Mrs. Arthur Somers Roche) there occurs this equally fascinating and puzzling locution: "The sea looked as if it would be there long after the house was".

* * *

It is a satisfaction to me to have been the actual "discoverer" of Elliott White Springs. When Percy R. Pyne, Jr., and I shared an office in Johnson Features, Inc., Pyne brought a manuscript to me one day from a friend whom he had known during the war. He said he had found the manuscript interesting, but probably because he knew all the characters in the story. I took it with an inward groan, for, long before I had to read manuscripts in the capacity of editor of a magazine, I was constantly being called upon to read the manuscripts of short stories, novels, plays and poems for my "opinion and criticism". Nine times in ten the manuscripts proved to be worthless and a terrible bore. If I had read all that were submitted and written about their defects and merits to the authors I should have had no time to earn a living.

So I took Spring's manuscript, resolved to get the agony over as soon as possible, and began it. I had not read two pages before I exclaimed to Pyne, "This bird can write like blazes! Who-the-hell is he?" I was told that he had been an aviator during the war and that there were great legends about his prodigious guzzling capacities and his Eulenspiegel escapades; that at present he was running one of his father's cotton mills in the south.

I read on. Then as soon as I had finished the story, I dictated a letter to Ray Long of *Cosmopolitan*, telling him that, even if he did not want the story, he could see well enough that the man wrote English with the verve of the Elizabethans and was worth encouraging. I added that it was my private opinion that the story was a corker.

Long was out of town and Arthur McKeogh, his assistant, had just been appointed editor of *McClure's*. He grabbed the story to lead off his first issue and asked me if Springs had more. In answer to a telegram Springs said he had a bunch of them, and later shipped them on. I sent some to McKeogh and some to other editors and McKeogh bought several.

Then Springs came up with the manuscript of "War Birds", which he had edited from the diary of a companion in the aviation service. I had no success in peddling that; but Springs met Joseph Medill Patterson of *Liberty* and sold it to him. I had previously been told that *Liberty* had discontinued the use of serials and that it was no use to send the manuscript there.

Follows an excerpt from a recent letter from Springs:

"Sold another story to *Liberty* and one to *College Humor* since I saw you. Think *Red Book* is going to take one and *Scribner's* wrote down and asked for one. But at the moment I am sold out. So I don't need an agent. I have had four agents, all highly recommended and they haven't yet gotten an offer for me. No one has sold a story for me since you did. And I have sold twenty-two. Guess I did right to go back into the cotton business. I can always earn my living as a salesman. Sold two airplanes last month, three radios, one car, two mules and a hundred bales of cotton that I raised myself".

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Springs's letter-head reads: "Cotton, Real Estate, Airplanes, Automobiles, Radios, Farm Implements, Fertilizer, Novels, Short Stories, Plays, Scenarios, Staff Correspondent. Vice-president Emeritus. Dummy Director. Reference, Any Bank in South Carolina".

Springs commutes to New York from Fort Mill, S. C., in a plane built according to his own design, with a Wright whirlwind motor.

B. R.

* * *

It was presumably with some idea of appropriateness that *The New York World* used this quotation from Raleigh at the top of a recent Sunday column quoting poems selected from magazines:

> Passions are likened best to floods and streams;
> The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.

* * *

Do not jump to the conclusion that you have come upon a mistake or a feeble joke if your eye meets with the name "H. L. Nathan" in an English book or magazine. It seems there really is an editor so christened.

* * *

The main New York Public Library — its stately, handsome edifice lies just under the windows of the BOOKMAN offices — is a marvelously conducted institution. The speed with which a visitor can get into his hands any one of its countless treasures is the constant amazement of students used to the more leisurely foreign libraries: the British Museum, say, where twenty minutes is unusual promptness; or the Bibliotheque Nationale, where the customary wait is anywhere from a half hour to an hour and a half — if, indeed, they succeed at all in finding what you are after.

But there is one point on which the New York library allows itself a crudity which is probably not duplicated in any other of the world's great storehouses of learning. Should the volume which you have requested in the reference room be of more than ordinary worth or rarity, you are told to come behind the partition where books are received from the stacks, in order — presumably — that the attendants may keep an eye on you.

Now it happens that this partitioned space — assigned, be it noted, to those whose work is most likely to be of a specially complex nature — is about as well suited to study as would be a busy street corner or railroad station or department store. Within its very small confines is a constant crowded bustle of clerks and errand-boys. The elevators for the books are always going up and down, and have doors which bang — and are banged. Assorted bells ring. The pneumatic message-tubes never cease hissing except to deposit a cylinder with a clatter and an extra loud hiss. Books are slammed, stacked, stamped, shuffled, sorted, dropped. Conversation among the attendants is general and unescapable, and is not confined to duty. On one occasion when two of them were asked please to take their discussion of a sports event a little further away, they laughed and joked — without moving away — over the fact that the researches of the moment were among bound volumes of *Punch*.

We have heard rumors of "study rooms" in the library, though never has an attendant suggested such a thing. If they exist they may be the cure for this annoyance. But in any case it would seem to us that the situation were one that could be remedied, and should be without delay.

"It's dere in de durrway St. Neeck!!!"
From De Night in de Front from Chreesmas, by Milt Gross

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"MR. AND MRS."

By Burton Rascoe

WHAT EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW

ADAM AND EVE. *By John Erskine. Bobbs, Merrill & Co. $2.50.*

IT is impossible for me not to feel a vague sort of resentment toward Mr. Erskine on account of the extraordinary popular success of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy", "Galahad", and (as I am sure will ensue) of "Adam and Eve". For, clever, witty, charming as these books are, they would never have been written, I suspect, had James Branch Cabell not in a different fashion already written them.

I have felt the same vague sort of resentment toward William J. Locke all these years during which reading Locke has been a minor vice with me. Had Anatole France never existed, I suspect Locke would still be practicing architecture or else writing like Anthony Hope. Out of "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" came "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" and the whole string of those whimsical and highly readable novels which resemble Anatole France so much and yet so little. They are like France as near-beer is like Münchener. In Locke all the bite of France's irony, all the gravity of France's wit are gone. But there is left a gay and tender patter that falls very pleasantly upon the inner ear.

Well, Mr. Erskine causes much less wear and tear on the brain than does Cabell; he writes a sprightly dialogue; he keeps to one simple theme throughout each novel; and, since he has reduced the ballast to a minimum, his narrative skims merrily along. He does not compete with Cabell in the manufacture of a mythology; he foregoes all symbolism; and he keeps the comic slant always without suggesting the tears of things.

As I have remarked before, Mr. Erskine has not only read Cabell and Maurice Baring with profit but also the dialogues of Lucian, and in neither case has he made the debt embarrassing to himself. Elsewhere he has written on the moral obligation to be intelligent, and his particular way of being intelligent, it would seem, is to ignore the tragic aspect of emotional conflict. A profound pessimism was at the base of Lucian's wit and he was deeply pained by the general cussedness of the human race. Mr. Erskine, on the other hand, seems to feel that heartbreak and the unconscious cruelty of human relations, disillusion and maladjustment and the tragic predicaments of life are all rather jolly — if, he says, you understand them. The gravest sentiment Mr. Erskine has permitted himself in "Adam and Eve", he puts into the mouth of Lilith in a philosophical discussion she has with Adam:

"'Do you want to know what I really think? I think life is a work of art — a beautiful tragedy. If it weren't so beautiful, the tragedy wouldn't be so gripping. Because it's beautiful, I smile. What you can take smiling, Adam, becomes more beautiful — and more tragic. . . . We are here, it seems, to hurt each other, though we don't mean to. Whenever life is full and running over, it forces itself upon some weaker being, and at last hurts it, perhaps kills it. I may wound you some day, and you may break my heart — yet we are not bad people, and the world will not be better than it is now.'

"'Oughtn't we to do something about it?'

"'I think we ought to understand it. That's enough. Then we can forgive and smile.'"

I have heard all that somewhere before. It sounds all right in books. But trying to "understand" his emotions was the thing that drove Hamlet cookoo. The effort to be "intelligent" about feelings has made the English the most neurotic race on the face of the earth — not excluding the Russian.

All this is not to imply that "Adam and Eve" is not delightful reading, a book that

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is wise as well as witty. It is a handbook of what every young girl should know — and usually does. If I thought it would do any good, I should urge it on all young men under twenty; but the lesson in it is one that the human male seems constitutionally incapable of learning. It is a comedy of the male bafflement on the subject of love and of his general stupidity in the presence of that perfect logic of the feminine mind which sounds to the male so senselessly inconsistent.

In Mr. Erskine's story, as in the Hebraic legend, Lilith is the woman Adam knew before he met and married Eve. She is the embodiment of all that men think is desirable in a mistress and who is a creature that simply does not, cannot, exist; or rather she exists in every woman until biological expedience, the circumstance of domesticity and the inexplicable sense of an exalted mission in life on the part of some man, turns her into an Eve — and even then she is rather more than likely to be Lilith to some other man. Lilith is free and independent, fine spirited; she never tells Adam about his faults; she is always passionate and yet never tries to keep him against his will; she is the perfect companion and is wholly competent to make her own way in life without the help or protection of any male; and she "understands" him. Then along came Eve, whose method of snaring the man she wanted was different; she appealed to his "higher nature" by holding out on him until she had him safely married to her; and she held him by appealing to his protective sense and by making him feel that she was wholly dependent upon her strong, brave man.

All this is good old reliable stand-by material for a satiric comedy of domestic life and it is a tribute to Mr. Erskine's freshness of style that he is able to keep it from seeming as trite as it really is. It is the "That was no lady; that was my wife" of literary formulas. Even in his presentation of it, Mr. Erskine does not deviate from the common literary fallacy that a man inevitably marries some one who is maternal, conservative, prosaic and domestic whom he presently ceases to find exciting but clings to out of a sense of duty. If that were true, what would become of all the exciting women? The truth is that there are wives and wives, and even if some of them become slugs there are not a great many men who do remain brilliant and dashing knights in shining armor either. They quite commonly grow paunchy and bald and addicted to snoring before the fireplace immediately after dinner.

There is an obvious flaw in method in Mr. Erskine's contrast between Lilith and Eve. Part of the time he treats Lilith as an image rather than a fact, and part of the time as an embodied argument. She is used as a club with which to lambaste housewifely women and yet at the same time is presented merely as an ideal of perfection existing only in the dreams of men. On the other hand, there is no mistake about the intention of the author in his presentation of Mother Eve; she is molded into the stock character of the nagging but adoring, finicky but efficient brood-hen of comedy. Mr. Erskine gives her, it seems to me, a pretty raw deal. She is not so much Mother Eve as Mother Hubbard.

The character of Adam is presented in a way that is a thorough delight. He is at once so vain and so humble, so pliant a bit of clay in the hands of the two women. After some years of married life with Eve, he wants to go back to Lilith. But then again he doesn't want to. He cannot make up his mind which woman loves him the more. (You see it was a question with him of how much they loved him, not how much he loved them.) "In general he was disposed to say the one who made more of a stir. Lilith was passionate — didn't he know that? That is, so long as he remained. But she took his departure with chilly ease. Eve wasn't passionate at all, yet when he left her she was terribly angry. How was that evidence to be weighed?" At length he persuaded himself that it was a moral duty to give up Lilith and return to Eve. How Adam reached this decision is related in a delightfully ironic passage, as is also the passage in which Adam volunteers to tell Eve that he has been wrong all along and that Eve has been right all along, that he has just learned that Lilith is, as Eve said, "vulgar". She compared Adam's son to a calf.

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PEANUTS, POPCORN, CHEWING GUM AND CANDY.

NEW YORK NIGHTS. *By Stephen Graham. Doran. $4.*
ESSAYS, NEW AND OLD. *By Aldous Huxley Doran. $2.*
ARE THEY THE SAME AT HOME? *By Beverley Nichols. Doran. $2.50.*
MORROW'S ALMANACK FOR 1928. *Text and pictures by 49 contributors. Edited by Burton Rascoe. William Morrow & Co. $2.*
SHOW WINDOW. *By Elmer Davis. John Day Co. $2.50.*

STEPHEN GRAHAM, the literary vagabond, who has written of the night-life of London, Berlin, Paris and Moscow, in his new book on the night-life of New York, makes a surprising statement in the first chapter. This statement sets him apart from every other foreign visitor who has ever made a peep, given out an interview, written a book or shot off his mouth about New York. He says that the lights of Broadway are not garish. His phrasing is: "There is no garishness, no glaring competition of lights. . . . My commonest reflection as I walk up and down the Great White Way is that somewhere behind the scenes there is a marvellously gifted producer".

For those few words alone he should be initiated into the Exclusive Order of Avoiders of Second-hand Opinions and given permission to arrive in the city at any time without being tendered a welcome by Grover Whalen. In the rich vocabulary of foreign literary men, Broadway has been "garish" ever since I can remember; just as, in the wordbook of the benign old whiskers who write editorials for the London reviews, America has been "crude" ever since my grandfather could remember, — "crude" and sometimes "vulgar". One expected G. K. Chesterton to maintain his reputation for paradox when he came over here to lecture. But, no: he took the word right out of his predecessors' mouths when he first saw Broadway at night; and the word was "garish". The skyscrapers of New York are "immense"; the traffic in Fifth Avenue is "bustling"; citizens of the metropolises of America "always seem to be in a hurry"; we are a "very young, hopeful, energetic and vital people"; Chicago "gives one an impression of immense, unorganized power"; the Chicago stockyards smell; the American "makes a poor lover because he thinks of making money first"; lifts are for some odd reason called elevators. There is no limit to the meagreness of the vocabulary of the literary foreigners when they visit these shores. One sometimes feels, on reading their books about America, that they might just as well have written them after a five minutes' conversation over the London-New York radio telephone.

After having learned that the word "garish" did not leap into Mr. Graham's mind when he first saw Broadway and that he had probably not ever permitted it to lodge there before coming here, one is safe in assuming that in roaming about New York at night Mr. Graham has elsewhere used his eyes and ears and good common sense. And so he has.

"The children of Third and Sixth Avenues talk two octaves higher than those of Fourth and Madison." That is because the noise of Third and Sixth Avenues is greater than that of Fourth and Madison and children brought up on those streets naturally must accustom their vocal organs to the auditory conditions they find themselves in.

The two unusual words the visitor hears most frequently in the New York literary set are, "sophisticated" and "synthetic". Mr. Graham explains why.

At the entrance of the most famous of New York burlesque houses, the Houston Street Winter Garden, appears the notice, "Leave all your troubles behind all ye who enter here. — Dante". And above the proscenium the legend reads: "The Show's the Thing. — Shakespeare".

There is a "peep-show" in the Negro belt of Harlem in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, where you can play checkers for ten cents a game and chess for a quarter and you do not have to pay if you lose. (Mr. Graham's English vocabulary betrays him here. When he says "peep-show", he does not mean what Americans mean by that word: he means a penny arcade.)

The police of the East Side never arrest either men or women for drunkenness; when they arrest a drunken person it is because that person has complicated drunkenness with some other offense.

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Myself for some years a professional reporter of the various aspects of life in New York, I have found Mr. Graham not only to be an accurate observer and reporter but astonishingly thorough and conscientious in ferreting out the features of New York's night-life that have not hitherto been discovered in writing. He writes entertainingly and accurately about the more obvious phases of New York's night-life: the night-clubs and the Bowery, Chinatown and Harlem, the flop-houses, speak-easies, the Ritz Roof, Jefferson Market Court, Greenwich Village and Broadway, Texas Guinan's club and Paul Whiteman's. But he also has discovered Libuse, the "crazy waiter" who is so fantastically amusing at banquets and private dinners; he has discovered Moscowitz's and the Hungarian restaurant on Second Avenue where that fine artist plays the cymbolum; and he has discovered corners and theaters, vicious places and bright spots I never heard of.

The speak-easies Mr. Graham has visited and described are enough to make one wonder how his stomach and kidneys have survived such an enormous amount of varied kinds and qualities of bootleg liquor. He even had the nerve to drink some stuff in a dive in Chinatown while alone and the liquid proved to have knock-out drops in it . . . and they did not knock him out. Either this talk about poisoned hooch is all wrong, or Mr. Graham has a constitution that makes him immune to death by drink.

No matter what other form of writing a young Englishman takes up at first, he succumbs soon or late to the essay and in due time he has written enough pieces to make up a book which some obliging publisher brings out and an obliging American publisher imports in sheets. The book is usually called "Essays, New and Old", "Things and Places", "Intimations", "Cuttings", "Critical Sheafs", "Pot-boilers", "From a Library", or more boldly and uncompromisingly, simply "Essays". Mr. Huxley has chosen "Essays, New and Old".

On off days when the news is not worth comment in the editorial pages of American newspapers there are hundreds of essays just as good as, or better than, the essays that get into books in England. I need mention only Clifford Raymond of *The Chicago Tribune*, E. M. Kingsbury and Strunsky of *The New York Times*, Nevins and Lippmann of *The New York World*, who turn these editorials out and regard them merely as space-fillers.

There are certainly a host of others whose names I don't know. Should Clifford Raymond take a sheaf of his editorials, like the one on the inebriety of the sap-sucker or about the old gentleman in overcoat, overshoes and umbrella whose body was found on the road from Liege, I think he would have a hard time finding a publisher.

Yet an American publisher will have no hesitancy in bringing out a book of essays in which some young Oxford squirt writes coyly about the lace curtains of his study window or takes Michaelangelo down a peg or two in an essay half English and half bastard-French, in which there is a liberal sprinkling of Italian and Latin phrases and reference to the more obscure names in the index of Vasari's "Lives".

Mr. Huxley is many cuts above most of these young Englishmen who are never happy until they have published a book of essays; and yet he is typical: his style is much more complex than are his ideas, and his erudition is more interesting than his mind.

Intellectually these young essayists run in herds. For some time now they have been pasturing among the Italian primitives, the Elizabethans, rococo Spanish art, the lesser Eighteenth Century French writers, the Russian ballet, and the more recondite aspects of the movies. And as they pasture they fight among themselves over the fodder.

Mr. Huxley fights with Mr. Clive Bell over the Siennese primitives; Mr. Richard Aldington growls and gets snappy if anyone gets near his patch of Eighteenth Century *Précieux;* Mr. T. S. Eliot doesn't want anyone to nibble at his Donne, Webster and Jules Laforgue; Mrs. Virginia Woolf has a little tuft of erudition over which she sits with superb defiance, aided and abetted by Mr. Bell, who so far lost his senses in his gallantry to the lady as to say that Mrs. Woolf and Thomas Hardy are the only two great novelists the world has produced in

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years and years and years. So it goes; with F. S. Flint, Edward Shanks, the Sitwells, Osbert Burdett, J. B. Priestley, Edwin Muir, Wyndham Lewis, James Agate, squabbling but alike. One thing you can almost bet on, and that is that whenever one of them brings out a book of essays it will contain references to Giotto, Crebillon, Magnasco, Stravinsky, John Donne, Tintorreto, Marlowe, and Mozart. Those are the names they are chewing most now.

Mr. Huxley has stolen two or three marches on his brothers. When they weren't watching he chased down to Tunis and got material for an essay entitled, "In a Tunisian Oasis". Then when their backs were turned he grabbed a copy of "Three Years in Tibet", and made Tibet his oyster. Apparently Mr. Huxley does not know that Tibet has had more volumes written about it than any other country outside of Europe. Every publishing season brings in half-a-dozen new ones. It is a country that is supposed to be impenetrable to foreigners. Yet, unless they are liars, travel-writers go there every year in droves.

After reading one book on Tibet he permits himself to write: "Tibet is so full of fantastic low comedy that one hardly knows where to begin a catalogue of its absurdities". And he goes on to enumerate these absurdities. None of them is more absurd than Mr. Huxley generalizing, after reading one book about a country he has never been to; but what is more, some of the absurdities he enumerates were denied categorically and in detail, if I remember rightly, by a Tibetan woman, married to an English army officer, who published a book on Tibet last year. True enough, Mr. Huxley appears to have written the essay in order to say at the end, "in spite of Mr. Winston Churchill and the state of contemporary literature, we can still look at Tibet and feel reassured". It is like writing an essay-review of a book on Chinese porcelains in order to drag the name of Charles A. Levine into the last line.

But Mr. Huxley on Peter Breughel is simply divine. After he has written an introduction in the course of which he has mentioned Matisse, Landseer, Luca della Robbia, Magnasco, Carlo Dolci, Van Gogh, Renoir, Isabelle d'Este, Mantegna, Michaelangelo, Rubens, El Greco, Ruskin, Philip the Second, Gothic architecture, Byzantine mosaics, made references to modern drama, Latin hexameters, and quoted an apophthegm (sic) of Renoir's, he tells us what he does when he is about to pronounce final judgment upon a painter:

"Is this man a competent painter? Has he something to say, is he genuine? These are the questions a critic must ask himself. Not, does he conform to my theory of imitation, or distortion, or moral purity, or significant form?"

When I saw and heard him at a public luncheon recently, Mr. Beverley Nichols seemed to be a personable and amiable lad, with a good speaking voice, a good address, and a neat trick of leading in jokes slyly by the hand instead of dragging them in by the hair of the head, and the jokes weren't too ancient. When he grows up, he ought to make a good toastmaster at public dinners. While he is training for that I should say, after reading "Are They the Same At Home" (interviews with various personages like Michael Arlen, Noel Coward, Edna Best, and others of even less consequence) that, if he stays over here, *The New Yorker* might give him some occasional work to do. He's that type.

Of "Morrow's Almanack for 1928" I can say that, in both the limited and the regular edition it is one of the most beautiful pieces of book-making I have seen put out to the general trade in several years; that I greatly enjoyed editing it, although it was mostly edited during the lunch-hour with Thayer Hobson and Ruth Boynton over tables at the Divan Parisien, the Hannibal café, and a quiet speak-easy on days I could get away that long from THE BOOKMAN; that when it came out, I had a lot of fun reading it, even including the horoscopes which I wrote myself; that person after person has told me that I have hit it on the head about them in the horoscopes, whereas the only one that was written seriously is the one involving my birthday; that there are forty-nine contributors and all of them did nobly by the

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enterprise; that if you put a copy in the guest room, your guests will get more culture out of it than by reading all the books of essays like "Essays, New and Old" published in England during the last decade.

Some good friend should warn Mr. Elmer Davis that if he doesn't soon get over his Freudian envy of H. L. Mencken he is going to make himself utterly ridiculous. It has got so that he can hardly write a single piece without spluttering out something about Mencken or Menckenians. He resembles Mencken in a great many ways in his writings, but mostly as a caricature of Mencken: he pounds his chest and then pounds the table; he is bluff, stentorian, out for a fight like a bully in a riverfront speak-easy; he is very proud of himself and very sure of himself; he flogs dead cats, wears his hat askew, runs after the younger generation of writers like a policeman chasing kids off the grass in Central Park; he wears a cigar; he wants it to be known that he is unorthodox in an orthodox way, an enlightened Tory, a radical conservative, a realist who does not hesitate to say just what he thinks; he denounces impotence and upholds virility in the national letters (as if those conditions might be affected by prayer); and he generalizes vociferously from debatable premises and on shaky evidence.

Now all these characteristics are somewhat Menckenian. Six of the eleven essays in this book might have appeared in *The American Mercury*, so in line are they with the policy of that stimulating magazine, and in fact one is rather surprised that they did not. Investigation discloses why. The other five essays and the preface are largely devoted to denouncing Mencken and the supposed influence that Mencken has had on American life and letters. After reading them with attention, it is easy to see what candidate Mr. Davis has in mind to take up the leadership whenever it can be wrested away from Mencken. He even states his policy:

"I am so unfortunate as not to belong to a gang, in an age when gang thinking is pretty nearly all the thinking there is; I am as unable to believe in the divine commission and verbal inspiration of Henry Louis Mencken as in that of Calvin Coolidge . . . truly devout persons, in the Christian Era at least, have commonly regarded politics as a subdivision of religion; and now that we are passing perhaps into an Anti-Christian Era, religion has annexed art and letters as well. To the new orthodoxy not only what you say, but the very language in which you say it, has become a matter of dogma. It would not surprise me very much if within a few decades men and women were being burned at the stake for writing 'police', instead of 'Polizei', and leaving the 'o' out of 'Americanos'. If it startles you, consider that a third century Roman Senator would have been equally amazed by the news that his grandson had been butchered for entertaining incorrect opinions as to the divine and human nature in Christ. . . . I venture to emit these opinions in the hope that they may find favor with such scattered persons as have not bowed the knee to Baal, whether that deity be locally worshipped in the form of an acid Vermont Yankee or a chubby Baltimore German."

A regular campaign speech, *n'est-ce pas?* It begins with the humble 'I' standing majestically alone and asking for attention in humility; it calls attention to the corruption of the times; it proceeds to a warning against what has happened in the past; it brings in a reference to the gentle leader of Christianity; and it comes down to a resounding climax. The only trouble is that you don't know whether Mr. Davis is running for alderman of the Third Ward or asking to be allowed to take Mencken's place as a literary critic. But Mr. Mencken gave up literary criticism long ago. He writes a review or so ever so often but his main interests are elsewhere. There is no one to take his place, nor likely to be; for the conditions which made for his leadership were so dependent upon the rise of a vigorous and colorful personality, who could write like a genius, that they are not likely to develop for many years. And if Mr. Davis believes the conditions have arisen it may be slipped to him that if all other virtues were his, he cannot write well enough. He has no style.

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MR. SPENDER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By Wickham Steed

LIFE, JOURNALISM AND POLITICS. *By J. A. Spender. Stokes. 2 vols. $10.*

BY a strange chance, James Alfred Spender, who has written this quiet and instructive book, and I, who review it, are both in the United States at the same moment. Each of us is receiving the same impressions of the thrust and swish of things in great American cities, above all, in New York; each is subjected daily, almost hourly, to the machine-gun-like clatter of headlines when we seek to discover what is going on in the world; and, like me, he has probably been overawed by the monumental size and terrific efficiency of the mighty newspaper buildings, towering temples of the journalistic faith, in which our American fellow-craftsmen follow their vocation. He, who worked for thirty years in the modest office of the old "sea-green" *Westminster Gazette*, nay, who *was* the *Westminster Gazette* for the greater part of that time, must be hard put to it to judge justly between the "Life, Journalism and Politics" he has known and the life, journalism and politics he sees reflected in the newspapers here.

Spender has been one of the truly great journalists of his age. Yet, if I read his record aright, he has never been associated with a commercially successful newspaper. By reasoned writing he probably did more than any single editor in England — with the possible exception of C. P. Scott of *The Manchester Guardian* — to mould British Liberal thought, and current British political thought in general. Morley and E. T. Cook, W. T. Stead, Massingham and Gardiner were his friends and contemporaries; but I think he out-influenced them all — as he has outlived them all save one — by dint of the daily dropping of his tranquil words onto sedate British minds. Nor was his influence confined to those who agreed with him. He was read as faithfully by opponents of his Liberal philosophy as by its adherents. Not a few of his critics felt less sure of their own convictions after they had seen them calmly dissected in the *Westminster*. He has been a moderating, a humanizing factor in British public life.

Above all, he was and is transparently honest. With his views of Germany in the years before the war many of us were at variance. We thought him over-trustful of German assurances, too ready to give German statesmen the benefit of well-founded doubt, and sometimes a little blind to the evidence of hard facts. But we never questioned his intellectual probity. His book reveals the workings of his mind during that period — a period now so distant as to seem ancient history.

It reveals, too, one circumstance that has not hitherto been considered in judging the policy of his friend, Sir Edward Grey, in the crisis of July, 1914. Grey has often been criticized for not having made it clear, early in the crisis, that if Austria-Hungary and Germany should go to war over the Sarajevo crime, Great Britain would side with France and Russia. It has been argued that if he had told Germany that England would fight there would have been no war. Grey has answered this charge very effectively in his own book "Twenty-five Years"; and I, who caused *The Times* to advocate, from July 23, 1914 onwards, a policy more definite than that which Grey actually pursued, have since admitted publicly that in view of all the circumstances he was wise. But Spender shows that something more than a desire not to split the Government and the nation was among Grey's motives, something more subtle than the determination not to incur responsibility for an eventual conflict by allowing France and Russia to suppose that England was certain to stand by them. He hoped against hope and strove against destiny because he believed that if his impartiality remained unques-

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tioned he might be able to act as conciliator and peacemaker even at the eleventh hour. His judgment may have been faulty. His purpose was wholly upright.

This revelation has for me an almost personal interest. On the night of Saturday, August 1, 1914, when the rumor had spread that the British Government was going to "rat", I went to see the Russian Ambassador, Count Benckendorff, at the Russian Embassy in London. I had heard the rumor late on the night of Friday, July 31, from Mr. George (now Lord) Lloyd, who had been informed by General Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of General Staff; and Lord Northcliffe had confirmed it to me on the Saturday afternoon. So to Benckendorff I went to ask whether he had any inkling of Grey's intentions. He had none — "not so much as that!" he said, snapping his fingers. At least, all he had was a feeling "at the bottom of his belly" that Grey was straight; though not a word had he been able to extract from Grey to reassure the anxious Sazonof.

Next morning, Sunday, August 2, I went to see Paul Cambon, Ambassador of France. The Germans had violated the neutrality of Luxemburg and Cambon had taken the Luxemburg Treaty to Grey, with an inquiry whether Great Britain meant to honor her signature. "What did he say?" I asked. "Nothing," shouted Cambon. "Indeed, I do not know whether by tonight we shall not have to strike the word 'honor' out of the British vocabulary."

In reflecting on this outburst I often wondered why Cambon was so vehement. The guarantee of the neutrality of Luxemburg was collective, not individual, and British "honor" could not be more particularly involved than that of all the other guarantors. The British guarantee of Belgian neutrality, on the other hand, was individual, not collective. Yet at that moment the question of Belgium had not been publicly raised.

Nothing in the British White Paper published soon after the outbreak of war sufficed to explain Cambon's vehemence. But when the first volume of British War Documents appeared, some eighteen months ago, the mystery was cleared up. Cambon had asked Grey for an assurance that Great Britain would uphold Belgian neutrality if it were assailed, and Grey had declined to give this or any other assurance. Hence Cambon's outburst to me. Spender now furnishes the real clue to Grey's taciturnity. He would say nothing, do nothing, that might detract from his impartiality as eventual conciliator. Next day, when the neutrality of Belgium was really assailed, he made his great war speech and presented his ultimatum to Germany; and when midnight struck we were at war.

But Spender has not written a "war book." He has produced a wholly delightful, philosophical autobiography into the later years of which the War and its consequences enter largely. It is one of the books that will be indispensable to an understanding of the finer shadings of English and European public life and history during the last decade of the 19th and the first two decades of the 20th centuries. Through it runs his conception of the journalistic calling, an exalted conception, yet by no means so "high brow" as his own editing of the *Westminster Gazette* might lead the superficial to imagine. None of his chapters is more interesting than that on Northcliffe, for whom he felt sincere friendship and who reciprocated his feeling. Northcliffe once offered him £100,000 when the *Westminster* was supposed to be in difficulties; and though he never actually gave Spender the refusal of the editorship of *The Times*, he thought him one of the few men fit for that onerous post and sounded him indirectly as to the conditions on which he would accept it.

Of Northcliffe, Spender says:—

> "A candid study of Northcliffe's mind and method would be of enormous value to the psychologist of these times. He was immensely important, however much solemn people might try to blink or to evade the fact. He and his imitators influenced the common mind more than all the Education Ministers put together; of all the influences that destroyed the old politics and put the three-decker journalist out of action, his was by far the most powerful. In a sense he was the only completely convinced democrat I ever knew. He did

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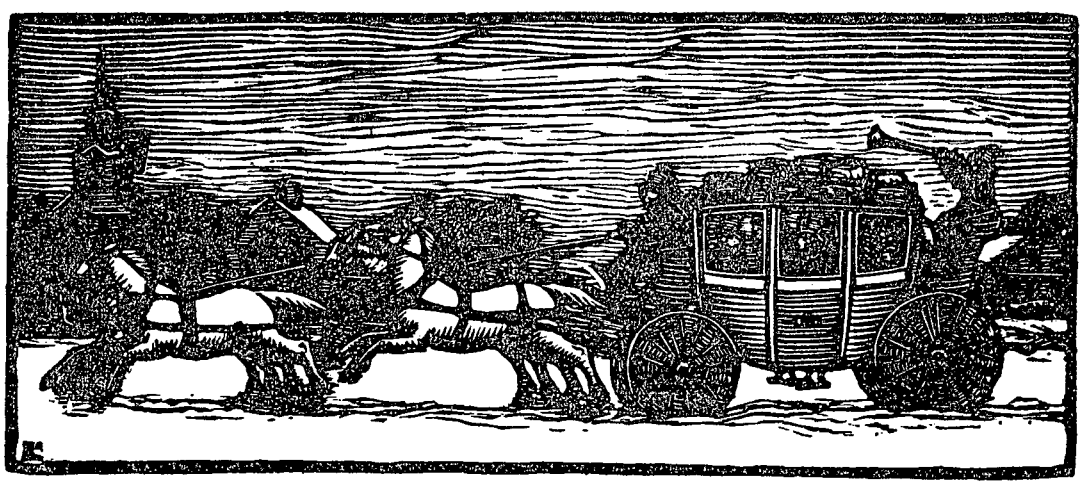
> really believe that things ought to be decided by the mass opinion about them; and to find out what that was or what it was going to be, and to express it powerfully, seemed to him not only profitable but right and wise."

A man who can write of Northcliffe with such insight cannot feel wholly strange amid the newspaper temples of New York and Philadelphia. After all, are they not Ministries of the only Education which the mass of the people receive when once school and college are left behind? And, in another sphere, Spender sees and states clearly what a main purpose of that Education should be. He says:-

> "The Great War arose out of a state of opinion which regarded war as a legitimate and normal method of promoting national interests; and to prevent opinion slipping back into that atmosphere is perhaps the greatest task before the coming generation."

I had many more opportunities than Spender of knowing, at first hand, how the Great War came and why it was bound to come; but I envy him the discernment that has prompted him to write these lines, for they express a fundamental and incontrovertible truth.



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RECENT BOOKS ON JESUS

By John Haynes Holmes

JESUS: A NEW BIOGRAPHY. *By Shirley Jackson Case. University of Chicago Press. $3.00.*
THE RADIANT STORY OF JESUS. *By Alphonse Séché. Century. $3.50.*
JESUS. *By Henri Barbusse. Macaulay. $2.50.*

TWO of these books classify; the third is emphatically *sui generis.*

Professor Case's "new biography" of Jesus classifies with the great tradition which began with Strauss's *Leben Jesu* and culminated a few years ago in Nathaniel Schmidt's ever memorable "Prophet of Nazareth". This means that the book is not so much a biography as it is a study in New Testament criticism. It presents the story of Jesus's life, to be sure, but only as a kind of precious deposit, like washings of gold, from the greater task of analyzing the materials contained in the Gospels and finding out how much of a story there is, after all. The primary purpose of the work is obviously to show what is involved in the problem of finding out what, if anything, we know about the Nazarene; and in the triumphant accomplishment of this purpose is its essential value.

Professor Case attempts "to depict Jesus as he actually appeared to the men of his own time in Palestine 1900 years ago". This attempt exacts a rigorous examination of early Christian documents, both in the Bible and outside the Bible, which reveals that the Gospel tradition is late and in no way embodies direct or first-hand testimony. The record is not even primarily a record. Rather is it a literature of propaganda written to meet certain special propaganda needs of Christianity in various parts of the Gentile world. What we have in the Gospels, in Mark as well as in John, is not a statement of what Jesus said and did, but a presentation of what certain Christian advocates thought, or hoped, or believed he said and did. Our knowledge of Jesus, therefore, even when enriched by Professor Case's extraordinarily vivid survey of Jewish life in Palestine in the Master's time, is woefully incomplete and uncertain. The actual facts are few. Such as they are, however, Professor Case presents them in his book. It is notable that, as here set down, they can contain no miraculous elements whatsoever. It is the Jesus of history that we see in these pages, not the Christ of dogma; and this Jesus is a man, inspired by genius, but saturated with the thoughts, habits and even superstitions of his age. Professor Case's book is a masterpiece of scholarship, yet easy and delightful to read. It is the most authoritative and trustworthy book now available on the subject.

Alphonse Séché's volume belongs in quite a different category. We can well believe the statement of the publisher that it has caused a sensation not only in France but throughout Europe, for it is characteristic of such books, as of "best-seller" novels, to obtain an enormous and excited reading, and then, like these same novels, straightway disappear and be forgotten. The pity of it is that when one is gone, another is sure to appear, and thus the unending procession goes on.

The books we have in mind are those numberless biographies (so-called) of which Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ" was an early and famous example, and Papini's "Life of Christ" the latest and surely the most terrible. All these biographies (so-called) take the Gospel story exactly as it stands in the New Testament, with all its inherent contradictions, all its questionable elements, all its legendary and mythological material, and retell it with infinite elaboration and overflowing sentimentality. In this process, criticism is totally ignored. It is as though the work of the immortal Biblical scientists of the last one hundred years had never been. In the place of criticism is set to work imagination, un-

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guided by scholarship, and saturated with sanctimonious piety. With the result that the brief and noble narrative of the New Testament is expanded into hundreds of wordy pages — just short of a thousand in the case of Farrar! — for the edification of simple souls.

Séché's volume, be it said in fairness, is far superior to the great run of books of this type. It has dignity, reverence, and much beauty. Compared with Papini's nauseous nonsense, it seems a veritable masterpiece. If anything could justify this treatment of Jesus's life, Séché's "radiant story" would perhaps do it. But we can find no justification for such stuff, even when well done. To retell Gospel narratives, with infinite elaboration of imaginative pietistic detail, is not to enrich but to dilute them. Worse, it is to cheapen and vulgarize them. Worse still, it is to foster the superstition that the Gospels are to be accepted just as they stand, and thus to betray truth. Séché even goes so far as to mix up with the Bible material such purely legendary matter as Mary's miraculous coat for the boy Jesus, and the tales of Veronica and Longinus. All this is inexcusable. Enough of these Sunday school revampings of the New Testament story! In a "life of Jesus" today, let us have the facts, as Professor Case, for example, gives them! If there is anything that the churches need today it is facts and not fiction, science and not sentimentality.

Barbusse's book is something new — so new as to be shocking beyond all expression to readers of Séché's book, and disturbing perhaps even to some readers of Professor Case. What the great Frenchman has done is to write a "Gospel of Jesus", in supplementation of the classic Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. He has set down the story of the Nazarene, that is, as Jesus himself might have written it in his own words and out of his own intimate experience. It is an amazing book, in some ways an indefensible book, but as a sheer work of genius, incomparable. Not attempting to follow the scripture record — introducing love episodes into Jesus's life, substituting a Sermon in the Temple for the Sermon on the Mount, discarding the idealism of non-resistance in favor of the practicality of force and violence — Barbusse has drawn the Nazarene in his own image and to his own aims. Nothing could justify such a work but imagination of the highest order; nothing could carry it through but poetic passion like "a wind of eternity", to quote Elie Faure's tribute. But these qualities Barbusse has. With the result that he has produced not a charter of revolution merely, which I suspect was his prime purpose, but a masterpiece of literature!

THE ART OF DOUBLE LIVING

By Edna Kenton

THE JESUIT ENIGMA. *By Dr. E. Boyd Barrett. Boni & Liveright. $4.00.*

THIS is the Jesuit Enigma, says Dr. Barrett, "ever-present, . . . the contradiction inseparable from Jesuitism; the interchanging of opposites; wealth that is evangelical poverty; equivocation that is truth; laxity that is purity of doctrine; wrongs rendered good by the end in view; gross disobedience that is holy docility; rotting idleness that is labor in the vineyard; astute and cunning diplomacy that is dove-like simplicity; heroism that is the offspring of fear; chilling indifference that is the charity of Christ". And, a little farther on, " . . . the discrepancy between principles and practice; between the Society of Jesus as it exists in the Constitutions, and the Society as it is in actual life; between the offhand way in which it sheds its most sacred rules in the

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daylight of existence, and the intransigence with which it refuses to displace a comma of its inspired Koran".

It seems a far leap from the Society of Jesus to the Karens of Burmah, but as I read Dr. Barrett's statement of the Jesuit enigma, I was thinking of one of the funeral customs of the mountain tribe of India. When the burial day has come, and the body is carried to the grave, four bamboo splints are taken, and one is thrown to the West, with the words, "That is the East"; another is thrown to the East, with the words, "That is the West"; another is thrown upward to the tree-top, with the words, "That is the foot of the tree"; and the fourth is thrown downwards, with the words, "That is the top of the tree". Pointing towards the sources of the river, they say, "That is the mouth of the river", and, to its mouth, "That is the head of the stream". They do this because they sincerely believe that all in the other world is upside down in relation to the things of this world — an Alice's Wonderland, indeed, and they attempt to indicate to the Soul of the newly dead the new way. "As above, so below," — but reversed!

If the interchanging of opposites is the Jesuit enigma — and no one can doubt it who reads Dr. Barrett's extraordinarily interesting book — its own opposite, the *reconciliation of opposites*, which must be the enigma's solution, is never expressed. It skims the surface of these pages like a homing bird, but it never comes to rest, because on every page the "pairs of opposites unreconciled" rise to thrust away the answer. Dr. Barrett cites hundreds of such examples: "If light-hearted, he (the Jesuit) must cultivate gravity; if confident, he must screw himself into diffidence; if phlegmatic, he must learn to hustle, and if a hustler, he must learn to go slow. 'Contrary to contraries', all the time and in every case, is the golden rule of Jesuit perfection. The Jesuit would like to talk. Let him observe silence. He would like to go out of doors. Let him stay at home. He delights in music. Musical instruments are not allowed. . . . Contraries to contraries! Humiliation to cure pride; silence to cure talkativeness; work to cure idleness; watching to cure sloth; fasting to cure gluttony; isolation to cure criticism . . ." And so on and on. "There is so much reiteration of the principle of 'going against'," he says of the "Spiritual Exercises", "that one begins to question its ascetical value." The first question here might better be on the value of asceticism *per se;* thus clearing the way for consideration of the pure value of "going against". This "pure" value is, however, never once seriously weighed, even for "fun".

He does recognize two of its more obvious tendencies. "Modern psychologists," he says, "sometimes teach that by 'acting as if' you are under the influence of a certain emotion, you tend to produce that emotion," and he admits that Ignatius, in his "Rules of Modesty" built for the practice of rôles and recollection, was doubtless reasoning along the lines of the exterior reacting on and controlling the interior. He has scant patience, however, with the technic of "Faculty praying" on which Ignatius lays such stress, and scanter patience with the results he has observed. Most people, he says, are mentally and temperamentally incapable of keeping constantly active the three faculties of mind involved — memory, intellect, and will. Most people, too, he implies, are incapable of espionage "in the Lord" (this is the famous "secret service system" of the Society — "manifestation of faults", the Sons of Jesus call it; or "spying" as it is much better known), and are thus responsible for many of the ugly charges against the Order. But he does note that at the beginning of training in "Espionage", the novice is given a little book, the "Particular Examen", which "is the spiritual background for spying; it is in itself a pious spying on the 'old Adam' within one". . . . It is passages like this which make "The Jesuit Enigma" so extraordinarily interesting. And then Dr. Barrett goes on for many pages, cataloguing the evils of espionage as practiced by Jesuits against fellow-Jesuits.

Ignatius Loyola was a very curious and a very remarkable man, and Dr. Barrett is unfortunate in yielding to the tempting of the Freudian serpent to "analyze" him. For just as the psychoanalytic technic is powerless before a dog, just so it is powerless before the *practical* mystic, and for exactly

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the same reason — it cannot get inside the skin of either.

Consider the birth of the Order, and its aim — let Dr. Barrett express it: "It is not too much to say that at the birth of the Society of Jesus diplomacy proved an invaluable midwife. There was less of the atmosphere of Bethlehem than of Versailles about this birth, and one can doubt if the song of the angels was 'peace and good will to men'". And, later on: "Were one to put succinctly the difference between the asceticism of Christ and the asceticism of Ignatius, one would say that the former was simple, and the latter sophisticated. The religion of Christ is to conquer the world by LOVE, that of Ignatius to conquer by STRATEGY".

I wish I could feel that Dr. Barrett had read less history and more records. Of all his history I know enough to know that it is, like most history, ragged mystery, made up of fragments of "irreconcilable opposites". But of the authentic records of the early Jesuits I know a great deal — the records particularly of those gigantic soldiers of the Company of Jesus who, from 1611 to the latter half of the 18th century, came from France to America. They were not far removed from the first group — the Order was founded in 1534 — and the primal spirit lives in those letters and journals, written with gunpowder moistened with water, written sometimes in blood, by the light of Indian cabin-fires, in whose flames, within the next hour, the writers might be burning. These men contrived to write doubly; many times they *underwrote* the story of their wanderings with the Indians, so that, beneath the guise of some day's adventure, joy, danger, they fabricated a delightful running story of the other half of that "way of living and working peculiar to the Order".

For Ignatius realized the war between good and evil as the Great War in which men might share. If a man might live *double*, on the edge, between two warring forces, the conflict might be resolved. It was no less than fighting two armies at once! So the Jesuit was to work with the right hand and keep its works from the left. He was to rob Peter and pay Paul and neither be the wiser; be all things to all men, secondarily for knowing them, primarily to know himself. He was to live in this world, but to live differently, so that perhaps, by feeling this, and doing that, and thinking something else, all for the "reconciling aim", he might begin to perceive doubly — the good in evil and the evil in good, and so come slowly to some sure understanding of the eternal mystery — life and death, death and rebirth, light and dark, heat and cold, good and evil, God and the Devil, Christ-Jesus and Judas Iscariot. Then perhaps he might be able to live in peace, at one and the same time on the right and the left, without and within, in the East and the West, at the North and the South. This certainly means taking the Devil into working partnership for the sake of serving God more perfectly, and both Carlyle and Dr. Barrett deplore this.

But so it was the early soldiers were trained, to the art and craft of double living. And some of them survived! These went to the split edges of the 16th and 17th century world — to India, Thibet, China, Japan, the Americas. To convert the savage? Perhaps. But to know him, first of all; and every strand of double art acquired in the cathedrals and courts of Europe was stretched to the breaking point when they faced the stark red kings of the forests. Life is dangerous, and few of us realize it. These men lived dangerously, that they might never forget it. Those early Sons of Jesus — Paul Le Jeune, Jean de Brébeuf, Isaac Jogues, Charles Garnier, Antoine Daniel, Gabriel Lalemant, Noël Chabanel — he a luminous example of one who fought more than most to stay on the slippery edge, to find, finally, reconcilement of the "terrible opposites" in "the peace of the heart of God"! Such a fragment of the Great War enriches our background — makes it just possible that, before us, there lived and died, as we say, on this continent, a little group of conscious men.

Dr. Barrett has given in "The Jesuit Enigma" an eminently fair summary of his experience during twenty years of living within an Order whose baffling duality he increasingly resented. It is only just to add that of resentment there are few open traces.

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A Shelf of Recent Books

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF AMBITION

By Keith Hutchison

BISMARCK: THE STORY OF A FIGHTER. *By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Little, Brown. $5.00.*

THIS is the third biography by Emil Ludwig to be published in America. Like its predecessors it is the portrait of a man of first class historical importance. But Ludwig's approach to his subjects is not that of the historian — it is the approach of the psychologist. He does not give any detailed account of public events — the battles, debates, negotiations — in which the men of whom he writes took part. His mind is always centered on the emotions that stirred them; the rationalizations by which they justified themselves; their reactions rather than their actions.

In Napoleon and William II he has subjected to his analysis two men characterized by boundless ambition, although very different in other respects. In Bismarck the same ruling passion seizes his attention. But in Bismarck ambition was by no means the only passion. His pride was almost equally strong and his tragedy lies in the life-long struggle between ambition and pride. Ludwig makes this struggle the central motif of a biography that gives to the reader a graphic and entirely convincing portrait of an extraordinary man.

Bismarck was the colossus bestriding the European scene in the middle of the nineteenth century. For nearly thirty years virtual dictator of Germany, he apparently fulfilled all his aims and could, with every right, have regarded himself as a successful statesman. Yet throughout his career he was a profoundly unhappy and discontented man. Ludwig quotes on the fly-leaf a sentence from Bismarck's youthful diary which gives the keynote to his character: "That which is imposing here on earth . . . is always akin to the fallen angel, who is beautiful, but lacks peace; is great in his plans and efforts, but never succeeds; is proud and melancholy".

In Napoleon, pride and ambition united to thrust him forward, but in Bismarck they were irreconcilable enemies. Ludwig traces these characteristics and this struggle to his parents. His father was a nobleman of ancient stock who had renounced the prospects of a career at court for the proud independence of a Prussian Squirarchy. His mother was of a family of bourgeois intellectuals, liberal and ambitious. "In her," writes Ludwig, "everything was rational; she loved town life, display, the court, and she was in all respects the exact opposite of her husband. . . . From her Otto von Bismarck got his reasoning powers, his piercing and dispassionate intelligence; from her likewise came his restless longing for power, which no Bismarck before him had had; but in temperament and character generally, he was his father's son."

During his boyhood Bismarck's mother both neglected and nagged him. He hated her. Her adherence to the Liberal creed fixed the reactionary tendencies to which as Junker he was naturally prone. But it was the psychological characteristics he inherited from her that triumphed, and perhaps this was why the gratification of his ambitions brought him no content.

Bismarck's career did not get under way at an early age. Until past thirty his Junker pride kept him from entering the service of the State. That meant apprenticeship in lowly offices; a respectful attention to the orders of men he despised. Once or twice he humbled himself and obtained minor official positions. But pride soon reasserted itself and some imagined slight from a superior made him resign in high dudgeon. For a time he settled on his inherited estate and lived the life of a country squire. His capacity for drink, his cyni-

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cism, and the sardonic ferociousness with which he pursued both women and the wild boar won him a daredevil reputation among his half-scandalized, half-envious neighbors.

Pride had made him slam many a door in his own face, but ambition still bit his heels. At an early age he had written that ambition was a foolish passion, since no successful career would compensate for the loss of independence it would involve. But as Ludwig says, he "was always fonder of power than of liberty. In this matter as in others he was a German".

In 1847 the first step towards power was taken by his election to the Prussian Diet. Here his ultra-conservative speeches covered him with ridicule (the Diet was generally Liberal in ideas) but attracted attention. He defended the monarchy from democratic usurpation with more enthusiasm than the monarch himself could muster. Not that he had any innate respect for kings (the Bismarcks were an older family than the Hohenzollerns), but because he saw that democracy would be fatal to his own class — the landed proprietors.

His career was now assured. After a few years of service in the Diet he was given a high diplomatic post. In 1862 he became Prime Minister of Prussia and began a struggle to bring about German unity under the auspices of his own State, a task completed in 1870 at the cost of three wars.

Ambition encouraged by so much success was now firmly in the saddle, but the inward warfare did not — could not — cease. Every time he had to obey orders and follow a course in which he disbelieved, every time he had to flatter to gain his ends, every time he had to suffer fools — a thing he never did gladly — pride kicked strongly against the pricks. Not even when only an Emperor was his superior was pride appeased. He knew himself to be a better man than his sovereign and although he usually got his own way it irked him to be forced to bully, cajole and argue in order to secure the ratification of his policies.

Yet in spite of the miseries it entailed power had become a habit to him. He could not let go. The German Empire was his child and he believed himself indispensable to its safety. But the young Emperor, William II, was equally convinced of his own capacity to manage affairs. There was no room for two egotists at the helm, and the man who had ruled by right of genius had to give way before the man who ruled by right of hereditary principle.

Here was a tragedy that turned to ashes all Bismarck's triumphs and embittered his last years. All his life he had fought to preserve and strengthen the Prussian monarchy. Now, cast-off, he writes in his memoirs "Since 1847, I have always defended the monarchial principle and have held it aloft like a banner. But now I have seen three Kings naked and often enough the behavior of these exalted gentlemen was by no means kingly. To say as much to all the world would, however, conflict with the monarchial principle". Thus does he pronounce a great part of his life-work a futility.

What was not a futility was the German unity which he had helped to mould. In the present Reich Ludwig sees Bismarck's memorial and justification. "After thirty years," he concludes, "the Germans stand beside Bismarck's grave and lower their flags to salute him. So simple and strong was his work that it has outlasted the fulfillment of the master builder's own prophecy. . . . Germany lives! The German princes forsook her in her bitter need; but the German people, whose sterling qualities Bismarck recognized too late, were steadfast and saved Bismarck's work from destruction."

Perhaps Ludwig is here rather too enthusiastic and tends to overemphasize Bismarck's responsibility for the unification of Germany. On the other hand when he comes to discuss the origins of the Great War, Ludwig seems to me to minimize Bismarck's responsibility in order to increase that of the ex-Kaiser. It is true that after his dismissal he urged the necessity of maintaining friendly relations with Russia. Yet it was he who had allowed Russia to become antagonized after the Council of Berlin, and for a personal reason. Ludwig quotes that shrewd observer Karl Marx: "The most characteristic thing in Bismarck is the way in which his antagonism to Russia originated.

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He wanted to depose Gorchakoff (then Russian Foreign Minister) and to install Shuvaloff. Since he failed to get his own way, the rest follows as a matter of course. *Voilà l'ennemi!*" The great fire was not, of course, the work of any one incendiary or national group of incendiaries. It was the natural outcome of the persistent friction created by the diplomatic system which Bismarck inherited, and rendered more dangerous by his greater adeptness.

In both these cases — German unity and the Great War — Ludwig's psychological approach rather misleads him. Intent on the spectacular drama of the individual he overlooks the silent working of economic forces.

Yet, taken as a whole, his book is as fine a biography as we are likely to see this fall. Ludwig has not attempted to sentimentalize Bismarck, nor has he disguised his faults, but the figure that emerges is that of a giant rather than that of an ogre. There is a tragic breadth about the portrait that impels a sympathetic response, even in those who, like the present reviewer, regard such egotists of genius as the worst enemies of mankind.

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD THEME

By Stanton A. Coblentz

WHY ROME FELL. *By Edward Lucas White. Harper. $3.50.*

IN his discussion of the causes of the fall of Rome, Mr. White has brought a new critical insight to bear; he has enumerated many of those sources of decay upon which historians generally are agreed; but he has insisted upon one major factor not emphasized by the orthodox commentator — the rise and spread of Christianity.

Christianity, in Mr. White's opinion, was not that beneficent and superior cult which we ordinarily regard as having supplanted a degenerate and moribund paganism, it was not adopted because of any general recognition of its moral supremacy, but because it was esteemed as an improved form of Babylonian magic, and far from proving of any benefit to Rome and strengthening the stamina of the people or the State, it demonstrated itself to be "more calamitous than any pestilence". Its effect was to create a growing element of dissension in the Empire, to undermine the respect for both civil and military authority, to nullify the old pagan virtues without introducing any new virtues to compensate, to impair the spirit of the army by removing the all-conquering presence of Jove, to plant a destructive religious mania in the hearts of ferocious barbarians, to instill a loathing of that Greco-Roman culture which was the pride of a thousand years, and to encourage and actively sponsor the destruction of the visible products of that culture.

Had not Christianity accelerated the decline of Rome and given a particular direction to the downfall, the Empire would certainly have disintegrated in time; but the Greco-Roman culture, contends Mr. White, need not have been obliterated, and the political demise of Rome need not have deprived succeeding generations of much that was most priceless in the civilization of the ancients. It was the Vandal creed of the early Christians which destroyed that which sword and fire might have left untouched; it was this creed that deliberately made debris of temples and theaters built to endure for all time, and of paintings and statuary such as the world is not likely to see again; it was this creed that robbed mankind of the poetry of Sappho and of her fellow Greek lyricists, of all the Greek tragedies except selections from Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euridipes, of all the Greek comic playwrights except one and all the historians except three, of all the Roman historians in part and most of them in entirety, of most of the Latin poets, dramatists and satirists, and all the orators with the sole exception of Cicero.

Mr. White has established an ably reasoned and convincing case. One's chief regret is the absence of detail in many cases where detail would be advisable, and in particular the elementary character of the historical summary with which the author precedes his main argument. Occasionally there appears to be a gap in the subject-matter — as when, enumerating the contributory causes of the decline of Rome, Mr.

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White omits all mention of the excessive urbanization under the Empire, as well as of the tendency toward a professional and corrupt army. But such oversights in no way dispute the thoroughness of the author's scholarship, and can be said to have little if any bearing on the central thesis of the book.

And that central thesis is so arresting, and the data adduced in its support is so conclusive, that the volume deserves a wide reading among all who would arrive at an understanding of historic fundamentals. While obviously designed for a general audience, and while fully intelligible even to one with but a smattering of historical knowledge, it should not only prove interesting to the masses of readers but should provide a bone of contention for the specialists.

A PURITAN PEPYS

By John Macy

SAMUEL SEWALL'S DIARY. *Edited by Mark Van Doren. Macy-Masius. $2.50.*

THE conventional caricature of the Puritan represents a sourfaced man in black with a steeple hat and buckled shoes nine sizes too large. The accepted intellectual portrait of him is that of the most disagreeable fanatic that ever lived, one who hated pleasure for himself and for others, who ruthlessly persecuted those who did not share his religious beliefs, who bound himself and his neighbors in a steel mesh of blue laws. Whenever any modern law or social custom seems narrow and an infringement of liberty, we call it puritanic.

Well, the Puritan was no such animal. He dressed very well when he could afford it, and the portraits of the time show elegant lawn at the neck and wrists. He dined well when he could afford it, as I shall show presently by a few quotations. The blue laws never existed, but are pure fiction of which historians have tried in vain to disabuse the popular mind. The Puritan persecuted Quakers and others because he thought they were a menace to the practical well-being and orderly government of the colony. Governor Winthrop was very patient with a pest like Anne Hutchinson. The witchcraft mania was a passing delusion no worse than many similar outbreaks of superstition in European countries. The intolerance of the New England Puritan was not more violent than that which burned Cranmer in England and committed a thousand crimes in Catholic countries. He was bad enough, but he was a human being, not a monster, and he was fighting to establish a civilization under appalling difficulties.

Sewall's diary gives us the most intimate account of the daily activities of a Puritan gentleman. It covers most of his life from 1675 to 1730, and from the multitude of little details we can reconstruct the society in which he was an important personage. The Puritans were literate people, the leading men well educated, and they left many books, most of them, of course, theological, but some of them at least with a secondary secular and historical interest, like Mather's "Magnalia". No other contemporaneous record, however, has the informal unconscious vividness of Sewall's diary. He studied for the ministry and was ordained, but he turned to law and public affairs, and was a judge and finally Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. It fell to his lot to sit in the trials of the Salem witches and to pronounce sentence upon them to be hanged (not burned!). Later he recovered his senses, for he was an eminently sane and sympathetic man, and he made public recantation in church, taking the "blame and shame of it", and asking pardon of men and God. His "petition" is not a canting craven document, but the expression of a noble humility. He is not only a very honest man, as we should expect a Puritan judge to be, but a man of naïve amiability, which the Puritan is supposed not to have been but sometimes was. The publishers of this selection from the Diary would have added to its pleasant effect if they had made a frontispiece of the old gentleman's portrait with his comfortably round and benevolent face.

The most interesting part of the Diary, the part which has more or less continuous narrative and romantic interest, is the story of his unsuccessful courtship of Madame Winthrop at the ripe age of sixty-eight, decorously soon after he had buried his "dear Wife" and laid her in the tomb beside

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the majority of their many children. The seed of the Puritans was abundant, but the Great Reaper harvested early and often. Perhaps the descendants of the Puritans owe much to the hardiness of the select few who survived by fitness or fortune. The old judge was evidently willing to found a second family, but Mistress Katherine, "relict of the honble Waitstill Winthrop esqur." would not have him, and a few days after his "2d Withdraw", when he went not to see her, he significantly "dined alone upon Kilby's Pyes and good Beer".

Since the most oppressive tyranny of our time, commonly and unjustly called puritanic, is prohibition, I select a series of related items, which, to be sure, when thus gathered together are not in fair proportion to the manifold subjects which the Diary treats, but which have cumulative value and should dispose finally of the mythical Puritan who did not enjoy fleshly pleasure.

"Went to Roxbury and heard Mr. Cotton Mather preach. . . . Showed that should improve Season for doing and receiving good whatever it cost us. His Excellency [the governor] was on the Neck [the isthmus long since lost in filled lands between Boston and Roxbury], as came by, call'd Him in and gave Him a glass of Beer and Claret [some mixture!] and deliver'd a Petition respecting the Narraganset Lands."

"My Lady Phips gave me a cup of Beer."

"Joshua Gee . . . presents me with a pair of Jerusalem Garters which cost above 2 pieces 8–8 [Spanish dollars, "pieces of eight"] in Algier." This to show that our Puritan forefathers were not above decorating their persons with finery.

"Meet with a Pink [what kind of ship was that?] 14 days from Liverpool. . . . He sent us some Bottles of very good Beer, and we him one of my Bottles of Brandy."

"Had first Butter, Honey, Curds and Cream. For Diner, very good Rost Lamb, Turkey, Fowls, Aplepy. A glass of spirits which my Wife sent stood upon a Joint-Stool which, Simon W. joggling, it fell down and broke all to shivers: I said twas a lively Emblem of our Fragility and Mortality."

"Had only (*sic*) rost Beef, Minct Pye and Tarts to Diner."

"Eat sage Cheese, drunk Beer and Cider."

"Sent four pounds of Raisins, which with the Canary were very refreshing to him [Sewall's father]."

It is interesting to speculate what Dr. Freud would have done with this item: "I dreamed last night that I was chosen Lord Maior of London; which much perplexed me: a strange absurd dream!" Had the worthy judge loftier worldly ambitions than he confessed to himself?

"In the evening I invited the Govr and Council to drink a Glass of Wine with me. . . . Gave them variety of good Drink."

"Went and heard Mr. Bridge and Dr. Cotton Mather pray and preach. . . . Had Cake and Butter and Cheese, with good drinks."

"She asked me if I would drink, I told her Yes. She gave me Cider, Aples and a glass of Wine."

"Drank a glass of Mead." "Sarah fill's a Glass of Wine, she drank to me, I to her." "She had talked of Canary, her Kisses were to me better than the best Canary." "She gave me a glass of Canary, entertain'd me with good Discourse." "Offer'd me no Wine that I remember." "She gave me a Dram of Black-Cherry Brandy." "Gave me a glass or two of Canary." "She gave me a Glass of Wine. . . . As came down the steps she bid me have a Care." "Carried her a pound of Glaz'd Almonds, and a Duz. Meers Cakes; Two bottles of Canary. . . Had a very good Legg of Pork and a Turkey for Diner."

The last days of the honble Justice were happy. At seventy, "aged and feeble and exhausted as I am", he married Mrs. Mary Gibbs. When he is seventy-four he makes this charming note: "The swallows unanimously and cheerfully proclaim the Spring".

MEN OF MUSIC

By Isaac Goldberg

CHOPIN. *By Henri Bidou. Translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips. Knopf. $4.00.*

BEETHOVEN: THE SEARCH FOR REALITY. *By W. J. Turner. Doran. $6.00.*

M. BIDOU has made a laudable attempt on the one hand to rescue musical biography from the falsification of the fictional method, and on the other to relate the

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compositions of his subject to the life out of which they grew. The dangers he courted were a comparative dullness in the telling and an excess of technical discussion, or what must appear as such to the average reader untrained in the reading of music. Strangely enough, he errs definitely on the side of simplicity. Yet there is more genuine substance in his narrative than is to be found in biographies more glamorous, spiced with anecdote and pricked up with interesting irrelevancies. And his musical analyses, while somewhat bald, are truly illustrative and informing. His book, in fact, is so good that there is hardly any excuse for its not being better. It is too tightly compressed, even a trifle too sober.

Between the stools of historic truth and technical sobriety M. Bidou, if he does not fall, at least fails to maintain his balance. In toning down the excessive color that has been so freely smeared over the figure of Chopin, he removes too much. His analyses, likewise, for all the space they occupy, give too little. He lectures the reader on the elements of musical development, reveals the characteristic process of Chopin by hint rather than demonstration and deals only with melodic figures. The harmonic subtlety of the composer, which is so perfect a mirror of his peculiar temperament, is slighted, no doubt through the same fervor of simplicity that affects the essay throughout.

A feature of the typography is worthy of comment. In an endeavor to preserve an unbroken page, all notes have been relegated, not to the back of the book, but to the end of the chapter to which they belong. The effect is questionable. Rather a page varied with footnotes, or a special section at the end of the work, than a book regularly punctuated by small-type intrusions massed in page formation. One questions, furthermore, the beauty of the style that prints all paragraphs flush with the left-hand margin.

For what it has attempted with incomplete success, as well as for its less debatable virtues, the book merits the attention of all who come to music and its personalities in search not of allegories, tittle-tattle and pictorial fantasies, but of artistic actualities.

Mr. Turner has surely not erred in the direction of simplicity or reticence. Those who have read his "Orpheus, or The Music of the Future", in Dutton's Today and Tomorrow Series, have encountered a spirit that wings its way unblushingly into the empyrean. He manages the perilous adventure of holding his feet firmly planted on earth, the while his head soars in dizzy speculation above the clouds. Although his section on the Life and Character of Beethoven contains very little that is unfamiliar, it takes up a good two-thirds of his compendious volume. This represents his duty to the man; once it has been left behind, Turner leaves behind with it a certain plodding style and engages upon unabashed hero-worship and a healthily provoking medley of philosophy, psychology and metaphysics. For him, Beethoven is the central character of musical history and creation. His works are a steady progress toward an unattained, an unattainable, perfection, in which successively he sheds the coarser attributes of mortality. On the man, and on his works, Mr. Turner neatly replaces some of the plaster that Ernest Newman of late, and with realistic ruthlessness, scraped away. If music, as Turner said in his earlier book, is the imagination of love in sound, here Beethoven becomes the veritable sculptor of destiny, working in impalpable vibrations of the air.

One thing Turner does, however, that makes up for any concrete quarrels — and they will be many — which the musician will pick with him before the end of the discussion is reached. He makes Beethoven's music come alive. He shows the man in the music as distinguished from the man of food, clothing and shelter, and implants the conviction that his true life lay in his music. It is here that his battles were fought and his victories won. Turner recognizes only two, rather than the conventional three, styles of Beethoven. He does not believe that the composer's deafness is at the bottom of the difficult music of the final years. In the first period he perceives "conscious, even aggressive, assertion of the will to live in face of recognized difficulties and obstacles, and a challenging of all authority which would prescribe and pre-ordain the way of life to

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the individual". The second was best described by Wagner: "The aesthetic idea of the Sublime is alone applicable here: for the effect of serenity passes at once far beyond the satisfaction to be derived from mere beauty". Beethoven, in a word, embodies the tragic world, "a world whose beauty breaks the heart that perceives it".

Many who will not be able to follow Turner in his more tenuous divagations will appreciate none the less the stimulating comparisons and contrasts that he institutes between Beethoven and his predecessors, and particularly between Beethoven and Wagner; they will be forced into a deeper sense of values, if only in defense of their own standards; they will behold even Stravinsky and the jazz school in a new light, and, if Turner has been successful with them, will see Beethoven as the one *complete* man of music.

Turner's ideology, nourished by Nietzsche and Freud, exhibits interesting indebtedness to Spengler, too. Perhaps it is a symptom of a new orientation in musical criticism.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

By Edith H. Walton

JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD. *Edited by J. Middleton Murry. Knopf. $3.50.*

FOR all our rapacious interest, which feeds on biographies and published letters, it has seldom been given to us to know the intimate life of any writer as we now know Katherine Mansfield's. Honesty as reckless and luminous as hers is a rare quality, and most artists have lacked both the capacity and the desire to reveal themselves so completely. But what gives this fragmentary journal its significance is the fact that Katherine Mansfield had a spirit worth revealing, a personality so exquisite that it overshadows the work which she produced.

J. Middleton Murry, in the introductory sketch of his wife's brief career, says that she responded to life more fully than any writer he has known, and the journal confirms this statement. Katherine Mansfield was ardently alive. She had an incredible sensitivity which was at once her misfortune and her great compensation. The torments of pain and despair which she suffered were caused by her own quivering nerves as well as by illness and poverty. On the other hand, she was stirred to ecstacy by small fleeting glimpses of beauty to which the ordinary person is blind. She was akin to Rupert Brooke in her immediate response to sensuous contacts. "Very beautiful, O God! is a blue tea-pot with two white cups attending; a red apple among oranges addeth flame to fire — in the white bookcases the books fly up and down in scales of color —"

This complete receptivity to the most delicate shades of experience is evident on every page of the journal and does much to explain Katherine Mansfield's success as a writer. In addition to recording her most secret moods and agonies, she noted down innumerable fragments of description, dialogue, and characterization which were to serve as kernels for stories. The velvet-forked tails of swallows in flight, a little cat creeping over tufts of grass, two women gossiping in a railway carriage — in such minute incidents she could find material for her purpose. She prayed to remember every stinging sensation, whether of pain or loveliness, in order that it might enrich her writing. And the words in which she imprisoned these vagrant experiences have such clarity and poignancy that they would prove her gift if one had never read a line of her stories.

In a more extraordinary way, however, the journal reveals Katherine Mansfield as a writer born and dedicated. Writing, as she frankly says, was her religion, which she served with a fierce intensity. Her prayer was to be delivered from cleverness and to be made crystal clear for the transmission of truth. In the year when she first developed tuberculosis, it was not death that she dreaded but the thought of leaving her destined work in scraps, unfinished. She begged only for time to write her books. Later, when she was struggling for health in Switzerland, she scourged herself pitilessly for wasting time, convicted herself of sinfulness for idling away the hours which should have been spent writing. Unceasing physical suffering was to her no excuse for not working.

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It is difficult to approach the Journal critically, not only because it is so moving a human document, but because in so doing one is passing judgment on Katherine Mansfield herself. This journal is not an ordinary book, carefully pruned and edited for publication. It is the essence of Katherine Mansfield's spirit. Her courage, her ambition, her tormented sensitiveness and her passion for honesty haunt its every page. There is something almost indecent about knowing another person so intimately, and particularly a person who was inherently so secret and aloof. As she said more than once, her journal was "really private", and, though literature has gained a valuable record of the creative spirit one cannot but feel that the publication of these fragments was, in a sense, a betrayal.

THE GREAT SENTIMENTALIST

By Lawrence S. Morris

HENRY WARD BEECHER: AN AMERICAN PORTRAIT. *By Paxton Hibben. Doran. $5.00.*

IN his lifetime Henry Ward Beecher heard himself called — and craved to hear it — "the greatest preacher since St. Paul stood on Mars Hill". Women who were intelligent in other respects believed him "the one good man in this world". He had begun his career as a shy, awkward parson in Indiana, unable to produce any effect on his two dozen hearers. In time he developed such a mastery over his trade of oratory that, from the platform of his auditorium in Brooklyn, he made thousands laugh and sob at his wish. And this "one good man" provided the most sensational scandal America has ever known. When the case came to court, he perjured himself like a frightened rabbit, betrayed his friends, attacked the women who had loved him, persuaded himself that his treachery was self-sacrifice — and remained The Great Preacher. It was to be expected that, in the current revaluing of nineteenth century biography, the portrait of Henry Ward Beecher would find a place. And it is to the credit of Mr. Hibben that he has been more interested in understanding and revealing Beecher's tortuous psychology than in exploiting its sensationalism.

As a boy, Henry Ward got up each morning in the dark to light the fire before prayers, held at sunrise. His father, the Rev. Lyman Beecher, was tyrannical, denunciatory and absorbed in flaying heresies wherever they appeared, rather than in bringing up his children. God, of whom he talked a great deal, was an implacable Being who had singled out a few Presbyterians for salvation and damned everyone else. The only emotions connected with religion were fear and hatred. The only activity it engendered was wrangling over dogma.

His mother was a gentle creature, who had died when he was three. His stepmother was aloof and cold. The older brothers and sisters had inherited their father's hard intellectualism and shared his contempt of Henry Ward, who was stupid in his studies and diffident with people. And so this boy, who yearned to be loved, got no affection and had no confidant. If he had had any intellectual vigor, he might have fought his father on his own grounds. But Henry Ward had only the physical energy of an athlete and a swelling emotional nature. The latter was starved in every normal expression. The only stimulus it received was the distorting influence of his father's egoism, lust for power and abuse of his opponents. All of these were later reproduced in the son.

When Henry Ward became a minister himself and took charge of a little parish in Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, his first job was to free himself from his father's shadow and test out his own powers. He was romantic, sensitive, impulsive; and his father's theological hair-splitting, of which he was incapable, was the only kind of preaching he had supposed possible. But little by little he discovered that people responded even more quickly to his emotional appeal than they had to his father's metaphysics. The truth was that his father was already archaic. After two centuries of arid disputes over predestination, the people to whom Henry Ward preached were thirsting for just such an emotional release as he could give them. He watched his preaching with shrewd intuition, discovering what was effective and what was not. As his power as an orator

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grew, he advanced from Lawrenceburgh to Indianapolis, and from Indianapolis to Brooklyn. And with each gain in assurance, he launched himself more recklessly on his emotional sensitivity.

He made use of every current idea that promised to be popular and dropped it as soon as it threatened to wane. The single idea which was his own, and not merely a lever for his career, was that God loved sinners. And by the time he had formulated that, he was so completely the public performer that any real conception of love was impossible for him.

He had reached the pinnacle of his ambition: as preacher, lecturer, editor he could sway thousands by his words. His nostrils quivered with the adulation he received. He was paid swollen fees to appear on a platform. He was an acknowledged leader of men; but he had no idea where to lead them. He could only continue to whip them into debauches of emotion. And it was inevitable that with no purpose to carry out, the emotion should degenerate into sentimentality and the religious hysteria he aroused should escape into sexual energy. He had craved power, and he got it, though he had no use for it; he had craved love, and he got it, to the destruction of his power. His epitaph was written by Dana of *The Sun:* "a great sentimentalist". This was the paradox in him; he was both great and contemptible.

Mr. Hibben has traced Beecher's rise and degeneration with sympathetic irony. His book is thoroughly documented and written with intellectual perspective. It would have been easy to make a caricature of Henry Ward Beecher. Plenty of caricatures were made of him while he was alive. But Mr. Hibben has remembered that in his most grotesque moments he was still a man. He does not tell you what to think of Beecher; he gives you his meanness and softness side by side with the occasional gleams of truthful insight, which were wrung from his personal disasters. And in consequence the reading of this book leaves one with the mingled emotions of respect and pity, which everything human inspires. It is illuminating both as a portrait of Henry Ward Beecher and a commentary on the period of which he unhappily embodied one aspect.

LACE AND VELVET

By John Nicholas Beffel

THE ROMANTICK LADY. *By Vivian Burnett. Scribners. $3.50.*

VIVIAN BURNETT'S book, "The Romantick Lady" is a deadly-earnest biography of his mother, Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy". Here is revelation, floodlights on a shadowy and hopelessly sentimental age.

When Edward Bok wrote an autobiography telling of his rise from Dutch boy autograph-collector to eminence in the ladies' publishing field, many who read his words were driven to laughter. But the present volume, though naïve throughout, will never produce that effect upon any person who remembers the blight which Mrs. Burnett's famous novel and play put on the lives of thousands of small boys in the eighties and nineties. Those who were forced by fond mothers to wear velvet costumes and curls will see in this record the details of a national tragedy, the root-causes of the Fauntleroy plague.

Born in an English home where her parents were invariably addressed as "dear mamma" and "dear Edwin" or "dear papa", Frances Hodgson began writing poetry at nine, and at fourteen was busy fashioning romances about people with high-hat names like Sir Marmaduke. Her first story was sold to *Godey's Lady's Book* in 1868, when she was nineteen.

Apparently Vivian Burnett withholds nothing; he looks upon his mother as he did all through her life, calling her Dearest, viewing her always as one who believed in fairies. He discloses that he was the original of Fauntleroy; includes a photograph of himself, which the mother sent to Reginald Birch as a suggestion for the illustrations for her novel. That photograph shows Vivian in lace and velvet, and wearing long curls — at the age of nine! He never rebelled against this girlish attire, but gloried in it.

Vivian tells that he said to his mother when about nine: "Dearest, you write so

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many books for grownups, that we don't have any time at all with you now. Why don't you write some books that little boys would like to read?"

Oliver Wendell Holmes wept (with enthusiasm) when he saw the Fauntleroy play. S. S. McClure encouraged its author in her sugary sentimentalism. Richard Watson Gilder featured her writings in Scribner's.

Various pictures and many letters in terms of endearment illuminate this narrative. For the student of the period they will be invaluable. . . . Beside "Little Lord Fauntleroy", Mrs. Burnett wrote numerous books and stories. The list includes "Editha's Burglar", "T. Tembarom", "The Dawn of a Tomorrow", "That Lass o' Lowrie's", "Louisiana". How many of the others are read or remembered now?

MR. VAN LOON'S HISTORY

By Lloyd George

AMERICA. *By Hendrik Van Loon. Boni & Liveright. $5*

THE capitalistic system was to blame for the discovery of America; in the beginning the English were not such blown-in the-bottle sea dogs as you have been led to think, and King George III made a very polite speech to John Adams when the New Englander arrived at St. James, the first representative of a new nation. These bits of historical enlightenment and a few others are what Hendrik Willem Van Loon adds to the regular selection of high spots in the history of this continent.

It is not Mr. Van Loon's habit to turn up for wondering, doubting eyes facts everyone else has somehow missed. His is the method to do the old facts up in new cartons. Take his treatment of piracy. Now, that is not exactly a dull chapter in history, but it is one with which the casual reader is familiar if not bored by this time. Mr. Van Loon changes the scene just a little for imagination's sake, and pictures it as an early form of hijacking. Bootlegging and its language is easily understood today, and its idiom is sure to get a grin. His theory certainly is to catch the reader with his mouth open just a trifle and at that moment to drop a fact down his throat, one of those facts that in other forms had driven the reader to a tight-lipped resistance. It is that sort of reader Mr. Van Loon is after, and since the writing of "The Story of Mankind", "The Story of the Bible", and "Tolerance", that sort of reader, judging from the author's general renown, has been well hooked.

For his regular readers and, very likely, a number of new ones, there will be pleasure in "America". From the moment Mr. Van Loon points out that the unforeseen result of the Holy War in the seventh century was a capitalistic embarrassment for Spain, among others, to the end of the book where he chances his reputation and makes a prophecy involving the younger generation, there is amusement and fun. And beside humorous pleasure, the reader will find relationships between events and between men in the history of America come out of Mr. Van Loon's mind more clearly than in high-school histories, and even in some more pretentious.

The title, "America", awakens a belief that there will be included some examination of the American spirit, character, or consciousness. Mr. Van Loon marks its growth to some extent. He finds its apotheosis in the Western pioneer, a development of independence, of self-sufficiency. This growth lasted until the time of the Civil War. Then came the change that gave us standardization, and, with the close of the World War, a new trend away from the doctrine, "Forget that you have any personality of your own and you will be rich", a doctrine supplanting the earlier one whereby a man's best life was in being himself and minding his own business.

The best of Mr. Van Loon's book, for me, is in the chapters where he draws the picture of the early American. An historian will say it is too soon to be drawing accurate portraits of the later day American, but there is a portrait to be drawn, and it is not too much to wish that Mr. Van Loon had sketched in the manner of his cartoons just a few lines of this portrait, the younger generation's queer uncle, perhaps, but odd and unrepresentative as he may be, still a development of the earlier Independent.

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A CHRISTMAS BOOK-WARMING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

By Mary Graham Bonner

THERE have been and there will always be plenty of house-warmings where many guests gather and where the host or hostess delights in the new opportunities for entertainment. Now I should like to give a book-warming — to open the pages of the many, many volumes before me, and introduce them to young people. I shall not be able to dwell at any length on any one. I shall have to be a very busy hostess — there are so many books worth meeting — and all I can do is to introduce them to you with a word or two about each, so that young people and their parents and those who give Christmas presents to young friends will get some little idea of the congeniality or personal interest the different books hold.

In very strict households children have always had to wait until the toothsome morsels and the appeasing edibles were set before their elders. But this is a book-warming party and the little children shall be noticed first. *Peppi the Duck*, written and illustrated by Rhea Wells (Doubleday, Page, $2), is the gay story of a little yellow duckling, born near an old castle, at the foot of a mountain in the Austrian Tyrol. It is as gay in pictures as can be, and Peppi's biography is treated with the seriousness that a biography of a duck for little readers should be treated. In the end Peppi discovers a curl in his tail. That's an event in duck circles for it meant that Peppi was a drake and one hopes that Peppi's author-illustrator will give us more of Peppi's life now that he has attained such important masculinity.

The Katy Kruse Dolly Book, with verses by Rose Fyleman (Doran, $2), is a nice picture book. *The Skin Horse*, by Margery Williams Bianco, illustrated by Pamela Bianco (Doran, $1.50), is a dear story. The horse, shabby though he may be, wins our affection at once. How children will love him, with the comfort he brought to his little sick owner. The ending is quite lovely and though in no way similar, there is a quality to it that leaves the same feeling as that produced by George MacDonald's "At The Back of the North Wind". Mrs. Bianco has another book this autumn — *The Adventures of Andy*, with pictures by Leon Underwood (Doran, $3). It is a big book, replete with adventures of a doll named Andy.

The Poor Count's Christmas, by Frank R. Stockton, known to those who are familiar with the bound St. Nicholas, appears this year for the first time within hard covers (Stokes, $1.50). The colored frontispiece and original illustrations by E. B. Bensell which were used in the magazine now embellish the book — and the story is one that stands many readings, as children brought up by parents who loved it know.

For those who seek special stories to have on hand to read aloud in the Christmas season Maud Van Buren and Katharine I. Bemis have compiled a collection entitled *Christmas in Storyland* (Century, $2). It would be a useful library book, and so would *Highdays and Holidays*, by Florence Adams and Elizabeth McCarrick (Dutton, $2). This latter, decorated by Emma L. Brock, is much more attractively presented than the former. Here are poems for all occasions — New Year's Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Roosevelt's Birthday, Book Week — and all such times as are celebrated in schools. The poems are selected with care and the anthology will greatly assist librarians when school children come with requests for "something to read for Arbor Day".

To return again to books for younger children there is Lois Lenski's *Skipping Village* (Stokes, $2.50), a merry book with fascinating pictures by the author. Then there is *Lost Village*, by Alberta Bancroft, illus-

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trated by Maginel Wright Barney (Doran, $2.50), a fairy story by the author who wrote "The Goblins of Haubeck".

Sambo and Snitch, by Algernon Blackwood, illustrated by Audrey Teago (Appleton, $1.50), is the story of a little boy and a friendly lizard. The lizard's squeaky voice is compared to a slate-pencil, which is so descriptive that I can hear the lizard speaking throughout the book. *The Last Dragon*, by Dan Totheroh, illustrated by Eleanor Osborn Eadie (Doran, $2.50), is one of the amiable variety who can be addressed as "dear dragon". Caroline D. Emerson has written *A Merry-Go-Round of Modern Tales*, illustrated by Lois Lenski (Dutton, $2). These stories have to do with such subjects as telephones, touring cars, steam-rollers, electric lights. The author deserves credit for a clever use of modern materials although she doesn't quite pull it off. One has the feeling that she wasn't quite confident of her own daring. If she does another book of this variety it would doubtless be much better.

The Children's Play-Hour Book, edited by Stephen Southwold (Longmans, Green, $2), is a most satisfactory anthology of ancient and modern tales and poems. The editor is also represented by some of his own stories and he writes with a nice appreciation of his audience. Veronica S. Hutchinson offers an anthology called *Fireside Stories*, illustrated by Lois Lenski (Minton, Balch, $2.50).

Jolly Good Times, by Mary P. Wells Smith is a new edition of an old favorite. It is illustrated by Helen Mason Grose. (Little, Brown, $2). Life on a farm is described within its pages and children will like it in spite of all its quaintness, for it is perennially human and its author has a humor which greatly enlivens her description of the old-time New England Sunday.

Animal Stories the Indians Told, by Elizabeth Bishop Johnson (Knopf, $2), are given in much the same fashion as they were told to white men by the Indians, and so possess a unique style of their own.

The nicest book of tales of other lands is by Charles J. Finger — *Tales Worth Telling*, illustrated by Paul Honoré (Century, $3.50). I know they're worth re-reading for I read them first as they appeared in the St. Nicholas Magazine, and I've been reading them again since their book publication and find them as beautifully satisfactory as ever. They are stories of Norway, Ireland, South America. They have an unconfined geographical range, and they are for older boys and girls.

Among other legendary tales for boys and girls worth noticing are *The Magic Tooth and Other Tales from the Amazon*, by Elsie Spicer Eells, illustrated by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis (Little, Brown, $2); *Tewa Firelight Tales*, retold by Ahlee James, illustrated by Awa Tsireh and other Indian artists (Longmans, Green, $2.50); and *Gessar Khan, a Legend of Tibet*, by Ida Zeitlin, illustrated by Theodore Nadejen (Doran, $5). Both author and illustrator have done excellently well in this last book. The language is sentient and nicely elaborate.

Among the biographies there is a most interesting one on *Martin Luther*, by Estelle Ross, illustrated by Paul Hardy (Stokes, $1.50). It is written with a sense of fairness and an interest that makes the subject living and real. *The Boys' Life of Alexander Hamilton*, by Helen Nicolay (Century, $2), is another well-handled biography.

Rabbit Had Hopped Away, by Willy Pogany.
From Looking Out of Jimmie, by E. H. Flanders

Those who are interested in producing

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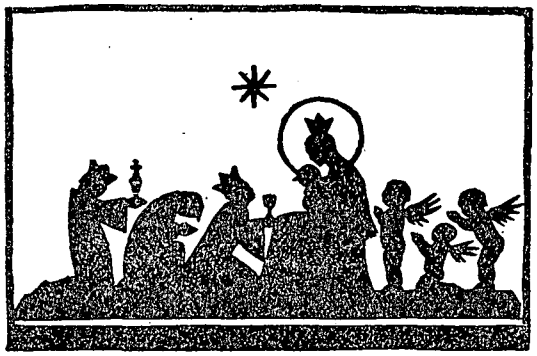
plays will want to know about *Alias Santa Claus*, by Percival Wilde (Appleton, $1.25); *Ali Baba and Other Plays for Young People or Puppets*, by Helen Haimain Joseph, with settings and costume designs by Julia McCune Flory (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50); *Historical Plays of Colonial Days*, by Louise E. Tucker and Estelle L. Ryan (Longmans, Green, $1.25); and *The Elf of Discontent and Other Plays*, by Rita Benton, introduction by John Farrar, and notes on production by Cora Mel Patten (Doran, $2).

Then there are several books without categorical inclusiveness which should not be omitted. Christopher Morley has written a book for young people called *I Know A Secret* (Doubleday, Page, $2). The leading character is a cat. The snail, however, is the one who submits the story to Mr. Doubleday and secures the contract. Jeanette Warmuth did the illustrations, and the book, fantastic, gay, humorous, is quite an event in any book-warming for young people. I should like to be able to tell about it in detail.

May Lamberton Becker, well known critic, has written a book about books for older boys and girls called *Adventures in Reading* (Stokes, $2). Mrs. Becker treats older boys and girls as they should be treated, respecting their tastes and their intelligence.

Magpie Lane, verses by Nancy Byrd Turner, pictures by Decie Merwin (Harcourt, Brace, $1.60), is a jolly book of verses in the author's best vein. *Kittens' Questionnaire*, is particularly nice. And if lovers of cats want to know about other pages in which cats are treated with respect and admiration there is a book for children called *The Cat and the Captain*, by Elizabeth J. Coatsworth, illustrated by Gertrude Kaye (Macmillan, $1), in which the cat is as real a personality as ever a cat could be. There is also Peggy Bacon's *The Lion-Hearted Kitten And Other Stories* (Macmillan, $2), but only one story is devoted to the cat. Other animals get a chance in the other stories.

If one is interested in designing or drawing there is an excellent book on this subject by Adolfo Best-Maugard called *A Method for Creative Design* (Knopf, $2.50). It is comprehensive and helpfully clear.



All on a Christmas Morning.
From A Little Christmas Book, by Rose Fyleman

There are some nice stories laid in other countries for boys and girls. *Children of the Mountain Eagle*, by Elizabeth Cleveland Miller, illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham (Doubleday, Page, $2), has for a background the Albanian mountains, and that is no feeble background. The girl's name, Bor, meant snow, and there is a cool strength and refreshing vitality about the book from the start. *Bibi*, by Karin Michaelis, illustrated by Hedvig Collin (Doubleday, Page, $2.50), is the story — very lovely, and very colorful — of a little Danish girl. It is rich with information without being at any time didactic or stilted. But I do wish the last two pages dealing with the expense of book production and illustration had been left out. The book is too worth keeping to follow the suggestion of using paintboxes in supplying color — and the talk of expense after such a thoroughly fine book has been enjoyed gives one the same feeling as, when occasionally happens, a hostess who has given her guests a most delicious meal elaborates on the expense of food these days. *Children of the Moor*, by Laura Fitinghoff, translated by Siri Andrews, illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50), is a Swedish classic, and should be popular here. Its pictures of Swedish life, its brave children, battling against nature's hardships, all written with literary ability, make it, as well as the other two books just mentioned, well worth reading.

Prince Melody in Music Land, by Elizabeth Simpson, illustrated by Mary Virginia Martin (Knopf, $1.75), makes technical

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musical difficulties much easier by this jolly presentation, while *La-La Man in Music Land*, by Colleen Browne Kilner, illustrated by Carmen L. Browne (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $1.50), instructs beginners by means of verses and amusing pictures.

For those who would like to know something more about the work and fascination of a newspaper career Hiram Wallace Hayes's *The Newspaper Game*, illustrated by Harold Cue (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $1.50), is an ideal story. It is obviously written by a newspaper man, the parlance, plot, incidents, departments are genuine and boys of high-school age who look toward newspaper work as their hoped-for future will find this book absorbing. It is as good a piece of work of its kind as can be found — in fact it is so interesting that it will probably greatly increase the ranks of those who enjoy their work so much that they are willing to be inadequately compensated financially.

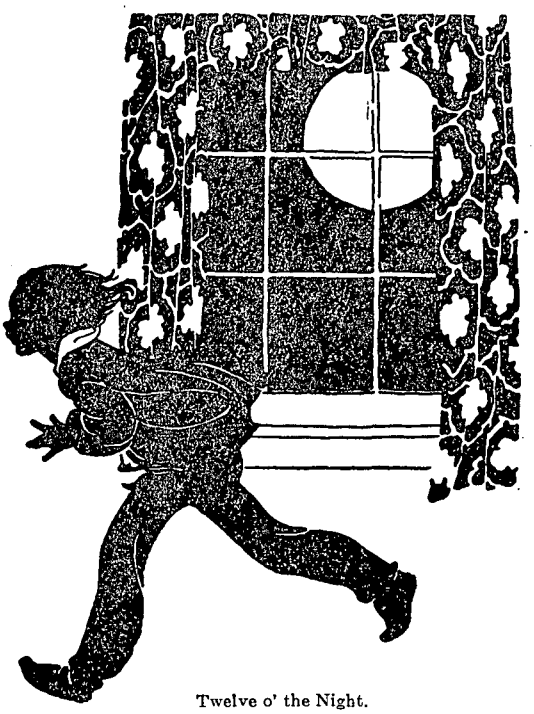
Other good books for boys are to be found on publishers' lists this season, and girls will want to read most of these books too. *The Quest of the Moon Fish*, by C. Bedell Monro and W. Don Harrison (Morrow, $1.75), carries its heroes along the Cheboygan river in search of a fish that has become almost legendary in power. *Deric with the Indians*, by Deric Nusbaum, illustrated by Aileen Nusbaum (Putnam, $1.75), and *Bob North Starts Exploring*, by Robert Carver North (Putnam, $1.75), are both books for boys by boys. *For the Glory of France*, by Everett McNeil (Dutton, $2), is written in this author's best style — a glowing, thrilling historical account of two boys who came to the New World to explore, adventure and run perilous risks in those days when Champlain was busily employed in making history.

Heroes of Modern Adventure, by T. C. Bridges and H. Hessell Tiltman (Little, Brown, $2), tells of such people as Amundsen, Stefansson, Lawrence of Arabia, and the most recent of heroic adventurers — Lindbergh. There are some women in this book too. The most invigorating chapter is the one on Jean Charcot and the "Why Not?"

The Silent Force, by T. Morris Longstreth (Century, $4), gives the history of Canada's mounted police and is as fine a book as its subject deserves — which is, quite intentionally, high praise.

Russ Farrell, Border Patrolman, by Thomson Burtis (Doubleday, Page, $1.50), and *The Flight of the Gray Goose*, by Francis Lynde (Scribner's, $1), are both good yarns of the air, while *Jinglebob*, by Philip Ashton Rollins (Scribner's, $2.50), would interest those who like to read of a previous period when spirited riding was confined to the ground and when cattle driving and cowboys constituted enough excitement for any one.

The Boy Scout's Year Book, edited by Franklin K. Mathiews (Appleton, $2.50), deals mostly with stories of sports and camping in this year's annual. Of course this news will not be received with disfavor! *Pirate Plunder*, by Frank E. Potts, illustrated by Lucina Wakefield (Harper, $1.75), is the story of an English boy in the days of piratical plunder along the Spanish Main. It's one of the outstanding books for boys this year. Constance Lindsay Skinner writes an historical Spanish-American story called *The Tiger Who Walks Alone* (Macmillan, $1.75) with her usual meticulous care of liter-



Twelve o' the Night.
From Magpie Lane, by Nancy Byrd Turner

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ary details and her story ability, and Clarence Stratton writes a tale of the Fourth Crusade and its subsequent years in a spirited, sympathetic book entitled *Paul of France* (Macmillan, $2).

After School, by Laurie York Erskine (Appleton, $1), is a story in which a schoolmaster of the great war period sacrifices himself, following the example set by the schoolmaster Nathan Hale so many years before. Well written, but one cannot help feeling the endless tragedy that follows in the wake of war. *Days Before History*, by H. R. Hall (Crowell, $1.25), is a reprint of a little book helpful with much younger readers and students. *Tales of the Mayflower Children*, by Pauline Carrington Bouvé, illustrated by J. Brownscombe and Mabel Betsy Hill (Marshall Jones, $2), is dedicated to the descendants of the characters in this book, and is written with the author's desire to inspire present-day children to understand and be more like their pilgrim ancestors.

By way of sweeping contrast, girl readers I'm sure, would like to meet, *Twinkle, Little Movie Star*, by Lorraine Maynard (Century, $1.75). It's a thoroughly likable story. Katharine Adams has a story for girls with a Swedish background called *Midwinter* (Macmillan, $1.75), and Cornelia Meigs has another book this season called *As the Crow Flies* (Macmillan, $1.75), which is an historical story in the early days along the Mississippi when Indians were among the conspicuous inhabitants. Margaret Lynn's *The Land of Promise*, illustrated by Gayle Hoskins (Little, Brown, $2), is also an American historical story — during the days before the civil war.

Then there is *Gay-Neck, The Story of a Pigeon*, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff (Dutton, $2.25), which gives the biography of that fine, vivid pigeon with detailed admiration. And there is *The Strange Inventor*, by Mark Powell Hyde (Doubleday, Page, $1.75), in which invention and adventure are entertainingly linked.

By way of entertainment on rainy winter days Leila M. Wilhelm has done her best about it by doing a book called *With Scissors and Paste*, which will help little children — and also their nervous parents. M. Lois Murphy has illustrated the book (Macmillan, $1.75), and the toy making sounds simple and absorbing. A circus wagon would be fun to make.

Suppose We Do Something Else, by Imogen Clark (Crowell, $2), is a collection of games of all kinds and varieties, for all ages and tastes. And there is A. Frederick Collins's *The Book of Puzzles* (Appleton, $2).

And — a late arrival, though a welcome one is Rose Fyleman's *A Little Christmas Book*, with scissor cuts by L. Hummel (Doran, $1.25). There are Christmas stories and verses contained in this little volume; my favorite is "Jimmy Wilkins and the Man in the Moon". It was so easily explained by the Man in the Moon who brought Jimmy up to Father Christmas for his present.

"Considering," he said, "I can draw the tides about, you'd hardly think I'd find it a hard job to draw up one little boy; now would you?"

So — you have met my book guests. And I feel that the more of them you really get to know the merrier will be your young people's Christmas, and the happier their New Year.

In the Cave of her Great-Aunt Tigress.
From The Lion-Hearted Kitten, by Peggy Bacon

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THE HIGHER LEARNING AMONG SAVAGES

By Alexander Weinstein

PRIMITIVE MAN AS PHILOSOPHER. *By Paul Radin. Appleton, $3.00.*

WHEN Kipling wrote

> The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down
> to wood an' stone,
> 'E don't obey no orders unless they is
> 'is own,

he summarized the two conceptions of primitive man that have been current in both scientific and lay circles. The first line depicts the savage as a slave to custom and tradition, unable to think for himself; the second line expresses (albeit unsympathetically) the romantic notion of the savage as a free child of nature, untrammelled by the restrictions and inhibitions imposed by civilization. Partly as a reaction against this romanticism, scientific anthropology at one time veered strongly toward the notion that there is more constraint in savagery than in civilization. And it was only a step from the idea that primitive man is not free to the notion that he is incapable of freedom; that while he has sufficient mentality to carry on the affairs of everyday life, he cannot reason out a new situation, much less indulge in theoretical speculations about society or the nature of the universe in general. According to Professor Lévy-Bruhl the primitive thinks of himself as understanding the world not in a logical way but through a "participation mystique". The primitive might retort that a similar belief is held by some of the most eminent civilized philosophers; and that mysticism in savage societies no more proves that there are no rationalists among them than the existence of Professor Bergson demonstrates the non-existence of (say) Mr. Bertrand Russell.

But those to whom it seemed obvious that culture and cannibalism can have nothing in common neglected to take into account the fact that this view was based on what had been said by anthropologists. Dr. Radin, who knows the anthropologists well (being one himself), thought that it might be interesting and important to examine the question in the light of what the primitives have said. And he concludes that while most savages (like the majority of their brothers who call themselves civilized) do indeed follow traditions blindly, there exists among them an intelligentsia characterized by the same qualities as those of our own intellectual class — an interest in theoretical speculation and the ability to think accurately and either to justify accepted beliefs or to call them into question.

Dr. Radin bases his conclusions on an analysis of an extensive collection of primitive prose and poetry, much of which he has gathered himself. His book is therefore interesting as an anthology from a purely literary point of view. But his own concern is not so much with the artistic form as with the intellectual content; and to guard against misinterpreting ideas he has used only records "that have been obtained at first hand and have been published in the original with a translation that could be vouched for". The results show quite clearly that primitive man has a sense of morality, that he is rational, and that he is tough-minded — that is, that he can distinguish between the external world and his own imaginings.

The notion that in primitive communities there can be no differentiated individualism has been due partly to lack of information and partly to the methods of the ethnologists themselves, who have attempted to piece together fragmentary accounts or to reconcile conflicting ones. They have assumed that "there is but one true version of a myth, one true version of a rite". And where differences have been found they have been neglected or ascribed to "errors due either to forgetfulness or ignorance, or to general degeneration". The ethnologists have also

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been led into error because they have followed naïvely the priests and thinkers among the primitives, who hold a tacit theory of immutability. Nevertheless individual differences do exist and "the right to freedom of opinion is never for a moment questioned".

We must not jump to the conclusion that freedom of thought in primitive communities is due entirely to a respect for personality and its right to self-expression; it is caused also by the lesser importance of thought in primitive life. Doubtless savages would be as ardent as civilized peoples in regulating thought if they were aware of its power — but then they would no longer be savages. At any rate action, the effects of which are more obvious than those of thought, seems to be somewhat more circumscribed, though apparently less so than among ourselves. A Winnebago has a right to act independently of the group, for example in organizing a war party against the advice of the elders; but if in such a case any of his companions are killed, he is held responsible.

This shows that even savages are not without a social conscience; and the code of morals quoted by Dr. Radin, derived largely from the autobiography of a Winnebago Indian which he recently edited, is essentially like the code that we associate with civilization. The savage says "It is always good to be good" as we chant "Duty, duty must be done". And he specifically enjoins such virtues as helpfulness to one's fellow-men, kindness to the weak, and truthfulness.

As among us, codes of ethics are not always lived up to. Dr. Radin refers to travelers' accounts of the prevalence of jealousy, hatred, and slander in primitive tribes; and he seems to have encountered similar situations in his own studies.

Apparently some primitive thinkers do not hesitate to apply their ethical codes to their deities. Thus a west African negro, after enumerating the arguments for the wisdom and goodness of God, says:

> God acts unjustly for he made some people good and others bad. I and my companions work together in the fields; the crops of one prosper and those of others fail. This proves that God is unjust and treats men unequally. God treats us, our children and our wives who perish, unkindly. If men behaved like that we say nothing, but when God acts thus it hurts us. From this we are right in inferring that God is unjust.

Reasoning of this kind naturally leads to skepticism, and among the Winnebago Indians a character in one of the myths is represented as questioning not only the goodness of the deity but his very existence. Such skeptics are not all mythical. If we recall that Bishop Colenso was led to make a critical examination of the Pentateuch by the puzzling questions put to him by his Zulu hearers we shall not be surprised at the following criticism by a Zulu of his own tribe's account of the origin of man:

> The old men say, "Unkulunkulu came into being and gave being to man. He came out of the bed of reeds; he broke off from a bed of reeds." We children ask, "where is the bed of reeds out of which Unkulunkulu came? Since you say there is a bed of reeds in what country is it? For men have now gone into every country." They say in answer, "Neither do we know and there were old men before us who said that neither did they know the bed of reeds from which broke off Unkulunkulu." They say they speak the truth in saving there is a bed of reeds. But we say there is no bed of reeds, for we do not know the land in which it is, of which they can say it is in such and such a country.

It should be noted that the Zulu bases his non-belief not merely on the fact that the bed of reeds has not been found but also on the fact that there are no more beds of reeds to be discovered. His logic thus agrees with that of Mr. Bertrand Russell, who has pointed out that in order to be sure we know everything we must not only know all things but must be certain there is nothing else to know.

Even where the reasoning of primitive thinkers does not lead to skepticism, it may give rise to theological opinions that smack of the higher criticism. In a native land court of New Zealand, a Maori witness said: "The god of whom I speak is dead".

> The court replied, "Gods do not die." "You are mistaken," continued the witness, "Gods do die unless there are

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> *tohungas* (priests) to keep them alive." And in one of the Maori myths one deity is represented as saying to another deity: "When men no longer believe in us we are dead."

The savage is capable not only of reasoning but also of employing the experimental method to discover new truths. The natives of New Zealand, when they first came in contact with the whites,

> did not believe that a person could convey his thoughts to another person, separated many hundreds of miles, by writing. This a chief told the missionary he would believe only if all possibility of trickery and magic were definitely excluded. The chief thereupon proposed the following test. A white man was to write something on a piece of paper in his presence and the contents to be communicated to him alone. This was then to be taken by a Maori whose movements were under control, to a white man living many miles distant and who had had no communication with the sender of the message. If this white man could read the message correctly then he, the Maori, would accept this as proof.

Dr. Radin adds: "By one of those delightful ironies which fill the annals of our contact with primitive peoples, the missionary in question cites this incident to illustrate the ridiculous naïveté of savages and it was subsequently quoted in a paper entitled 'Maori Beliefs and Superstitions'".

It has been claimed that the savage's inability to think logically is proved by his failure to revolt against tradition. Dr. Radin himself speaks of "the non-existence of revolts against the real structure of society"; yet he refers to instances where individuals have rebelled. Sometimes the rebel succeeds in introducing an innovation, as in the case of the new religion among the Winnebago; sometimes he secedes from the tribe; sometimes he yields to opposition or ridicule. The situation seems very much like that in civilized society: the perfect non-conformist is rare, and even a man who is radical about some taboos may be cowed by being put into a position where he will be forced to break other taboos if he persists.

Why then, it may be asked, have primitive races lagged so far behind in culture? This is a complicated question involving as it does an analysis of all the factors on which culture depends. It might be supposed that individuals of great mental ability, though not absent, are relatively more rare among primitive than among civilized peoples. This is an unproved assumption, and Dr. Radin considers it unlikely. At any rate a sufficient explanation can be given without resorting to it. As Dr. Radin points out, the primitive philosopher cannot spend all his time in thinking — he has more pressing matters to attend to. Moreover, he is isolated intellectually from all thinkers except those of his own tribe; and as most tribes are comparatively small, rarely attaining a size of 100,000, he cannot benefit by discoveries made by others to anywhere nearly the same extent as the civilized scholar. The formation of a learned tradition is also rendered more difficult by the absence of written records, and in a small tribe such a tradition may be obliterated if the number of intellectuals, which is necessarily small, should happen to fall very low or disappear entirely for one generation. Despite these difficulties primitive men have succeeded in acquiring a great deal of accurate information about natural phenomena; and even in organizing it into systems.

The mental inferiority of the savage has usually been admitted both by his friends, interested in forcing on him their own notions in matters religious and sartorial, and by his foes, seeking to justify policies of enslavement or extermination. The latter attitude has been adopted by those professing to speak in the name of eugenics. Against such nonrational convictions it is not to be expected that reason and evidence will avail. For as has been said by an Amazulu philosopher,

> That evil which we like of our own accord, we adhere to with the utmost tenacity. If anyone says, "It is not proper for you to do that; if you do it you will disgrace yourself." yet we do it saying, "Since it was made by Unkulunkulu where is the evil of it?"

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

News! A headline: "Edward Arlington Robinson Sets a New Record for the Monthly Score!" Never before has it been the glad mission of this veracious chronicle to announce that the American people had become readers of poetry. To Mr. Robinson's "Tristram" belongs the unique distinction of being the only book of poetry published since the Armistice (and since a long time before that, one fancies) to make such a broad popular appeal that readers rush in flocks to the public libraries to borrow it. That, it seems to your reporter, is news of the first order. It should be encouraging to such as have despaired of America's literary taste.

There is other good news in this months' reports from the librarians. Another prize novel has won public favor, together with six other new books which find their places in the lists for the first time. Literature is looking up! — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	A Good Woman	*Louis Bromfield*	STOKES
2.	Elmer Gantry	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
3.	God and the Groceryman	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
4.	Lost Ecstasy	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
5.	Barberry Bush	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
6.	The Grandmothers *	*Glenway Westcott*	HARPER
7.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
8.	Sorrell and Son	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
9.	Twilight Sleep	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
10.	Death Comes for the Archbishop *	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
11.	Wall Flowers *	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
12.	Giants in the Earth *	*O. E. Rolvaag*	HARPER

GENERAL

1.	"We"	*Charles Lindbergh*	PUTNAM
2.	Trader Horn	*Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis*	SIMON
3.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	SIMON
4.	The Glorious Adventure	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS
5.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS
6.	Revolt in the Desert	*T. E. Lawrence*	DORAN
7.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	LIVERIGHT
8.	Mother India	*Katherine Mayo*	HARCOURT
9.	What Can a Man Believe? *	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
10.	This Believing World	*Lewis Browne*	MACMILLAN
11.	Tristram *	*Edward Arlington Robinson*	MACMILLAN
12.	The Next Age of Man *	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS

* This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.

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CONTRIBUTIONS OF JUDAISM

By Joseph Gaer

THE LEGACY OF ISRAEL, *edited by Edwyn Bevan and Charles Singer, Oxford University Press, American Branch. $4.00.*

IN the first volume of this series, "The Legacy of Greece", the entire subject of Greek contributions to present-day civilization was kept as a unit, though the various chapters were written by different men. Greece's contributions to Religion, Philosophy, the Natural Sciences, Medicine, Mathematics, Literature, History, Political Thought, Art and Architecture are treated consecutively and in such a manner that the reader is presented with almost a complete survey of the Greek Factor. "The Legacy of Israel", as presented, is a loose compilation of fourteen essays pertaining to Judaism, mainly in its religious connotation, instead of being a comprehensive estimate of the inherent and transmitted gifts of Israel. The volume is illustrated with relevant and valuable photographs.

One chapter devoted to "Hellenistic Judaism", by Dr. Bevan, discusses the problems of the Jews in Greece and their interreaction to their environment there. "An exceedingly odd people, not only odd, unlike all other people, but holding fast to their peculiarities, cherishing them, separating themselves deliberately and persistently from the general body of mankind — that was the first aspect which the Jews presented to the Greeks." At that time, as Dr. Bevan points out, the Jews had not yet been introduced to the Christian rule that forced them into proficiency in usury. Jews were soldiers, traders and farmers. Outside of their tradition and religion they were exceedingly normal, and their problem of adjusting themselves to their environment by reconciling the traditions of Israel with the traditions of Greece troubled them greatly. They found it as difficult for a Jew to become an Hellenistic Jew as it might be today for an admirer of British tradition and British manners to become a good citizen in Mayor Thompson's Chicago. The difficulties of the Hellenistic Jew and the rise of Philo and his philosophy are then discussed, and the effect of Hellenistic Judaism on Christianity estimated.

Prof. Isaacs's essay, "The Influence of Judaism on Western Law", presents a treasury of legal documents to be found in the Talmud. "Already in the Talmud the Jews are concerned with party-walls, with the ownership of upper stories in houses dissociated from the ownership of land and of the lower stories . . . with insurance contracts. . . . They even have a case of laborers striking, and the solution is not without merit: the strike is valid provided it is called after consulting learned men!" Vast as the Jewish legal experience may be, and interesting as it may be in a history of law, its influence on the law of the west was nevertheless very small and insignificant.

The book contains a lengthy and learned essay on "The Jewish Factor in Medieval Thought", another on "Hebrew Scholarship in the Middle Ages", and another on "Jewish Thought in the Modern World". But the majority of the contributions concern themselves with the Old Testament and its influence. There are articles on "The Influence of Judaism on Islam", a grudging tribute on "The Debt of Christianity to Judaism", "Hebrew Studies in the Reformation Period and After". The compilers even included a watery article on the "Influence of the Hebrew Bible on European Languages".

But though so much space is devoted to various expositions on the wonder and the beauty and the influence of the Old Testament, nothing is said about Jewish folklore. The editors found it imperative to include a chapter — an absorbingly interesting chapter — on "The Influence of the Old Testament on Puritanism", but nothing is said

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of the influence on religious education of Biblical folklore — the manna that is served as a steady diet to all the children in almost all Christian churches.

Rev. Guillaume, in his contribution on "The Influence of Judaism on Islam", indicates the debt of Islamic folklore to the Haggada: "It is not generally known that many of the stories which are familiar to youth in the pages of 'The Arabian Nights' are found in germ in the Talmud". Many of the legends about the miracles performed by Mohammed have their basis and origin in the Haggada. In the "Legends of Saints and Sinners in Ireland" Dr. Seymour found legends of Jewish haggadic origin. And Celtic folklore, he claims, contains many modified haggadic tales of the Biblical period. An essay on Jewish folklore, with special emphasis on the folklore treasure of the Haggada, might have been just as valuable in this discussion of the legacy of Israel as the meagre contribution on "The Legacy in Modern Literature".

Nor is there any mention made in the entire book on Jewish music. That there was (and, as some claim, still is) a Jewish music, these men versed in the Bible undoubtedly must know. The Song of Moses, borrowed though it may have been from the Egyptian, shows an early inclination of Jews towards music — if the account in the Bible is of any historic value. In later days music, according to the Old Testament, became part of Jewish feasts, religious ceremonies, and the celebration of victories over their enemies. "The entire Psalter," says Prof. Conill in his "Music in the Old Testament", "is nothing else than a collection of religious songs which were sung in the temple worship." Many of the Psalms begin with "To the Chief Musician" — indicative that there was a Chief Musician around and that the Psalms in some way concerned him. Ancient Israel, claims Prof. Cornill, must have been recognized as a particularly musical people, "whose accomplishments in the art comprised a definite profession". Some Babylonian chroniclers of that day recorded the fact of Jewish musical talent. And during the Babylonian conquest of Palestine we find the conquerors commanding their captives: "Sing to us your songs of Zion". Attention has often been called to the similarity between the music of the chantors of the Koran and the music used by the Jewish cantorate. Since Jewish music existed long before there was a Koran, it could hardly have been influenced by the Koran chantors. But most important of all, the Gregorian or Plain Chants of the Catholic Church admittedly owe their origin to the joyous music of the Jewish Festival Prayers; and the sombre vesper-music to the mournful chants of the Day of Atonement. And as late as the seventeenth century Benedetto Marcello, composer of music for some fifty Psalms, credits eleven to Jewish Melodies.

Whatever the Jewish musical claim may be worth, "The Legacy of Israel" was the place for its discussion. A photograph of the Ark of Titus, wherein are portrayed the Roman soldiers carrying off the spoils from the Temple in Jerusalem, is included in this volume, but the trumpets of the relief are left unsounded.

Another chapter conspicuous by its absence is the chapter on Jewish Art. The erroneous notion that because Jewish biblical theology did not favor plastic art expression therefore there is no Jewish art, is excusable in laymen only.

The École Biblique des Pères Dominicains in Jerusalem has many fragments, manuscripts, and pavement-mosaics that tend to show that in those far off days before the Dispersion there was some form of Jewish art alive in Palestine. The excavated glasswork decorated and ornamented with gold, now in the Sorbonne Collection in Paris; the specimens of Jewish art in the Antiquarian Department of the Berlin Museum; the tombstones on the Via Labiena Cemetery of Rome; the specimens in the hands of the Hebrew Archaeological Society — all these speak eloquently of the existence at a very early date of a highly symbolized and stylized Jewish art. The interested student might find ample material in the numerous illustrations in the Haggadoth and Scrolls and Prayer-Books in the British Museum, the Library of the Leipzig University, the Munich and Nuremburg Na-

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tional Museums; the collection of Jewish art in Worms; the mural paintings of the Synagog of Horb (now in the Art Gallery of Bamberg), and the murals of the Mohilev Synagog. And the very generous Gesellschaft zur Erforschung Jüdischer Kunstdenmäler, who supplied the editors with illustrative material for this book, might have aided in gathering the data on the missing article on Jewish art.

This preponderant material on the Old Testament and its value to Christianity, and the grave omissions noted, is partly explained by the Master of Balliol in his Prologue to this volume: "Most of us, who are not Jews, think of the legacy of Israel in the same way — as something which Israel passed on to what is not Israel — to Christianity. When we think of the elements which have gone to make up the civilization of modern Christendom we compare the part played by what Israel handed down to us with what we have been given by Greece and by Rome". It is, therefore, a Christian, and not an impartially general, evaluation of what past civilizations have contributed to the Arts, the Sciences, Theology and Philosophy. There can be no quarrel with such an attitude in compiling these worthy volumes, but it would have been pleasanter if it were indicated on the title pages.

There is one chapter in the book that is splendid in conception and delightful in execution. Rev. Herford in his essay on "The Influence of Judaism upon Jews" asks "What sort of people did Jews become by reason of their Judaism?" But before answering that question he defines Jews as a religious, rather than a racial, group and convincingly substantiates his definition. "When therefore we speak of the influence of Judaism upon Jews, we are speaking of the influence of the Jewish Religion upon those who held it, and not the influence of any common racial ancestry upon its scattered posterity." Following his lucid arguments, wherein he discusses the basic fundamentals of Judaism, he finally reaches his conclusion that the most significant influence of Judaism was its power to sustain the Jews throughout the centuries. "The Christianity that was offered him, or forced upon him at the cost of suffering or death, was not recommended by the character of the persecutors who were its advocates or the mobs who took the word from them."

Individually most of the contributions in this book are excellent and thorough. But it is to be regretted that this collective estimate by leading scholars of "the Jewish Contribution to Modern Civilization" was not more inclusively planned, for the subject has, as yet, hardly been impartially and intelligently explored.

SOME RECENT NOVELS

By Louise Maunsell Field

IT is not often one comes across such a veritably thrilling find as the first novel by Lesley Storm, *Lady, what of Life?* (Harper, $2). Well told, with clear-cut characterization and clever comment, this history of the three daughters of an outlaw mother is especially noteworthy. One may not approve of either Alan or Virginia, but it is quite impossible to doubt that theirs was a genuinely overwhelming passion, the kind of love which tosses the most formidable obstacles aside as though they were chips. Told from the point of view of the uncle who loves Virginia through all her mistakes and difficulties, the vivid, dramatic narrative is a first book which reveals an astonishingly mature talent, as well as a craftsmanship and an understanding which entitle it to a foremost place among the notable novels of the year.

Another worth while story of post-war young people is *The Panther* (Doran, $2), in which Gerald Bullett tells of the return of a young soldier to a world which has changed.

In this world another heroine named Virginia, whose ideas and conduct would have appalled her grandmother, is sceptical almost of her own scepticism. That "clear consciousness of self, distinct from all its qualities", which has become so marked an attribute of these later days, influences all, or nearly all of Mr. Bullett's characters; in them, it is stronger than sensation or emotion, so that they are constantly aware of a something within themselves which stands aside, looks on, and, only too often, mocks.

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Questionings of an equally modern, yet quite different kind are the crux of *Julius*, by the anonymous "Gentleman with a Duster" (Doran, $2). Not love, nor daily conduct, but religion is the theme of Julius's perplexities. A Jew by birth, he had been brought up as a Christian by his father, himself a Christianized Jew, owner of an English country estate. But though Julius has, socially speaking, a comparatively easy time, he presently becomes deeply dissatisfied with his position. How he solves his problem and finds an aim in life to which he can devote all his energies forms the most important part of a novel which introduces us to two convincing and likable people, Baron Levine, father of Julius, and Lady Elizabeth Congreve, whose daughter Marjorie is the courageous heroine of the story.

Marriage and the family are the main issues of at least three Fall books. Brand Whitlock's *Transplanted* (Appleton, $2.50) shows us the difficulties of an international marriage from the point of view of the wife. Dorothy Manning, an American girl of wealth, was keenly sensitive to the charm of the old world atmosphere as well as to the social and historical importance of the French family into which she had married, the Granvallons de Chaunois. But though Dorothy loved France, and the ancient château, and the aristocratic society of the Faubourg St. Germain, she presently realized that a "vast gulf separated her, her thoughts, her traditions, her attitude toward life", from the people about her. She had been "transplanted" into an alien soil where it seemed impossible for her to take root. Her struggles and triumphs and humiliations, the way in which she at last became a Countess de Granvallon in fact as well as in name, make an interesting story. Yet the heroine of Faith Baldwin's *Departing Wings* (Dodd, Mead, $2), an American girl who marries a young aviator shortly after the close of the war, has troubles of her own when she finds that some of the gilt is bound to wear off her gingerbread. It is a thoroughly conventional tale, with the usual "other woman", the equally usual gentleman who aspires to be the "other man", and the demise of an accommodating infant in the nick of time to help bring husband and wife together. In *The Winthrops* (Brentano, $2.50) it is the wife and mother whom the author, Sybil Norton, makes responsible for the various misfortunes that befall her family. The theme is the mischief which can be wrought by a self-satisfied "good woman", but it is not particularly well handled, and the characters are not real enough to be interesting. Yet another novel in which an interfering mother has an important part is B. H. Lehman's *The Lordly Ones* (Harper, $2)—a story of a college President who at forty-seven falls in love with his daughter's grandmother-in-law, a gay young thing of something over sixty. She is willing to become his mistress, but can not see herself as the wife of a college president. Fear of scandal prevents him from accepting her offer, and by the time his attempted reforms have cost him his position, she has acquired another lover.

It is impossible to classify Mr. Stacpoole's charming and appealing account of the adventure which befell a middle-aged, kind-hearted, weak and well meaning man who wandered, quite unintentionally, into the *Goblin Market* (Doran, $2.50), which is London. Very well written, there is an idyllic quality to the brief history of this strange pair of lovers, the girl of the streets and the business man — an entire stranger to amorous adventures — which makes credible a story over which, were it less well done, the reader might be inclined to shrug sceptical shoulders. Business and love meet, very differently, in Edwin Balmer's interesting account of that *Dangerous Business* (Dodd, Mead, $2) of to-day, wherein personality and personal relationships are of all but supreme importance, so that the order which may save an old-established firm from destruction is won or lost on the golf course, and the charms of the "party girl" whose only duty is to make things pleasant for more or less valuable prospects, are among a firm's most useful assets. The experiences of young Jay Rountree in this world where business is transacted everywhere except in offices are vividly told. A thrilling rescue on the great lakes provides an exciting climax for a fresh and entertaining story of some significance.

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From present-day business to the past which made its existence possible! A stirring tale of the years from 1770 to 1775, Mr. Davis's *Gilman of Redford* (Macmillan, $2.50) gives a vivid picture of Boston and its environs at the time of the famous "Tea-Party", and during the beginning of the American Revolution. Full of dramatic incidents, this is a well balanced historical novel, worth reading both as a story, and as an account of an important period. Farther back still, into the Pleistocene Age, no less, one goes with the characters of Alan Sullivan's scientific adventure story, *In the Beginning* (Dutton, $2), which takes a little group of people out of the present into a country unchanged since the prehistoric past, and does it convincingly. Adventures scarcely less strange and exciting attend the discovery of *Black Sheep's Gold* (Holt, $2) when Beatrice Grimshaw, who knows the South Seas so well, leads her reader into the wilds of Papua. Treasure-hunting is also the theme of *Gold, Gore and Gehenna* (Bobbs, Merrill, $2), the new Birmingham yarn, which tells how Lady Anne Wentlock, something over sixty, a distinguished London publisher, and the invaluable chauffeur Prichard went after the gold that had been in the steamer lost on Inishgowlan Island. Prichard managed them all for their own good, but it was delightful Lady Anne who gave the toast, "Gold, Gore and Gehenna!" An old friend, Doyle of Ballymoy is one of the actors in the lively, Gilbertian tale—such a story as George A. Birmingham alone can tell.

FAVORITE INDOOR SPORTS

By Elizabeth Stead Taber

CHARACTER READING FROM HANDWRITING. *By Louise Rice. Stokes. $5.00.*
MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S. *By Jerome S. Meyer. Simon and Schuster. $1.90.*

THE difference between these two books on graphology — and a great difference it is — is evident immediately from the titles. The first takes itself seriously, and the other takes itself lightly. One considers itself a treatise on a scientific subject, and the other promises to provide an entertaining pastime. One tells us that the delineation of character from handwriting is neither simple nor easy; the other says, "One does not need to know anything at all about graphology to analyze handwriting". Yet the latter presents full claim to being based on the rules of graphology as a science founded on research, observation and cataloguing.

There may be to the science of graphology all that is claimed. Readings are sometimes wonderfully accurate — and sometimes they are wide of the mark, but one can not blame the science of graphology entirely for that. At any rate you can, all by yourself, find some astonishing facts and fancies about what handwriting can show, and you will learn how nearly impossible it is to disguise it. These two so different books agree, on the whole, on the significance of all the meaningful, unnoticed, but identifying ways you have in writing. In Miss Rice's book the characteristics are treated in full chapters on such points as pressure, legibility, capitals, loops, connecting strokes and signatures, with a history of handwriting from primitive times thrown in. The chapter on types of humanity is not very convincing. It pigeon-holes people by means of generalities, and faintly suggests those bright red little books on your birth month, which are not taken too seriously.

In "Mind Your P's and Q's" there are transparent sheets to read the writing through, and clearly arranged charts for quick and easy analysis. Also, you can find specimens and interesting analyses of the handwritings of such famous persons as H. L. Mencken, Charles Darwin, Governor Smith and Clarence Darrow.

Are you buoyant, creative, cold, generous, fussy, lazy, inventive, modest, melancholy, vulgar, subtle, deceitful, spiritual, trustworthy, voluptuous, or what have you? All of these, and many others, are the possible revelations which await you.

PUTNAM'S TWO WAY QUESTION BOOK. *By Eugene Sheffer. Putnam. $1.50.*
THIS TO THAT. *By Shelby Little. Minton, Balch. $1.50.*
LADDERGRAMS. *By J. E. Surrick and L. M. Conant. Sears. $1.50.*

(Continued on page LV)

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(Continued from page LIII)

A BOOK OF CHARADES. *By Carolyn Wells. Doran. $1.50.*

ASK THE RABBI. *By Albert K. Weinberg and Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron. Bloch. $1.50.*

IS THAT SO! *By Oliver D. Keep. Boni & Liveright. $2.00.*

WHO AND WHAT. *By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boni & Liveright. $1.50.*

HERE is a bundle of easy books for the intelligentsia, or pastimes for prize pupils. They bring to you what the really great minds are doing when they are tired of being as clever as they are really capable of being. And some of these forms of entertainment have already become what the great American public is doing. No longer are they limited to a select little group of "Souls".

Now, if you are up-to-date, you are no longer satisfied with mere crossword puzzles, and "Putnam's Two Way Question Book" combines the crossword puzzle with ask-me-another. It is the same old game, but it seems more exciting and fools you into believing that you know a great deal. Indeed, you do if you can answer all the questions.

As for changing soup to nuts, or order to chaos, or sink to swim, if you must, then "This to That" is the thing for a rainy afternoon. William Beebe, Roland Young, Clarence Darrow, Harry Hansen, Eva Le Gallienne, Beatrice Lillie, Eugene O'Neill, all show you how to do it; and if you want further assurance that you can mingle in this rarefied atmosphere there are also Carrie Jacobs-Bond, Gertrude Atherton, Edgar Guest, Bruce Barton, and John Roach Straton. The process is simple — in fact "This to That" recommends itself for the "engaging simplicity of its fascination". "Laddergrams", when you open it, looks like something you might give the baby to keep him quiet, if you haven't too much regard for the baby's artistic sense; but if you believe the blurb it "appeals to your shrewdest wits", "it has all the excitement of

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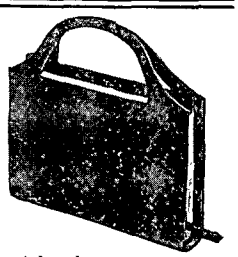

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a battle, and is superbly worth the ingenuity it takes on your part to conquer it". It has "all the sport and sweet satisfaction that go along with winning. Or in defeat it has that tempting quality which makes you hang on for grim death". What would this blurb writer say if he were really trying to recommend a book to you?

Is there also a wave of charades? Well, Carolyn Wells thinks so, and in her "Book of Charades" calls it a graceful diversion. She also thinks she will disarm the criticism of the unenthusiastic by saying, "Yet, charades are not for everybody. Either you like them or you don't". Like alligator pears, or salami.

"Ask the Rabbi" has a more serious purpose — "to stimulate an interest among Jews in themselves". There are general and specific quizzes on customs, beliefs, literature, history, and the Bible, and although it seems rather heavily educational to be included in a handful of such diversions as these, it has its occasional light moments.

A quite diverting ask-me-another is "Is That So!" subtitled "You Don't Know The Half of It". A thousand questions and answers are between the covers and, thrown in for good measure, an extra thousand curious bits of related information. They claim to cover the entire range of human interests, designed, moreover, for the sophisticates. This is a great improvement on that game played now only by the very old-fashioned which asks you the name of the South African ox-like antelope in three letters, but leaves out entirely the breath-taking bit of information on what the gnu said to his wife on a certain historic occasion. You can learn from this book — although you are not asked — the code of a gentleman, which includes not scratching himself in company; why all the clocks in Königsberg stopped one night; and oddments in the private life of Hans Christian Andersen, Edgar Allen Poe, Queen Elizabeth, and several of your contemporaries.

"Who and What" is a new version of the old game of "Yes and No". The principle is to choose a person (or thing) and give a truthful but baffling description of it for the guessers. You are carefully told that this is not a stunt for highbrows, that it is the ingenious rather than the learned who shine in this field, and to show its wide appeal Rin-Tin-Tin is close to Goethe; Alice in Wonderland comes just before François Villon; and Michael Angelo gets not quite so much space as Mrs. O'Leary's cow.

ANATOMY OF PROFIT

By Herbert J. Seligmann

THE PROMISED LAND. *In Two Volumes. Translated from the Polish of Ladislas Reymont by M. H. Dziewicki. Knopf. $5.00.*

THE thing that happened to mankind in the name of industrialism, Ladislas Reymont localized in Lodz. In "The Promised Land", first published in 1897, the man who was later to write "The Peasants" draws a picture, in merciless detail, of the urban process. The book forms one episode in a Balzacian scheme never rounded out, which was to have embraced all classes of Polish society under the epic title "Life".

For a man who loved his country's soil, who could travel on a religious pilgrimage with peasants and take up in himself their passion of faith and ritual, the very idea of the growth of cities and their octopus-grasp of the country-side must have been hateful. Reymont hated Lodz. It was to him a jungle without the redeeming magnificence of jungle creatures. During the 1880's in Poland, as elsewhere, the inflation of industrial enterprise was at its height. In the book, the captains of industry are ruthlessly depicted as utterly hard, serving one idea only. To them art and literature were bric-à-brac useful for display purposes; philanthropy a form of commercial- and self-advertising; ethics and morals the chatter of idealists. As a matter of course these industrialists sacrificed not only their workmen and their own personal relations but quality, the intrinsic fibre of the work of man, in the interest of quantity selling. Of grace in living they had no glimmer. One idea they knew and served — the idea of profits, merging at last in the idea of millions. This they worshipped and their power spread the infection of that worship in the people to

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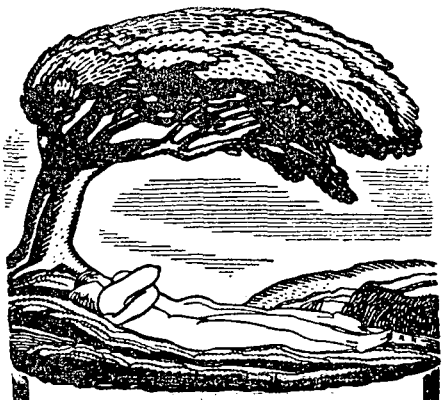
whom the city typified the promised land. Fraudulent bankruptcies, arson for the sake of insurance, the ruthless betrayal of rivals, the alliance of industrial power by marriage-barter were commonplaces in the scheme which Reymont pictured. Even his chief character, Charles Boroviecki, was sucked into this scheme — noble bearing, handsome face, love affairs and all. He belonged to the small circle of native aristocrats of Lodz. But he capitulated utterly. He used up his father's money and his betrothed's, after having brought them from their country freedom to the hideous city, and he cast his betrothed aside to make a match with millions. He too scrambled to the top of the pile.

Reymont was for a time a journalist, and his exposition of the crudities of the industrialists is done with the thoroughness of journalism before journalism too became factory work. He hammers home his detail, mercilessly and tirelessly documents it. The pictures of some of the Lodz millionaires are lengthened to caricature, and beyond caricature to diagram. A day in an office is spread out, schematically, incident by incident, the poor, the exploited, the dependent trampled upon one by one, every impulse of human decency excluded. Family councils on the subject of bankruptcy or financially advantageous marriage are reported in detail. Social gatherings are reproduced in all the detail of their tiresome vulgarity, including the appreciation of pictures and ornaments in terms of what they cost. The cynicism of business and down-town morality has rarely been more searchingly and thoroughly exposed.

One is convinced as one reads that such people as Reymont describes lived, that Lodz was quite as hideous as it is shown to be in his pages. But although the pages refer to and document a reality we all know, the people have often a way of turning to paste, or phrases. One is ready to believe they existed. But they do not completely live in these pages. That may be because this is a comparatively early work of Reymont. Partly, no doubt, it is due to the difficulties of translation which, despite the smoothness of this rendition, make the idioms of thought in one language seem curiously stilted in another.

But the fact remains that it is the city, the process, the situation in the large that fascinated Reymont. His people are made tributary to his exposition and not any one of them lives as does Pierre in Tolstoy's "War and Peace". One feels Reymont using every resource of fiction to prove his point. One of his great scenes is unfolded in a machine room, where the employee-father of



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Henry Justin Smith, *managing editor, Chicago Daily News*
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City editors, managing editors and reporters on all papers throughout the country are urged to coöperate in sending us stories by members of their staff or stories they themselves have written, or stories that have been called to their attention.

In all cases two clippings of each story should be sent, with the date it appeared, the name of the newspaper in which it appeared, and the reporter's name plainly indicated. In cases where there has been collaboration on the part of reporter and re-write man or copy-reader, the name of the collaborator should also be given and the extent of his work indicated. In such cases the award will be shared by the collaborators in a manner indicated by the juror.

The competition is without strings or conditions and is open to all newspaper men who, in the course of their daily duty, achieve work that is properly literature even while it is, at the same time, daily journalism.

Every story selected by the jury of awards will be reprinted in THE BOOKMAN, with a statement about its merits by the juror who selected it.

Clippings for December will now be received. The month's arbiter will be Clarke Salmon. The first prize story will appear in the February issue.

Address all entries to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, 452 Fifth Ave., New York City

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a seduced girl attacked the employer-seducer and both are smashed to pulp in a huge wickedly revolving fly-wheel. It should have been immense and exhausting. Somehow it was pasteboard melodrama. One felt it was carefully prepared for, inevitable and necessary not as part of the individual tragedy but as part of the symbology of the work. Like other episodes and incidents it gave the effect of being lugged in mechanically with cold consciousness to deepen the horror.

At times it is less the fascinated observer of life than the outraged patriot, the social analyst setting down his findings, who writes. "The Promised Land" while it may fall short of being a great, living novel is a significant document of a condition in world affairs that has advanced by many phases since the period of the 1880's which the book portrays.

FICTION BRIEFS

St. John Ervine's new novel, *The Wayward Man* (Macmillan, $2), is primarily a struggle between a strong-willed mother and her equally strong-willed son. From his sailor father, Robert Dunwoody had inherited a deep love of the sea; his mother was determined to make her favorite son a minister, no matter how he might detest the idea. And so he ran away to sea, and for seven years did not let her know that he was alive.

The description of the runaway boy's experiences on the wasteland made from masses of slag is the most memorable thing in a book which from beginning to end is glowingly alive. Despite his love of the sea and the ships, Robert returns to Belfast, and for a while the old, smugly respectable existence of shopkeeping prosperity fastens its tentacles about him in a way that, his mother hopes, will make it impossible for him ever to cut himself free. But he does, and Mrs. Dunwoody realizes that Brenda is right when she says, "We're the same breed, you and me. . . . Strong, striving women that never get what they want".

There is a knife-edge of reality in *The Messenger of the Gods* by Phyllis Bottome (Doran, $2.50). It is the reality which confronts one who has neither the ice of virtue nor the tepidity of compromise, but the unflinching warmth of living. She is a poet, and a wild little creature who has grown up on the coast of Maine. Her career is begun when she goes naked to a birthday party because she is more beautiful without clothes than with them. She proceeds from that attempt at honesty by devious ways through others, she is fairy god-mothered and made wealthy, she runs away and weathers the stiffness of poverty. In the meantime she is learning, but she learns substantially and by means of her own thinking. The facts of the story are not always credible but it can be said without exaggeration that the characters do not need a rigidly probable tale for a setting. The distortion of probability in a book of this sort is as immaterial as the distortion of perspective in a well made picture.

It has been observed that the expressionistic method in literature, if pursued to its logical conclusion, would end by being completely unintelligible — to any one, that is, save the author. One of the most recent exercises in this method *Wedding,* Melvin P. Levy (Unicorn Press, $2), would seem to be a case in point.

Edward Stern goes through a day in his life — eating breakfast, standing upon subway platforms, meditating upon the new fact of his wife's pregnancy, recalling his childhood, watching the busy life of a New York street. Simple things, these, and not unattractive when Mr. Levy is content to deal with them simply. But his prose, which has moments of clear beauty, is too often overmannered. It is doubtful if such adjective combinations as "leanbrown", "busyrushing", "oddbroken", contribute much to the strength of a sentence. There remains little beyond the mere shell of a method, meaningless and thin and unjustified.

Wilbur Daniel Steele was schooled as a painter; and it may be that some of the qualities of this training have crept into his literary work. *The Man Who Saw Through Heaven and Other Stories* (Harper, $2.50) has a vivid, clear color, and a strict but compelling sense of form which seems to be connected

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SHOT IN THE BACK — *By Senator Edward I. Edwards*

This is a true and amazing story of the killing of citizens by Prohibition agents, Federal, State and Municipal. Many citizens were innocent but were shot down on suspicion, out of arrogance, without investigation or warning. Do you know that the first fatal shooting was by a Federal Prohibition agent who had served two terms for forgery and was serving a sentence for highway robbery in Dannemora prison when he actually landed his job with the Department of Justice? That hardly seems possible but it is a fact. There are lots more startling truths in this, the most powerful article ever printed on Prohibition.

WHY IS BIRTH CONTROL NECESSARY? — *By Havelock Ellis*

Havelock Ellis needs no introduction whatever. In this article he takes up the history and morality of birth control, not only from the viewpoint of ethics but from the viewpoint of biology — of nature. Birth control, Havelock Ellis shows, was in nature's laboratory long before man started up drugstores.

WAR GUILT HISTORIANS — *By Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes*

The historians are at fisticuffs. We are naturally glad to see Professor Harry Elmer Barnes of Smith College and author of "The Genesis of the World War" clambering into the ring with all his doughtiness. Who started the war — there is a question that has the historians in full fray.

WHO WANTS DIVORCE AND WHY? — *By Milton Ives Livy*

Mr. Livy is a prominent New York Lawyer who specializes in divorce cases. He ought to know.

SHOULD THE FARMERS ASK HELP? — *By C. W. Robinson*

Mr. Robinson, who manages farms in five states and owns one in a sixth, writes a vigorous and forceful article which may please some persons much — and others not so much.

"The Bible in its Place," "What Do You Expect of College?"
"Those Who Would Write Movies," "Are the Japanese Really Dangerous?"
"Napoleon — a shrine of Hate and Fear,"
and many other articles and features are in

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more with the visual faculties than with any other sense.

Not all these stories are great, but there is none which is undistinguished. They stand out sharply, not only from most other contemporary work of the kind, but from each other as well. So that this collection has the attribute uncommon in books of short stories of being unwearying to the attention. It can be read as novels are meant to be read — straight through from beginning to end — without becoming either monotonous or blurred.

The plots of these stories are varied and, as usual with Mr. Steele's work, liberally touched with irony. They are marked with a high kind of originality — not the rather trumpery result of a striving for effect — but a freshness which arises from an honest perception of the impulses motivating human action, and a technical ability to prune and exclude hackneyed and unessential matter.

Constance Travers Sweatman continues the discussion of female chastity in *Half Price* (Morrow, $2). Whatever may be said of its theme, the book represents a technical advance over "Young Folk, Old Folk", Mrs. Sweatman's earlier volume. The writing is decidedly less laborious, and the story itself is smoothly constructed. Jane Brent is no more impulsive than most of her contemporaries, but she finds a long engagement oppressive; and, in the absence of Dick, yields herself to the importunities of the handsome but untrustworthy Cory Carter. The defection is discovered and the whole family goes off in a paroxysm of social agony. The inflexible Mrs. Brent informs Dick, since Jane will not, and the equally inflexible Dick breaks the engagement. Jane, feeling that she has been branded "shopworn", enters into loveless marriage with Cory. In the course of the perfervid narrative the truth of this picture somehow escapes one. It wears a highly coincidental character, out of harmony, one should suppose, with the aim of the problem novel.

The post-war generation is in danger of being the spoiled child of fiction, judging from the amount of attention it receives from contemporary novelists. Barbara Blackburn's *The Season Made For Joy* (Dial Press, $2) pays this child again the flattery of attention, but it is attention that is suave and restrained, not excited nor marvelling nor controversial. A group of intelligent, eager young persons, three girls and a boy, while alone and independent in London proceed from the reckless happiness of idealism through quick stages to the enlightenment of experience. The ruthlessness of life forces a compromise with the fine possibilities of the spirit, and they learn to live in the world of men. No new sparkle of brilliance is in this story, but so rare are newness or brilliance in any story that we may look instead for intellectual clarity and emotional stability. This book presents both.

Chickens Come Home to Roost, by Dorothy Walworth Carman (Harper, $2), strikes this reviewer as too sophisticated a story to have an obvious moral tacked on the end of it. But like the man discussing strong liquor you can take Mrs. Carman's moral or leave it alone.

Madge Drew married the greatest skinflint in Great Genevieve and, in accordance with our oldest fiction tradition, the town's richest man. There was a young troubador dashing about in a red-wheeled gig, who after she had become a wife and mother returned to tempt her — though in vain — in the guise of a nefarious drummer. Meanwhile, Ira, the husband, performed rites of worship to placate his money-god and add compound interest to his bank balance. He was a snooper through other folks' mail and a church-going blackmailer. But when David, his favored first born, prematurely went the way of all flesh retribution overtook him. Dorothy Walworth Carman knows her small town epigrammatically and sizes its life up briefly but adequately.

James B. Connolly's new book, *Coaster Captain* (Macy-Masius, $2), lives and moves and has its being along the Boston waterfront. It is a story of Jack ashore, and when the characters do go to sea it is on the Portland, Maine, nightboat.

Jan Tingloff, captain-owner of a coaster,

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spends his money like all sailors. Once set on the wharf in his ill-fitting clothes he runs the gamut of night-hawk taxi-drivers and disreputable lodging-house keepers. But the lady — elsewhere known as Lu — has her work cut out for her. It is all pared down to the raw bone. James B. Connolly holds unique rank as a chronicler of the sea. And "Coaster Captain" is by the same old Connolly, knowing whereof he writes and setting it forth in the homely language of his own people.

When the Englishman is disappointed in love he doesn't hurry off to India to shoot tigers, but to climb mountains. Two such unhappy males are to be encountered within the pages of *High Snow*, by Ganpat (George H. Doran, $2), not to mention a girl brooding in the solitudes. With the stage all set Ganpat, alias M. L. A. Gompertz, neglects his characters shamefully. He wanders dryly off into geological statistics and details regarding the customs of the country traversed, until his story becomes pretty thoroughly buried beneath the tall peaks he loves too well. Not until the last fifty pages or so does he forget the scenery for the scenario.

IN BRIEF REVIEW

Napoleon's politics and military tactics are minor matters in *Those Quarrelsome Bonapartes*, by Robert Gordon Anderson (Century, $2.50). Mr. Anderson is mainly concerned with surrounding the hero with the iron character of Letizia, his mother, the frail character of Josephine his wife, and the shadowy characters of his occasional mistresses. All the familiar anecdotes are here, done in a sentimental, novelistic style almost worthy of Louisa Mühlbach or wax-works tableaux. The execution of Marie Antoinette is described in the terse jargon of the radio announcer narrating a prize fight. The indignities which Marie Antoinette endured did not end with her execution. Mr. Anderson just stops short of referring to his hero as the little musket-and-cannon man from Corsica.

Unquestionably many people will find this book absorbing. It is vivid, quick, emotional, and in its large outlines, historical.

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Napoleon bewitched by Josephine's bare shoulder rising out of a drooping garment is the sort of thing women like to know about him, whether it is true or not. But the character of Napoleon needs no Valentine embellishments, no modernistic witticisms to make its mark.

Seldom is a great grandmother's diary so full of vigor and variety as Mrs. John Mayo's *An American Lady in Paris* (Houghton, Mifflin $5.00) describing her experiences there in the eventful year of 1828. In striking contrast with the terse, rushing style of present day diarists she set down conscientiously both the events that occurred and her impressions of the many prominent personages she had the good fortune to meet. Her social opportunities were exceptional, as she had the background of family, wealth and that fine culture demanded of "ladies" at a period when a single solecism could disgrace the aspirant for social distinction. It was the era of enormous popularity of Americans in France. To the great American lady all doors were thrown open; every opportunity was afforded to become intimate with people in whom the world is eagerly interested, about whom we cannot learn too much. Mrs. Mayo's warmest friend was General La Fayette, who took the greatest pains to make her sojourn in Paris replete with interest by introducing her to everybody of note. She met the Conte de Ségur, Madame de Genlis, that wonderful woman who at eighty-two had fifty-two *métiers* or trades she could still practise, and played the harp for her guests. She talked with kings and dined with princes, as much at her ease as any French marquise of them all. She noted with a certain sharp acumen betraying her American candor the weaknesses, the inconsistencies, of pretenders of all grades, and with elegant veracity of style gives us delightful pen-pictures of certain old castles and mouldering ruins, once the abode of marytrs of history. There is so much life in this book that it is difficult to believe that the writer of it has been long deceased; that the vivid stories she tells are things of day before yesterday. Perhaps after all, stage coaches and lacy ruffs and the stately minuet were not such dreadful customs.

If, as has been asserted, Talleyrand, Prince of Perigord, had no loyalty to persons, this accusation must be accompanied with the statement that rarely has one had less reason to trust human nature. Anna Bowman Dodd in *Talleyrand* (Putnam, $5) recounts how he was lamed for life by a careless nursemaid, and how his father used the accident as a pretext to throw the boy out of the succession and doom him to the priesthood, a profession he detested. He revenged himself by flinging from one scandalous orgy into another. Never did frocked priest carry on such a career of deliberate license. Starting with a pretty little actress he ran through the gamut of easy love, ending with that notorious bondage to the hideous Madame Grand who, defying pope and family, finally compelled him to marry her. But Talleyrand's relations with women fill scarcely a tithe of his exciting life. He was not a genius to be stifled. The world may dispense with poets; diplomats it must have. In this man with the enigmatical face, the manners of an iceberg at large, lay a colossal ambition which inevitably resulted in action. If he might not rule countries he would rule rulers. His marvelous capacity for statesmanship made the most able men of the day stand in awe of him. The Little Corporal himself dreaded his judgments. He had the temerity to accuse the Emperor of cheating in his game of imprisoning the Spanish king, but offended majesty could not dispense with him. They could humiliate him with the robes of a bishop; they could not kill an *esprit* that was the terror of Europe. His biography by Mrs. Dodd holds one to deep attention, despite its defect of being over-long. Her candid statements make one reconsider certain ancient prejudices still clinging to the name of Talleyrand.

Less generally known than Voltaire, Rousseau, Condé, or Madame de Staël, Prince de Ligne must be ranked among those who made the eighteenth century notable for its men of wit and diplomatic ability. Owing allegiance to Austria by birth, he discovered

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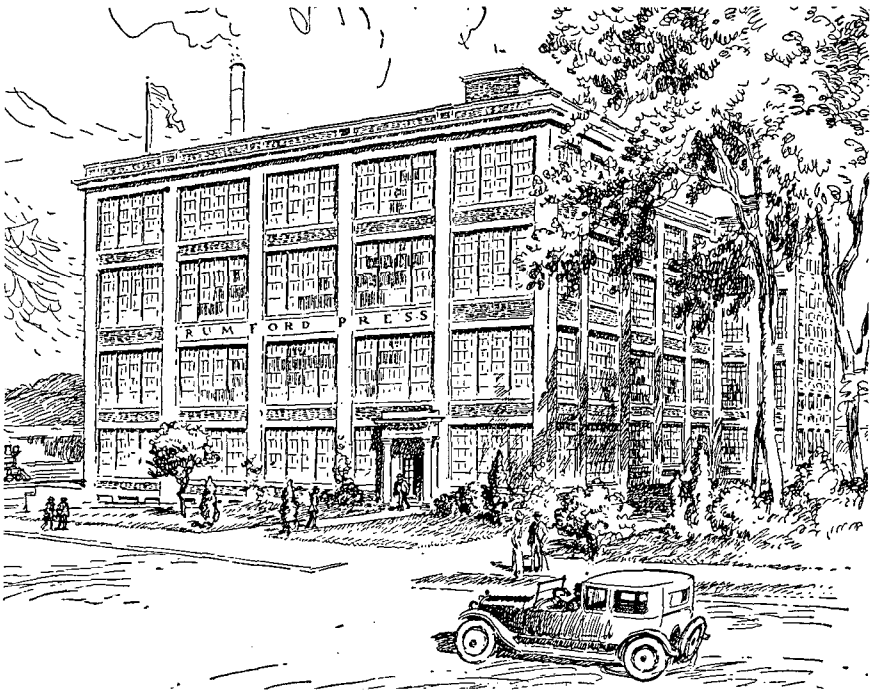

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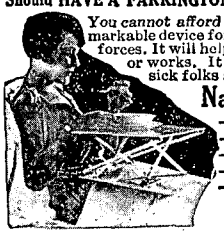

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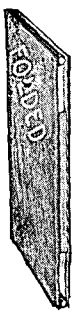

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his congenial world at Versailles, where he was sent on a mission at the close of the Seven Years' War. A lonely, isolated boyhood had forced him to study deeply into history and politics — knowledge that he found most useful in the career which now opened up for him. We are able to follow closely the capricious changes from camp to court, from court to the equally interesting fellowship with people of genius, in the pages of one of the most delightful of journals. *Letters and Memoirs of the Prince de Ligne* (The Broadway Library. Brentano, $4). At the end of his life he could say truthfully: "My poor brain is exhausted but my heart never". It was this gift of a nature continually susceptible to impressions from the beautiful that kept alive in him throughout all the intrigues and amours almost inseparable from a man of fashion of that period, a certain youthful charm that drew from critical Madame de Staël the concession of "un naturel plein de charmes". He could be bitter at moments, as when he exclaimed, "I think of the world as a puppet show and await the moment when Time, lifting his sharp scythe, will clear it all away". But his permanent attitude was one of optimism, of happiness, of toleration. He was unquestionably magnetic. Queens inclined toward him; he was the favored lover of Katherine of Russia, but the one sovereign to whom he was passionately faithful was the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Where he could not love he at least befriended. Rousseau threw back his gifts in his face, and de Ligne forgave him. He had no propensity to hold malice; his was too free and careless a nature to remember a grudge. His real home, the retreat of his later years, was lovely Beloeil, where he sought escape from the importunities of curious guests. Exceedingly characteristic is the closing phrase of his Memoirs: "The congress of Vienna has come to the end of its entertainments; what shall I show them to amuse them? The funeral of a field-marshal".

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Of THE BOOKMAN, published monthly at Concord, New Hampshire, for October, 1927.

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Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Seward B. Collins, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the president of the Bookman Publishing Company, Incorporated, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Seward B. Collins, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City;

Editor, Burton Rascoe, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City;

Managing Editor, Dorothea Brande, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City;

Business Managers, The Bookman Publishing Company, Incorporated.

2. That the owner is: The Bookman Publishing Company, Incorporated, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

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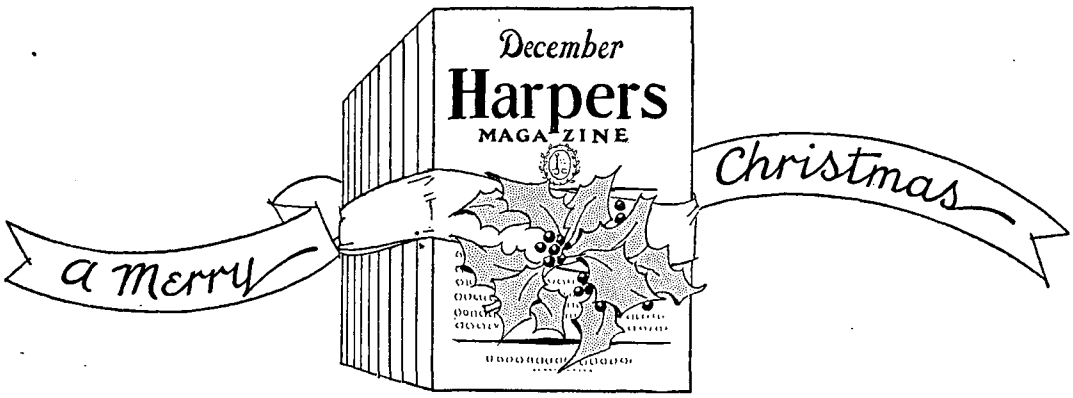

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(*Continued from page XVI*)

$20). Ambroise Vollard paints for us *Degas: An Intimate Portrait* (Greenberg, $3); and Haldane MacFall presents *Aubrey Beardsley* (Simon & Schuster, $5).

The cast of characters on the stage of life would not be complete without some men and women of letters who interpret life for us. *Henry Thoreau: the Cosmic Yankee*, by J. Brooks Atkinson (Knopf, $2.50) shares hours of "The Golden Day" with *The Father of Little Women* by Honoré Willsie Morrow (Little, Brown, $3), but unlike Bronson Alcott, his philosophy is preserved in *The Heart of Thoreau's Journals* (Houghton, Mifflin, $3). William Ellery Leonard comes to us in the person of *The Locomotive God* (Century, $4). On the other side of the Atlantic Conrad, whose two-volume *Life* by G. Jean-Aubry (Doubleday, Page, $10) attests to his right to a seat among the mighty, shares the hall of fame with *That Man Heine*, by Lewis Browne (Macmillan, $3). When the toast To the Ladies is given, one thinks of *Life and Letters of Gertrude Bell of Arabia* (Boni & Liveright, two vols., $10); *George Sand: The Search for Love*, by Marie Jenney Howe (John Day, $5); and other members of that company of *Gallant Ladies*, by Cameron Rogers (Harcourt, $3.50).

Both men and women are represented in the sheaves of poetry garnered in the autumn crops. Out in the fields of the Indian reservations, Hartley Alexander has gathered poems of the Indians, under the title of *God's Drum* (Dutton, $5). Up from the South comes *Caroling Dusk: An Anthology of Negro Poetry*, collected by Countee Cullen (Harper, $3.50) and from his own pen *Copper Sun* (Harper, $2). William Rose Bénet favors with a selection of his poems under the title of *Man Possessed* (Doran, $2.50); Leonard Bacon the inimitable brings in *Guinea Fowl* (Harper, $2); and in the out-of-doors we hear calling *Boy in the Wood*, by George Dillon (Viking, $1.50). Kathleen Millay appropriately for Christmas has *The Evergreen Tree* (Boni & Liveright, $2), and Lizette Woodworth Reese tells of *Little Henrietta* (Doran, $1.50). Like a voice from the past comes Amy Lowell, crying *Ballads for Sale* (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.25); and Louise Imogen Guiney proclaims the *Happy Ending* (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50).

After all, fiction has been kept till the end. But the weavers of stories are always with us, and the spinners of dreams are on every roadside. For those who like threads of witchcraft woven in are *Witch Wood*, by John Buchan (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50); and *The Last Devil*, by Signe Toksvig (John Day, $2); *Tao Tales*, by Henry Milner Rideout (Duffield, $2); and *The Place Called Dagon*, by Herbert Gorman (Doran, $2.50); with *The Exile*, by Mary Johnston (Little, Brown, $2.50) coming a little closer to life. *The Black Douglas*, by Donald Douglas (Doran, $2.50) is an ancestral novel of adventure in the Scottish clans. Modern society is represented in *Vestal Fire*, by Compton Mackenzie (Doran, $2); *Darkened Rooms*, by Philip Gibbs (Doran, $2); *Half Price*, by Constance Travers Sweatman (Morrow, $2). Joining social ambitions and business is *The Winthrops*, by Sybil Norton (Brentano, $2); while novels about the great American occupation are represented by *Our Mr. Dormer*, by R. H. Mottram (Dial Press, $2.50); the first novel by Edith M. Stern, *Purse Strings* (Boni & Liveright, $2); *The Great Bear*, by Lester Cohen (Boni & Liveright, $2.50). The trials and tribulations of the modern girl find their champions in *Conflict*, by Olive Higgins Prouty (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50); and in *Zelda Marsh*, by Charles Norris (Dutton, $2.50), as well as in his wife Kathleen Norris's story of *Barberry Bush* (Doubleday, $2). Katharine Brush in *Little Sins* (Minton, Balch, $2), presents the unfolding of destiny for two girls; and in *Amaralis*, by Christine Turner Curtis (Doubleday, Page, $2), the opening of a young girl's spirit is very delicately portrayed. *My Heart and My Flesh*, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (Viking, $2.50), does for the young woman what *Death of a Young Man*, by W. L. River (Simon & Schuster, $2) does for the male sex. Femininity seems to be the subject of most novelists' thoughts, for there is *Dusty Answer*, by Rosamond Lehmann (Holt, $2.50); *Something About Eve*, by James Branch Cabell (McBride, $2.50); *Over the Boat-Side*, by Mathilde Eiker (Doubleday, Page, $2.50); *Adam and Eve*, by John Erskine (Bobbs,

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Merrill, $2.50); *The Grandmothers*, by Glenway Wescott (Harper, $2.50); *But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*, by Anita Loos (Boni & Liveright, $2). It is impossible to list all the ladies about whom dreams have been spun. One more must be mentioned, coming in as she does in the wake of a gentleman of classic fame: *archy and mehitabel*, by don marquis (Doubleday, Page, $2).

European writers come in for their quota with Arthur Schnitzler's *Daybreak* (Simon & Schuster, $1.50); *The Man Who Conquered Death*, by Franz Werfel, by the same publisher, and for the same price; *The Bullfighters*, by Henry de Montherlant (Dial Press, $2.50); *The Counterfeiters*, by André Gide (Knopf, $2.50); and last, a young American living in France most of his life, Julian Green, with his *Avarice House* (Harper, $2.50).

Christmas-time is a time for quiet reflection, not for wandering. For those who can stray from the home fireplace, there is many a travel bureau; for those who cannot, there are travel books in plenty. But how to decide where to go?

Would you "Turn to the East"? No volume this season has quite the charm of that gift book from last winter's lists. And, indeed, as though it had been the last word on the Far East, most of the book travellers have turned their backs on China and Japan, with their journey's end in North Africa. One of the few exceptions is William J. Morden, who in *Across Asia's Snows and Deserts* (Putnam, $5) followed the Marco Polo trail from Bombay to Peking.

But turning to the African continent which has lured so many of the travellers, we have *Desert Winds*, by Hafsa (Century, $3.50); *Timbuctoo*, by Leland Hall (Harper, $4); W. B. Seabrook retells his *Adventures in Arabia* (Harcourt, $3); R. V. C. Bodley pictures *Algeria from Within* (Bobbs, Merrill, $4); and Paul E. Vernon views *Morocco from a Motor* (Macmillan, $5).

No list would be complete without the story of our own *Father Mississippi*, by Lyle Saxon (Century, $5) which perennially stirs the emotions of the nation. Nor — although affording excitement of another kind — *New York Nights*, by Stephen Graham (Doran, $4).

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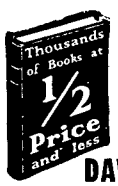

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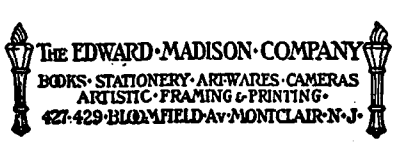

THE book season is now well under way, and collectors and dealers are alike getting busy. The outlook is encouraging for both. In spite of the expressed fears of the dealers and auctioneers that they would not be able to find rare books enough for the trade, the 1927–8 season appears to have shaped up pretty well. The sales held at Anderson's, while not of great distinction, have been sufficiently important to afford an index of book-collecting activity. Prices, on the whole, have averaged high. Modern first editions still hold their attractiveness, and it is no mere fancy of one or two collectors that makes a book less than a year old sell for $115, as did Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The King's Henchman" at an auction at Anderson's last month. It looks like a good season.

As a rule, books that are marked up with a reader's annotations are spoiled for commercial purposes. The exception which proves the rule is found in the books annotated by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Coleridge not only marked up his own books, but those of his friends from whom he borrowed frequently, and in every case he increased the market value of the volumes considerably. In the auction-room a month or two ago was a copy of Charles Tennyson's "Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces", 1830, which had belonged to Coleridge and in which he had annotated nearly every sonnet. This was an association-book worth having, and A. J. Scheuer paid $2,625 for the privilege of carrying home this little volume, which originally cost only a few shillings.

Harry B. Smith, who formed a "Sentimental Library" of rare association-books and then turned to the book business, told Jerome Kern, his fellow-librettist and book collector, that no one could in truth call himself a collector until he had bought his first duplicate. Mr. Kern some time ago quali-

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fied as a full-fledged collector, and for some seasons he has been one of the notable figures in the New York auction rooms. He finally accumulated so many duplicates that last month he sent a lot of them, with some other books, to the Anderson Galleries for sale. The catalogue contained 347 lots and included such rare books as the first editions of "Robinson Crusoe" and Gray's "Elegy". These are weighty duplicates for any collector to carry. Beside, there were modern first editions, including presentation copies of books by Lewis Carroll, Swinburne and George Moore; early English literature which included rare plays by Elizabeth Carew, Robert Greene, Anthony Munday, George Peele, Thomas Preston, and other Elizabethan and Restoration dramatists, and "a few other books which have strayed into my possession", as Mr. Kern says. The phrase is not meaningless. Every collector knows that books do stray into his library, and later he wonders why on earth he ever purchased them. As for the minor dramatists, all collectors of early English literature have had a fling at them, only to find themselves going along a road that seemingly has no ending. It is little wonder that they turn off into more inviting by-paths, for the long road gets dusty after a time.

The autograph collectors have been having a field-day this season. Another set of autographs of Signers of the Declaration of Independence has come into the market, being that gathered many years ago by Charles F. Jenkins of Germantown, Pa., whose recent biography of Button Gwinnett has been having a remarkable sale for a book of its kind. Gwinnett was not an outstanding character of the Revolution. That he signed the Declaration was an accident, but he signed little else, and the phenomenal price of $51,000 paid for his autograph last season attracted attention to a man whose mere signature was worth so much money. It is doubtful that it would have been worth

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that if placed on a check. But Mr. Jenkins, having enjoyed his collection for many years and having used his material for historical purposes, decided to part with it, though his was one of the first collections of the kind made in this country. As a matter of fact the Gwinnett signature is not as rare as that of the Signer Thomas Lynch, Jr., and the high prices paid are a result of the increasing number of collectors who find it possible to complete their sets of autographs of the men who signed our Magna Charta.

A New York dealer offers an autograph letter signed by the late Warren G. Harding while United States senator, one full page quarto, for $350. He declares that in years to come Harding will be the "Button Gwinnett" of the Presidents. The typewriter has supplanted the pen, and while a type-written letter signed by Mr. Harding can be had for forty or fifty dollars, holograph letters are exceedingly rare. The late president was not much of a personal letter-writer.

The gift to Harvard of ninety-eight manuscripts containing business records and personal notes of a branch of the famous Medici family of Florence, by H. G. Selfridge, is of more than ordinary importance. These papers formed part of a collection offered for sale at Christie's in London some years ago by the Marquis Cosimo de Medici and the Marquis Averado de Medici. The Italian government stopped the sale, owing to the fact that some state papers were included. The matter was finally adjudicated and the private papers separated. They show the methods employed by this family of merchant-bankers who were the real rulers of Florence between 1350 and 1575, which in many instances do not seem to differ very much from the methods of some kinds of "big business" today. Super-salesmanship appears to be no new thing, and political positions were at the disposal of bankers as well as statesmen.

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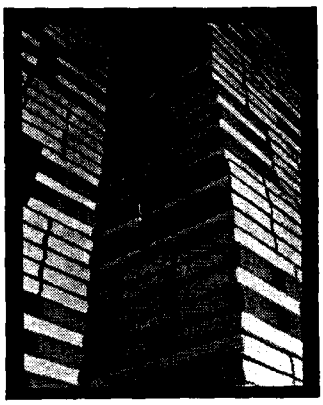

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